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THE

# WORKS

OF THE LATE

## REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE,

MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

CONTAINING HIS

## LIFE AND REMAINS, LETTERS, LECTURES SONGS OF ZION, &c.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER, 58 CANAL STREET,
1848.

THE

# LIFE AND REMAINS,

## LETTERS, LECTURES, AND POEMS,

OF THE

## REV. ROBERT MURRAY McCHEYNE,

MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.

BY THE

## REV. ANDREW A. BONAR,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, COLLACE.

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SIXTH AMERICAN,

FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST EDINBURGH EDITION.

---

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

"FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," &c.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER, 58 CANAL ST.

1848.

# PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In this Memoir, very much has been preserved of Mr M'Cheyne's own words, as well as feelings. Still there is a defect quite apparent. All who knew him not only saw in him a burning and a shining light, but felt also the breathing of the hidden life of God; and there is no narrative that can fully express this peculiarity of the living man. Yet, nevertheless, as I have had the prayers of many, and have myself throughout asked the Lord to guide me with his eye, I believe he will not let this record of his servant go forth unblessed. The Portrait is not an exact likeness: it was executed after his death from a very imperfect sketch—but it will recall his form to all who knew him. It is now a year since he rested from his labors; and this Memoir is a record of some of those works that follow him.

Col ICE. *March* 25, 1844.

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PROPERTY OF
PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY.

# MEMOIR.

## CHAPTER I.

### HIS YOUTH, AND PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

"Many shall rejoice at his birth; for he shall be great in the sight of the Lord."—Luke i. 14.

In the midst of the restless activity of such a day as ours, it will be felt by ministers of Christ to be useful, in no common degree, to trace the steps of one who but lately left us, and who, during the last years of his short life, walked calmly in almost unbroken fellowship with the Father and the Son.

The date of his birth was May 21, 1813. About that time, as is now evident to us who can look back on the past, the Great Head had a purpose of blessing for the Church of Scotland. Eminent men of God appeared to plead the cause of Christ. The Cross was lifted up boldly in the midst of Church Courts which had long been ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. More spirituality and a deeper seriousness began a few years onward to prevail among the youth of our Divinity Halls. In the midst of such events, whereby the Lord was secretly preparing a rich blessing for souls in all our borders, the subject of this Memoir was born. "Many were to rejoice at his birth;" for he was one of the blessings which were beginning to be dropt down upon Scotland, though none then knew that one was born whom hundreds would look up to as their spiritual father.

The place of his birth was Edinburgh, where his parents resided. He was the youngest child of the family, and was called Robert Murray, after the name of some of his kindred.

From his infancy his sweet and affectionate temper was remarked by all who knew him. His mind was quick in his attainments; he was easily taught the common lessons of youth, and some of his peculiar endowments began early to appear. At the age of four, while recovering from some illness, he selected as his recreation the study of the Greek alphabet, and was able to name all the letters, and write them in a rude way upon a slate. A year after he made rapid progress in the English class, and at an early period became somewhat eminent among his school-fellows

for his melodious voice and powers of recitation. There were at that time catechetical exercises held in the Tron Church, in the interval between sermons; and some friends remember the interest often excited in the hearers by his correct and sweet recitation of the Psalms and passages of Scripture. But as yet he knew not the Lord, he lived to himself, "having no hope and without God in the world." Eph. ii. 12.

In October 1821, he entered the High School, where he continued his literary studies during the usual period of six years. He maintained a high place in his classes; and, in the Rector's Class, distinguished himself by eminence in geography and recitation. It was during the last year of his attendance at the High School that he first ventured on poetical composition, the subject being, "Greece, but living Greece no more." The lines are characterized chiefly by enthusiasm for liberty and Grecian heroism, for in these days his soul had never soared to a higher region. His companions speak of him as one who had even then peculiarities that drew attention:—of a light, tall form—full of elasticity and vigor—ambitious, yet noble in his dispositions, disdaining every thing like meanness or deceit. Some would have been apt to regard him as exhibiting many traits of a Christian character; but his susceptible mind had not, at that time, a relish for any higher joy than the refined gaieties of society, and for such pleasures as the song and the dance could yield. He himself regarded these as days of ungodliness—days wherein he cherished a pure morality, but lived in heart a Pharisee. I have heard him say that there was a correctness and propriety in his demeanor at times of devotion, and in public worship, which some, who knew not his heart, were ready to put to the account of real feeling. And this experience of his own heart made him look with jealousy on the mere outward signs of devotion, in dealing with souls. He had learnt in his own case how much a soul, unawakened to a sense of guilt, may have satisfaction in performing, from the proud consciousness of integrity towards man, and a sentimental devotedness of mind that chastens the feelings without changing the heart.

He had great delight in rural scenery. Most of his summer vacations used to be spent in Dumfriesshire, and his friends in the parish of Ruthwell and its vicinity retain a vivid remembrance of his youthful days. His poetic temperament led him to visit whatever scenes were fitted to stir the soul. At all periods of his life, also, he had a love of enterprize. During the summer months he occasionally made excursions with his brother, or some intimate friend, to visit the lakes and hills of our Highlands, cherishing thereby, unawares, a fondness for travel, that was most useful to him in after days. In one of these excursions a somewhat romantic occurrence befell the travellers, such as we might rather have expected to meet with in the records of his Eastern journey.

He and his friend had set out on foot to explore, at their leisure, Dunkeld and the highlands in its vicinity. They spent a day at Dunkeld, and about sunset set out again with the view of crossing the hills to Strathardle. A dense mist spread over the hills soon after they began to climb. They pressed on, but lost the track that might have guided them safely to the glen. They knew not how to direct their steps to any dwelling. Night came on, and they had no resource but to couch among the heath, with no other covering than the clothes they wore. They felt hungry and cold; and, awaking at midnight, the awful stillness of the lonely mountains spread a strange fear over them. But, drawing close together, they again lay down to rest, and slept soundly till the cry of some wild birds and the morning dawn aroused them.

Entering the Edinburgh University in November, 1827, he gained some prize in all the various classes he attended. In private he studied the modern languages; and gymnastic exercises at that time gave him unbounded delight. He used his pencil with much success, and then it was that his hand was prepared for sketching the scenes of the Holy Land. He had a very considerable knowledge of music, and himself sang correctly and beautifully. This, too, was a gift which was used to the glory of the Lord in after days—wonderfully enlivening his secret devotions, and enabling him to lead the song of praise in the congregation wherever occasion required. Poetry also was a never-failing recreation; and his taste in this department drew the attention of Professor Wilson, who adjudged him the prize in the Moral Philosophy class for a poem, "On the Covenanters."

In the winter of 1831, he commenced his studies in the Divinity Hall, under Dr. Chalmers; and the study of Church History under Dr. Welsh. It may be naturally asked, What led him to wish to preach salvation to his fellow-sinners? Could he say, like Robert Bruce, "*I was first called to my grace, before I obeyed my calling to the ministry?*" Few questions are more interesting than this; and our answer to it will open up some of the wonderful ways of Him "whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known;" Psalm lxxvii. 19: for the same event that awakened his soul to a true sense of sin and misery, led him to the ministry.

During his attendance at the literary and philosophical classes he felt occasional impressions, none of them perhaps of much depth. There can be no doubt that he himself looked upon the death of his eldest brother, David, as the event which awoke him from the sleep of nature, and brought in the first beam of Divine light into his soul. By that providence the Lord was calling one soul to enjoy the treasures of grace, while he took the other into the possession of glory.

In this brother, who was his senior by eight or nine years, the light of Divine grace shone before men with rare and solemn loveliness. His classical attainments were very high; and, after

the usual preliminary studies, he had been admitted Writer to the Signet. One distinguishing quality of his character was his sensitive truthfulness. In a moment would the shadow flit across his brow, if any incident were related wherein there was the slightest exaggeration; or even when nothing but truth was spoken, if only the deliverer seemed to take up a false or exaggerated view. He must not merely speak the whole truth himself, but he must have the hearer also to apprehend the whole truth. He spent much of his leisure hours in attending to the younger members of the family. Tender and affectionate, his grieved look when they vexed him by resisting his counsels, had (it is said) something in it so persuasive that it never failed in the end to prevail on those with whom his words had not succeeded. His youngest brother, at a time when he lived according to the course of this world, was the subject of many of his fervent prayers. But a deep melancholy, in a great degree the effect of bodily ailments, settled down on David's soul. Many weary months did he spend in awful gloom, till the trouble of his soul wasted away his body; but the light broke in before his death; joy, from the face of a fully reconciled Father above, lighted up his face; and the peace of his last days was the sweet consolation left to his afflicted friends, when, 8th July, 1831, he fell asleep in Jesus.

The death of this brother, with all its circumstances, was used by the Holy Spirit to produce a deep impression on Robert's soul. In many respects—even in the gifts of a poetic mind—there had been a congeniality between him and David. The vivacity of Robert's ever active and lively mind was the chief point of difference. This vivacity admirably fitted him for public life; it needed only to be chastened and solemnized, and the event that had now occurred wrought this effect. A few months before, the happy family circle had been broken up by the departure of the second brother for India, in the Bengal Medical Service; but when, in the course of the summer, David was removed from them for ever, there were impressions left such as could never be effaced, at least from the mind of Robert. Naturally of an intensely affectionate disposition, this stroke moved his whole soul, his quiet hours seem to have been often spent in thoughts of him who was now gone to glory. There are some lines remaining in which his poetic mind has most touchingly, and with uncommon vigor, painted him whom he had lost—lines all the more interesting, because the delineation of character and form which they contain, cannot fail to call up to those who knew him the image of the author himself. Sometime after his brother's death, he had tried to preserve the features of his well-remembered form, by attempting a portrait from memory; but throwing aside the pencil in despair, he took up the pen and poured out the fulness of his heart.

## ON PAINTING THE MINIATURE LIKENESS OF ONE DEPARTED.

Alas! not perfect yet—another touch,
And still another! and another still,
Till those dull lips breathe life, and yonder eye
Lose its lack lustre hue, and be lit up
With the warm glance of living feeling. No—
It never can be! Ah, poor, powerless art!
Most vaunting, yet most impotent, thou seek'st
To trace the thousand, thousand shades and lights
That glowed conspicuous on the blessed face
Of him thou fain would'st imitate—to bind
Down to the fragile canvass the wild play
Of thought and mild affection, which were wont
To dwell in the serious eye, and play around
The placid mouth. Thou seek'st to give again
That which the burning soul, inhabiting
Its clay-built tenement, alone can give—
To leave on cold dead matter the impress
Of living mind—to bid a line, a shade,
Speak forth not words, but the soft intercourse
Which the immortal spirit, while on earth
It tabernacles, breathes from every pore—
Thoughts not converted into words, and hopes,
And fears, and hidden joys, and griefs, unborn
Into the world of sound, but beaming forth
In that expression which no words, or work
Of cunning artist, can express. In vain,
Alas! in vain!
Come hither, Painter; come
Take up once more thine instruments—thy brush
And palette—if thy haughty art be, as thou say'st,
Omnipotent, and if thy hand can dare
To wield creative power. Renew thy toil,
And let my memory, vivified by love,
Which Death's cold separation has but warmed,
And rendered sacred, dictate to thy skill,
And guide thy pencil. From the jetty hair
Take off that gaudy lustre that but mocks
The true original; and let the dry,
Soft, gently turning locks, appear instead.
What though to fashion's garish eye they seem
Untutored and ungainly—still to me,
Than folly's foppish head-gear, lovelier far
Are they, because bespeaking mental toil,
Labor assiduous, through the golden days
(Golden if so improved) of guileless youth,
Unwearied mining in the precious stores
Of classic lore—and better, nobler still,
In God's own holy writ. And scatter here
And there a thread of grey, to mark the grief
That prematurely checked the bounding flow
Of the warm current in his veins, and shed
An early twilight o'er so bright a dawn.
No wrinkle sits upon that brow!—and thus
It ever was. The angry strife and cares
Of avaricious miser did not leave
Their base memorial on so fair a page.
The eye brows next draw closer down, and throw
A softening shade o'er the mild orbs below.
Let the full eye-lid, drooping, half conceal
The back-retiring eye; and point to earth

The long brown lashes that bespeak a soul
Like his who said, "I am not worthy, Lord!"
From underneath these lowly turning lids,
Let not shine forth the gaily sparkling light
Which dazzles oft and oft deceives—nor yet
The dull unmeaning lustre that can gaze
Alike on all the world. But paint an eye
In whose half-hidden, steady light I read
A truth-enquiring mind; a fancy, too,
That could array in sweet poetic garb
The truth he found; while on his artless harp
He touched the gentlest feelings, which the blaze
Of winter's hearth warms in the homely heart.
And oh! recall the look of faith sincere,
With which that eye would scrutinize the page
That tells us of offended God appeased
By awful sacrifice upon the cross
Of Calvary—that bids us leave a world
Immersed in darkness and in death, and seek
A better country. Ah! how oft that eye
Would turn on me with pity's tenderest look,
And, only half upbraiding, bid me flee
From the vain idols of my boyish heart!

It was about the same time, whilst still feeling the sadness of this bereavement, that he wrote the fragment entitled

"THE RIGHTEOUS PERISHETH, AND NO MAN LAYETH IT TO HEART."

A grave I know
Where earthly show
Is not—a mound
Whose gentle round
Sustains the load
Of a fresh sod.
Its shape is rude,
And weeds intrude
Their yellow flowers—
In gayer bowers
Unknown. The grass,
A tufted mass,
Is rank and strong—
Unsmoothed and long.
No rosebud there
Embalms the air;
No lily chaste
Adorns the waste,
Nor daisy's head
Bedecks the bed.
No myrtles wave
Above that grave;
Nor heather-bell
Is there to tell
Of gentle friend
Who sought to lend
A sweeter sleep
To him who deep
Beneath the ground
Repose has found.
No stone of woe
Is there to show
The name, or tell
How passing well
He loved his God,
And how he trod
The humble road
That leads through sorrow
To a bright morrow.
Unknown in life.
And far from strife,
He lived;—and though
The magic flow
Of genius played
Around his head;
And he could weave
"The song at eve,"
And touch the heart,
With gentlest art;
Or cares beguile,
And draw the smile
Of peace from those
Who wept their woes;—
Yet when the love
Of Christ above
To guilty men
Was shown him—then
He left the joys
Of worldly noise,
And humbly laid
His drooping head
Upon the c oss;
And thought the loss
Of all that earth

Contained—of mirth,
Of loves, and fame,
And pleasures' name-
No sacrifice
To win the prize,
Which Christ secured
When he endured
For us the load—
The wrath of God!
With many a tear,
And many a fear,
With many a sigh
And heart-wrung cry
Of timid faith,
He sought the breath:
But which can give
The power to live—
Whose word alone
Can melt the stone,
Bid tumult cease,
And all be peace!
He sought not now
To wreath his brow
With laurel bough.
He sought no more
To gather store
Of earthly lore,
Nor vainly strove
To share the love
Of heaven above,
With aught below
That earth can show.
The smile forsook
His cheek—his look
Was cold and sad;
And even the glad
Return of morn,
When the ripe corn
Waves o'er the plains,
And simple swains
With joy prepare
The toil to share
Of harvest, brought
No lively thought
To him.
* * * *
And spring adorns
The sunny morns
With opening flowers;
And beauty showers
O'er lawn and mead;
Its virgin head
The snow-drop steeps
In dew, and peeps
The crocus forth,
Nor dreads the north—
But even the spring
No smile can bring
To him, whose eye
Sought in the sky
For brighter scenes,
Where intervenes
No darkening cloud
Of sin to shroud
The gazer's view,
Thus sadly flew
The merry spring;
And gaily sing
The birds their loves
In summer groves.
But not for him
Their notes they trim.
His ear is cold—
His tale is told.
Above his grave
The grass may wave—
* * * *
The crowd pass by
Without a sigh
Above the spot.
They knew him not—
They could not know;
And even though,
Why should they shed
Above the dead
Who slumbers here
A single tear?
I cannot weep,
Though in my sleep
I sometimes clasp,
With love's fond grasp
His gentle hand,
And see him stand
Beside my bed,
And lean his head
Upon my breast,
And bid me rest
Nor night nor day
Till I can say
That I have found
The holy ground
In which there lies
The Pearl of Price—
Till all the ties
The soul that bind,
And all the lies
The soul that blind
Be * * *

Nothing could more fully prove the deep impression which the event made than these verses. But it was not a transient regret, nor was it the "sorrow of the world." He was in his eighteenth year when his brother died: and if this was not the year of his new birth, at least it was the year when the first streaks of dawn appeared in his soul. From that day forward his friends observed

a change. His poetry was pervaded with serious thought, and all his pursuits began to be followed out in another spirit. He engaged in the labors of a Sabbath-school, and began to seek God to his soul, in the diligent reading of the Word, and attendance on a faithful ministry.

How important this period of his life appeared in his own view, may be gathered from his allusions to it in latter days. A year after, he writes in his diary: "On this morning last year came the first overwhelming blow to my worldliness; how blessed to me, thou, O God, only knowest, who hast made it so." Every year he marked this day as one to be remembered, and occasionally its recollections seem to have come in like a flood. In a letter to a friend (8th July, 1842), upon a matter entirely local, he concludes by a postscript—"This day eleven years ago, my holy brother David entered into his rest, aged 26." And on that same day, writing a note to one of his flock in Dundee, (who had asked him to furnish a preface to a work printed 1740, "*Letters on Spiritual Subjects*"), he commends the book, and adds—"Pray for me, that I may be made holier and wiser—less like myself, and more like my heavenly Master; that I may not regard my life, if so be I may finish my course with joy. This day eleven years ago, I lost my loved and loving brother, and began to seek a Brother who cannot die."

It was to companions who could sympathize in his feelings, that he unbosomed himself. At that period it was not common for inquiring souls to carry their case to their pastor. A conventional reserve upon these subjects prevailed even among lively believers. It almost seemed as if they were ashamed of the Son of Man. This reserve appeared to him very sinful; and he felt it to be so great an evil, that, in after days, he was careful to encourage anxious souls to converse with him freely. The nature of his experience, however, we have some means of knowing. On one occasion, a few of us who had studied together were reviewing the Lord's dealings with our souls, and how he had brought us to himself, all very nearly at the same time, though without any special instrumentality. He stated that there was nothing sudden in his case, and that he was led to Christ through deep and ever-abiding, but not awful or distracting convictions. In this we see the Lord's sovereignty. In bringing a soul to the Saviour, the Holy Spirit invariably leads it to very deep consciousness of sin; but then he causes this consciousness of sin to be more distressing and intolerable to some than to others. But in one point does the experience of all believing sinners agree in this matter—viz. their soul presented to their view nothing but an abyss of sin, when the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, appeared.

The Holy Spirit carried on his work in the subject of this Memoir, by continuing to deepen in him the conviction of his un-

godliness, and the pollution of his whole nature. And all his life long, he viewed his *original sin*, not as an excuse for his actual sins, but as an aggravation of them all. In this view he was of the mind of David, taught by the unerring Spirit of Truth. See Psalm, li. 4, 5.

At first the light dawned slowly; so slowly, that, for a considerable time, he still relished an occasional plunge into scenes of gaiety. Even after entering the Divinity Hall, he could be persuaded to indulge in lighter pursuits, at least during the two first years of his attendance; but it was with growing alarm. When hurried away by such worldly joys, I find him writing thus:—"Sept. 14.—May there be few such records as this in my biography." Then, "Dec. 9.—A thorn in my side—much torment." As the unholiness of his pleasures became more apparent, he writes:—"March 10th, 1832—I hope never to play cards again." "March 25th—Never visit on a Sunday evening again." "April 10th—Absented myself from the dance; upbraidings ill to bear. But I must try to bear the cross." It seems to be in reference to the receding tide, which thus for a season repeatedly drew him back to the world, that on July 8th, 1836, he records—"This morning five years ago, my dear brother David died, and my heart for the first time knew true bereavement. Truly it was all well. Let me be dumb, for thou didst it; and it was good for me that I was afflicted. I know not that any providence was ever more abused by man than that was by me: and yet, Lord, what mountains thou comest over! none was ever more blessed to me." To us who can look at the results, it appears probable that the Lord permitted him thus to try many broken cisterns, and to taste the wormwood of many earthly streams, in order that in after days, by the side of the fountain of living waters, he might point to the world he had for ever left, and testify the surpassing preciousness of what he had now found.

Mr. Alexander Somerville (afterwards minister of Anderston Church, Glasgow), was his familiar friend and companion in the gay scenes of his youth. And he, too, about this time, having been brought to taste the powers of the world to come, they united their efforts for each others welfare. They met together for the study of the Bible, and used to exercise themselves in the Septuagint Greek and the Hebrew original. But oftener still they met for prayer and solemn converse; and carrying on all their studies in the same spirit, watched each others steps in the narrow way.

He thought himself much profited, at this period, by investigating the subject of Election and the Free Grace of God. But it was the reading of "*The Sum of Saving Knowledge*," generally appended to our Confession of Faith, that brought him to a clear understanding of the way of acceptance with God. Those who are acquainted with its admirable statements of truth, will see

how well fitted it was to direct an inquiring soul. I find him some years afterwards recording:—"March 11th, 1834—Read in the '*Sum of Saving Knowledge*,' the work which I think first of all wrought a saving change in me. How gladly would I renew the reading of it, if that change might be carried on to perfection!" It will be observed that he never reckoned his soul saved, notwithstanding all his convictions and views of sin, until he really went into the Holiest of all on the warrant of the Redeemer's work; for assuredly a sinner is still under wrath, until he has actually availed himself of the way to the Father opened up by Jesus. All his knowledge of his sinfulness, and all his sad feeling of his own need and danger, cannot place him one step farther off from the lake of fire. It is "he that comes to Christ" that is saved.

Before this period, he had received a bias towards the ministry from his brother David, who used to speak of the ministry as the most blessed work on earth, and often expressed the greatest delight in the hope that his younger brother might one day become a minister of Christ. And now, with altered views—with an eye that could gaze on heaven and hell, and a heart that felt the love of a reconciled God—he sought to become a herald of salvation.

He had begun to keep a register of his studies, and the manner in which his time slipt away, some months before his brother's death. For a considerable time this register contains almost nothing but the bare incidents of the diary, and on Sabbaths the texts of the sermons he had heard. There is one gleam of serious thought—but it is the only one—during that period. On occasion of Dr. Andrew Thomson's funeral, he records the deep and universal grief that pervaded the town, and then subjoins—"pleasing to see so much public feeling excited on the decease of so worthy a man. How much are the times changed within these eighteen centuries, since the time when Joseph besought *the body* in secret, and when he and Nicodemus were the only ones found to bear the body to the tomb."

It is in the end of the year that evidences of a change appear. From that period and ever onward his dry register of every-day incidents is varied with such passages as the following:—

"November 12.—Reading H. Martyn's Memoirs. Would I could imitate him, giving up father, mother, country, house, health, life, all—for Christ. And yet, what hinders? Lord purify me, and give me strength to dedicate myself, my all, to thee!"

"December 4.—Reading Leigh Richmond's Life. 'Pœnitentia profunda, non sine lacrymis. Nunquam me ipsum, tam vilem, tam inutilem, tam pauperim, et præcipue tam ingratum, adhuc vidi. Sint lacrymæ dedicationis meæ pignora!'" ["Deep penitence, not unmixed with tears. I never before saw myself so vile, so useless, so poor, and, above all, so ungrateful. May these

tears be the pledges of my self-dedication."] There is frequently at this period a sentence in Latin occurring like the above in the midst of other matter, apparently with the view of giving freer expression to his feelings regarding himself."

"Dec. 9.—Heard a street-preacher: foreign voice. Seems really in earnest. He quoted the striking passage, 'The spirit and the bride say, come, *and let him that heareth say, come.*' From this he seems to derive his authority. Let me learn from this man to be in earnest for the truth, and to despise the scoffing of the world."

Dec. 18.—After spending an evening too lightly, he writes—"My heart must break off from all these things. What right have I to steal and abuse my Master's time? 'Redeem it,' he is crying to me."

"Dec. 25.—My mind not yet calmly fixed on the Rock of Ages."

"January 12, 1832.—Cor non pacem habet. Quare? Peccatum apud fores manet." ["My heart has not peace. Why? Sin lieth at my door."]

"Jan. 25.—A lovely day. Eighty-four cases of cholera at Musselburgh. How it creeps nearer and nearer, like a snake. Who will be the first victim here? Let thine everlasting arms be around us, and we shall be safe."

"Jan. 29. Sabbath.—Afternoon heard Mr. Bruce (then minister of the New North Church, Edinburgh), on Malachi i. 1–6. It constitutes the very gravamen of the charge against the unrenewed man, that he has affection for his earthly parent, and reverence for his earthly master; but none for God! Most noble discourse."

"Feb. 2.—Not a trait worth remembering! And yet these four-and-twenty hours must be accounted for."

Feb. 5. Sabbath.—In the afternoon, having heard the late Mr. Martin, of St. George's,* he writes, on returning home—"O quam humilem, sed quam diligentissimum; quam dejectum, sed quam vigilem, quam die noctuque precantem, decet me esse quum tales viros aspicio. Juva, Pater, Fili, et Spiritus!" ["O how humble yet how diligent, how lowly yet how watchful, how prayerful night and day it becomes me to be, when I see such men. Help, Father, Son, and Spirit!"]

From this date he seems to have sat, along with his friend Mr. Somerville, almost entirely under Mr. Bruce's ministry. He took copious notes of his lectures and sermons, which still remain among his papers.

"Feb. 28.—Sober conversation. Fain would I turn to the

* He says of him on another occasion, June 8, 1834—"A man greatly beloved, of whom the world was not worthy." "An apostolic man." His own calm, deep holiness, resembled in many respects Mr. Martin's daily walk.

most interesting of all subjects. Cowardly backwardness: 'For whosoever is ashamed of me and my words,' &c."

At this time, hearing, concerning a friend of the family, that she had said, "*that she was determined to keep by the world*," he penned the following lines on her melancholy decision:—

She has chosen the world,
And its paltry crowd,—
She has chosen the world,
And an endless shroud!
She has chosen the world,
With its misnamed pleasures:
She has chosen the world,
Before heaven's own treasures.

She hath launched her boat
On life's giddy sea,
And her all is afloat
For eternity.
But Bethlehem's star
Is not in her view;
And her aim is far
From the harbor true.

When the storm descends
From an angry sky,
Ah! where from the winds
Shall the vessel fly?
When stars are concealed,
And rudder gone,
And heaven is sealed
To the wandering one!

The whirlpool opes
For the gallant prize;
And, with all her hopes,
To the deep she hies!
But who may tell
Of the place of woe,
Where the wicked dwell—
Where the worldlings go?

For the human heart
Can ne'er conceive
What joys are the part
Of them who believe;
Nor can justly think
Of the cup of death
Which all must drink
Who despise the faith.

Away, then—oh, fly
From the joys of earth!
Her smile is a lie—
There's a sting in her mirth.
Come, leave the dreams
Of this transient night,
And bask in the beams
Of an endless light.

"March 6.—Wild wind and rain all day long. Hebrew class—psalms. New beauty in the original every time I read. Dr. Welsh—lecture on Pliny's letter about the Christians of Bithynia. Professor Jameson on quartz. Dr. Chalmers grappling with Hume's arguments. Evening.—Notes and little else. Mind and body dull." This is a specimen of his register of daily study.

March 20.—After a few sentences in Latin, concluding with, "In meam animam veni, Domine Deus omnipotens," he writes, "Leaning on a staff of my own devising, it betrayed me, and broke under me. It was not thy staff. Resolving to be a god, thou showedst me that I was but a man. But my own staff being broken, why may I not lay hold of thine?—Read part of the life of Jonathan Edwards. How feeble does my spark of Christianity appear beside such a sun! But even his was a borrowed light, and the same source is still open to enlighten me."

"April 8.—Have found much rest in him who bore all our burdens for us."

"April 26.—To-night I ventured to break the ice of unchristian silence. Why should not selfishness be buried beneath the Atlantic in matters so sacred?"

May 6.—Saturday evening.—This was the evening previous

to the Communion, and in prospect of again declaring himself the Lord's, at his Table, he enters into a brief review of his state. He had partaken of the ordinance in May of the year before for the first time; but he was then living at ease, and saw not the solemn nature of the step he took. He now sits down and reviews the past:—

"What a mass of corruption have I been! How great a portion of my life have I spent wholly without God in the world; given up to sense and the perishing things around me. Naturally of a feeling and sentimental disposition, how much of my religion has been, and to this day is, tinged with these colors of earth! Restrained from open vice by educational views and the fear of man, how much ungodliness has reigned within me! How often has it broken through all restraints, and come out in the shape of lusts and anger, mad ambitions, and unhallowed words! Though my vice was always refined, yet how subtile and how awfully prevalent it was! How complete a test was the Sabbath—spent in weariness, as much of it as was given to God's service! How I polluted it by my hypocrisies, my self-conceits, my worldly thoughts, and worldly friends! How formally and unheedingly the Bible was read—how little was read—so little that even now I have not read it all! How unboundedly was the wild impulse of the heart obeyed! How much more was the creature loved than the Creator!——O great God, that didst suffer me to live whilst I so dishonored thee, thou knowest the whole; and it was thy hand alone that could awaken me from the death in which I was, and was contented to be. Gladly would I have escaped from the Shepherd that sought me as I strayed; but he took me up in his arms and carried me back; and yet he took me not for any thing that was in me. I was no more fit for his service than the Australian, and no more worthy to be called and chosen. Yet, why should I doubt? not that God is unwilling, not that he is unable—of both I am assured. But, perhaps, my old sins are too fearful, and my unbelief too glaring? Nay; I come to Christ, not *although* I am a sinner, but just *because* I am a sinner, even the chief." He then adds, "And though sentiment and constitutional enthusiasm may have a great effect on me, still I believe that my soul is in sincerity desirous and earnest about having all its concerns at rest with God and Christ—that his kingdom occupies the most part of all my thoughts, and even of my long-polluted affections. Not unto me, not unto me, be the shadow of praise or of merit ascribed, but let all glory be given to thy most holy name! As surely as thou didst make the mouth with which I pray, so surely dost thou prompt every prayer of faith which I utter. Thou hast made me all that I am, and given me all that I have."

Next day, after communicating, he writes: "I well remember when I was an enemy, and especially abhorred this ordinance as

binding me down; but if I be bound to Christ in heart, I shall not dread any bands that can draw me close to him." Evening. —"Much peace. Look back, my soul, and view the mind that belonged to thee but twelve months ago—my soul, thy place is in the dust!"

"May 19.—Thought with more comfort than usual of being a witness for Jesus in a foreign land."

"June 4.—Walking with A. Somerville by Craigleith. Conversing on missions. If I am to go to the heathen to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ, this one thing must be given me, to be out of the reach of the baneful influence of esteem or contempt. If worldly motives go with me, I shall never convert a soul, and shall lose my own in the labor."

"June 22.—Variety of studies. Septuagint translation of Exodus and Vulgate. Bought Edwards' works. Drawing—Truly there was nothing in me that should have induced him to choose me. I was but as the other brands upon whom the fire is already kindled, which shall burn for evermore! And as soon could the billet leap from the hearth and become a green tree, as my soul could have sprung to newness of life."

June 25.—In reference to the office of the holy ministry: "How apt are we to lose our hours in the vainest babblings, as do the world! How can this be with those chosen for the mighty office? fellow-workers with God? heralds of his son? evangelists? men set apart to the work, chosen out of the chosen, as it were, the very pick of the flocks, who are to shine as the stars for ever and ever? Alas! alas! my soul, where shalt thou appear? O Lord God, I am a little child! But thou wilt send an angel with a live-coal from off the altar, and touch my unclean lips, and put a tongue within my dry mouth, so that I shall say with Isaiah, 'Here am I, send me.'" Then, after reading a little of Edwards' works, "O that heart and understanding may grow together, like brother and sister, leaning on one another."

"June 27.—Life of David Brainerd. Most wonderful man! What conflicts, what depressions, desertions, strength, advancement, victories within thy torn bosom! I cannot express what I think when I think of thee. To-night, more set upon missionary enterprize than ever."

"June 28.—O for Brainerd's humility and sin-loathing dispositions!"

"June 30.—Much carelessness, sin, and sorrow. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? Enter thou, my soul, into the rock, and hide thee in the dust for fear of the Lord and the glory of his majesty." And then he writes a few verses, of which the following are some stanzas:—

I will arise and seek my God,
And, bowed down beneath my load,
Lay all my sins before him;

Then he will wash my soul from sin,
And put a new heart me within,
And teach me to adore him.

O ye that fain would find the joy—
The only one that wants alloy—
Which never is deceiving;
Come to the well of life with me,
And drink, as it is proffered, free,
The gospel draught receiving.

I come to Christ, because I know
The very worst are called to go;
And when in faith I find him,
I'll walk in him and lean on him,
Because I cannot move a limb
Until he says, "Unbind him."

"July 3.—This last bitter root of worldliness that has so often betrayed me has this night so grossly, that I cannot but regard it as God's chosen way to make me loathe and forsake it for ever. I would vow; but it is much more like a weakly worm to pray. Sit in the dust, O my soul!" I believe he was enabled to keep his resolution. Once only, in the end of this year, was he again led back to gaiety; but it was the last time.

"July 7.—Saturday.—After finishing my usual studies, tried to fast a little, with much prayer and earnest seeking of God's face, remembering what occurred this night last year." (Alluding to his brother's death.)

"July 22.—Had this evening a more complete understanding of that self-emptying and abasement with which it is necessary to come to Christ—a denying of self, trampling it under foot—a recognizing of the complete righteousness and justice of God, that could do nothing else with us but condemn us utterly, and thrust us down to lowest hell,—a feeling that, even in hell, we *should* rejoice in his sovereignty, and say that all was rightly done."

"August 15.—Little done, and as little suffered. Awfully important question—Am I redeeming the time?"

"August 18.—Heard of the death of James Somerville* by fever, induced by cholera. O God, thy ways and thoughts are not as ours! He had preached his first sermon. I saw him last on Friday, 27th of July, at the College gate; shook hands; and little thought I was to see him no more on earth.

"September 2.—Sabbath evening.—Reading. Too much engrossed, and too little devotional. Preparation for a fall. Warning. We may be too engrossed with the shell even of heavenly things."

"Sept. 9.—Oh for true, unfeigned humility! I know I have cause to be humble; and yet I do not know one half of that cause. I know I am proud; and yet I do not know the half of that pride."

* Son of the minister of Drumelzier—very promising and very amiable.

"Sept. 30.—Somewhat straitened by loose Sabbath observance. Best way is to be explicit and manly."

"November 1.—More abundant longings for the work of the ministry. O that Christ would but count me faithful, that a dispensation of the Gospel might be committed to me!" And then he adds, "Much peace. *Peaceful, because believing.*"

December 2.—Hitherto he used to spend much of the Sabbath evening in extending his notes of Mr. Bruce's sermons; but now, "Determined to be brief with these for the sake of a more practical, meditative, resting, sabbatical evening."

"Dec. 11.—Mind quite unfitted for devotion. Prayerless prayer."

"Dec. 31.—God has in this past year introduced me to the preparation of the ministry—I bless him for that. He has helped me to give up much of my shame to name his name, and be on his side, especially before particular friends—I bless him for that. He has taken conclusively away friends that might have been a snare—must have been a stumbling-block—I bless him for that. He has introduced me to one Christian friend, and sealed more and more my amity with another—I bless him for that."

January 27, 1833.—On this day it had been the custom of his brother David to write a "Carmen Natale" on their father's birthday. Robert took up the domestic song this year; and, in doing so, makes some beautiful and tender allusions.

"Ah! where is the harp that was strung to thy praise,
So oft and so sweetly in happier days?
When the tears that we shed were the tears of our joy,
And the pleasures of home were unmixed with alloy?
The harp is now mute—its last breathings are spoken—
And the cord, though 'twas threefold, is now, alas, broken!
Yet why should we murmur, short-sighted and vain,
Since death to that loved one was undying gain.
Ah, fools! shall we grieve that he left this poor scene,
To dwell in the realms that are ever serene?
Though he sparkled the gem in our circle of love,
He is even more prized in the circles above.
And though sweetly he sung of his father on earth,
When this day would inspire him with tenderest mirth,
Yet a holier tone to his harp is now given,
*As he sings to his unborn Father in heaven.*"

February 3.—Writing to a medical friend of his brother William's, he says—"I remember long ago a remark you once made to William, which has somehow or other stuck in my head, viz., that medical men ought to make a distinct study of the Bible, purely for the sake of administering conviction and consolation to their patients. I think you also said that you had actually begun with that view. Such a determination, though formed in youth, is one which I trust riper years will not make you blush to own."

"Feb. 11.—Somewhat overcome. Let me see: there is a creep-

ing defect here. Humble, purpose-like reading of the Word omitted. What plant can be unwatered, and not wither?"

"Feb. 16.—Walk to Corstorphine Hill. Exquisite clear view—blue water, and brown fields, and green firs. Many thoughts on the follies of my youth. How many, O Lord, may they be? Summed up in one—ungodliness!"

"Feb. 21.—Am I as willing as ever to preach to the lost heathen?"

"March 8.—Biblical criticism. This must not supersede heart-work. How apt it is!"

"March 12.—O for activity, activity, activity!"

"March 29.—To-day my second session (at the Divinity Hall) ends. I am now in the middle of my career. God hold me on with a steady pace!"

"March 31.—The bull tosses in the net! How should the Christian imitate the anxieties of the worldling?"

April 17.—He heard of the death of one whom many friends had esteemed much and lamented deeply. This led him to touch the strings of his harp again, in a measure somewhat irregular, yet sad and sweet.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

SHE LIVED—

So dying-like and frail,
That every bitter gale
Of winter seemed to blow
Only to lay her low!
She lived to show how He,
Who stills the stormy sea,
Can overrule the winter's power,
And keep alive the tiniest flower—
Can bear the young lamb in his arms,
And shelter it from death's alarms.

SHE DIED—

When spring, with brightest flowers,
Was fresh'ning all the bowers.
The linnet sung her choicest lay,
When her sweet voice was hushed for aye!
The snowdrop rose above the ground
When she beneath her pillow found,
Both cold, and white and fair—
She, fairest of the fair,
She died to teach us all
The loveliest must fall.
A curse is written on the brow
Of beauty;—and the lover's vow
Cannot retain the flitting breath,
Nor save from all-devouring death.

SHE LIVES—

The spirit left the earth;
And He who gave her birth
Has called her to his dread abode,
To meet her Saviour and God.

She lives, to tell how blest
Is the everlasting rest
Of those who, in the Lamb's blood laved,
Are chosen, sanctified and saved!
How fearful is their doom
Who drop into the tomb
Without a covert from the ire
Of him who is consuming fire.

SHE SHALL LIVE—
The grave shall yield his prize,
When, from the rending skies,
Christ shall with shouting angels come
To wake the slumberers of the tomb.
And many more shall rise
Before our longing eyes.
Oh! may we all together meet,
Embracing the Redeemer's feet!

"May 20.—General assembly. The motion regarding Chapels of Ease lost, by 106 to 103. Every shock of the ram is heavier and stronger, till all shall give way."

"June 4.—Evening almost lost. Music will not sanctify, though it makes feminine the heart."

"June 22.—Omissions made way for commissions. Could I but take effective warning! A world's wealth would not make up for that saying, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.' But how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?"

"June 30.—Self-examination. Why is a missionary life so often an object of my thoughts? Is it simply for the love I bear to souls? Then, why do I not show it more where I am? Souls are as precious here as in Burmah. Does the romance of the business not weigh anything with me?—the interest and esteem I would carry with me?—the nice journals and letters I should write and receive? Why would I so much rather go to the East than the West Indies? Am I wholly deceiving my own heart? and have I not a spark of true missionary zeal? Lord, give me to understand and imitate the spirit of those unearthly words of thy dear Son, 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord.' 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*"

"August 13.—Clear conviction of sin is the only true origin of dependence on another's righteousness, and, therefore, (strange to say!) of the Christian's peace of mind and cheerfulness."

"Sept. 8.—Reading 'Adam's Private Thoughts.' O for his heart-searching humility! Ah me! on what mountains of pride must I be wandering, when all I do is tinctured with the very sins this man so deplores; yet where are my wailings, where my tears, over my love of praise?"

"November 14.—Composition—a pleasant kind of labor. I fear

the love of applause, or effect, goes a great way. May God keep me from preaching myself, instead of Christ crucified."

"January 15. 1834.—Heard of the death of J. S., off the Cape of Good Hope. O God! how thou breakest into families! Must not the disease be dangerous, when a tender-hearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more, when God is the operator, 'who afflicteth not *from his heart*, [מלבבו], nor grieveth the children of men.' Lam. iii. 33."

"February 23—Sabbath.—Rose early to seek God, and found him whom my soul loveth. Who would not rise early to meet such company? The rains are over and gone. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Feb. 22.—He writes a letter to one who, he feared, was only sentimental, and not really under a sense of sin. "Is it possible, think you, for a person to be conceited of his miseries? May there not be a deep leaven of pride in telling how desolate and how unfeeling we are?—in brooding over our unearthly pains?—in our being excluded from the unsympathetic world?—in our being the invalids of Christ's hospital?" He had himself been taught by the Spirit that it is more humbling for us to *take what grace offers*, than to bewail our wants and worthlessness.

Two days after, he records, with thankful astonishment, that for the first time in his life he had been blest to awaken a soul. All who find Christ for themselves are impelled, by the holy necessity of constraining love, to seek the salvation of others. Andrew findeth his brother Peter, and Philip findeth his friend Nathaniel. So was it in the case before us. He no sooner knew Christ's righteousness as his own covering, than he longed to see others clothed in the same spotless robe. And it is peculiarly interesting to read the feelings of one who was yet to be blest in plucking so many brands from the fire, when for the first time he saw the Lord graciously employing him in this more than angelic work. We have his own testimony:—"Feb. 25. After sermon. The precious tidings that a soul has been melted down by the grace of the Saviour. How blessed an answer to prayer, if it be really so! 'Can these dry bones live? Lord, thou knowest.' What a blessed thing it is to see the first grievings of the awakened spirit, when it cries, 'I cannot see myself a sinner; I cannot pray, for my wild heart wanders.' It has refreshed me more than a thousand sermons. I know not how to thank and admire God sufficiently for this incipient work. Lord, perfect that which thou hast begun!" A few days after—"Lord, I thank thee that thou hast shown me this marvellous working, though I was but an adoring spectator, rather than an instrument."

It is scarcely less interesting, in the case of one so gifted for the work of visiting the careless, and so singularly skilled in ministering the Word by the bedside of the dying, to find a record of the occasion when the Lord led him forth to take his first survey of

this field of labor. There existed at that time, among some of the students attending the Divinity Hall, a society, the sole object of which was to stir up each other to set apart an hour or two every week for visiting the careless and needy in the most neglected portions of the town. Our rule was, not to subtract anything from our times of study, but to devote to this work an occasional hour in the intervals between different classes, or an hour that might otherwise have been given to recreation. All of us felt the work to be trying to the flesh at the outset; but none ever repented of persevering in it. One Saturday forenoon, at the close of the usual prayer-meeting, which met in Dr. Chalmers' vestry, we went up together to a district in the Castle Hill. It was Robert's first near view of the heathenism of his native city, and the effect was enduring.

"March 3.—Accompanied A. B. in one of his rounds through some of the most miserable habitations I ever beheld. Such scenes I never before dreamed of. Ah, why am I such a stranger to the poor in my native town? I have passed their doors thousands of times; I have admired the huge black piles of building, with their lofty chimneys breaking the sun's rays—why have I never ventured within? How dwelleth the love of God in me? How cordial is the welcome even of the poorest and most loathsome to the voice of Christian sympathy! What imbedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! 'No man careth for our souls,' is written over every forehead. Awake, my soul! Why should I give hours and days any longer to the vain world, when there is such a world of misery at my very door? Lord, put thine own strength in me; confirm every good resolution; forgive my past long life of uselessness and folly."

He forthwith became one of the Society's most steady members, cultivating a district in the Canongate, teaching a Sabbath-school, and distributing the Monthly Visitor, along with Mr. Somerville. His experience there was fitted to give him insight into the sinner's depravity, in all its forms. His first visit in his district is thus noticed—"March 24. Visited two families with tolerable success. God grant a blessing may go with us! Began in fear and weakness, and in much trembling. May the power be of God." Soon after, he narrates the following scene;—"Entered the house of ——, Heard her swearing as I came up the stair. Found her storming at three little grandchildren, whom her daughter had left with her. She is a seared, hard-hearted wretch. Read Ezekiel xxxiii. Interrupted by the entrance of her second daughter, furiously demanding her marriage lines. Became more discreet. Promised to come back—never came. Her father-in-law entered, a hideous spectacle of an aged drunkard, demanding money. Left the house with warnings." Another case he particularly mentions of a sick woman, who, though careless before,

suddenly seemed to float into a sea of joy, without being able to give any scriptural account of the change. She continued, I believe, to her death in this state; but he feared it was a subtle delusion of Satan, as an angel of light. One soul, however, was, to all appearance, brought truly to the Rock of Ages, during his and his friend's prayerful visitations. These were first-fruits.

He continues his diary, though often considerable intervals occur in the register of his spiritual state.

"May 9.—How kindly has God thwarted me in every instance where I sought to enslave myself. I will learn at least to glory in disappointments."

"May 10.—At the Communion. Felt less use for the minister than ever. Let the Master of the Feast alone speak to my heart." He felt at such times, as many of the Lord's people have always done, that it is not the addresses of the ministers in serving the table, but *the Supper itself* that ought to "satiate their souls with fatness."

May 21.—It is affecting to us to read the following entry:—"This day I attained my twenty-first year. O how long and how worthlessly I have lived, Thou only knowest! *Neff* died in his thirty-first year; when shall I?"*

May 29.—He this day wrote very faithfully, yet very kindly, to one who seemed to him not a believer, and who, nevertheless, appropriated to herself the *promises* of God. "If you are wholly unassured of your being a believer, is it not a contradiction in terms to say, that you are sure the believers' promises belong to you? Are you *an assured believer?* If so, rejoice in your heirship; and yet rejoice with trembling; for that is the very character of God's heirs. But are you *unassured*—nay, *wholly unassured?* then what mad presumption to say to your soul, that these promises, being in the Bible, must belong indiscriminately to all? It is too gross a contradiction for you to compass, except in word." He then shows that *Christ's free offer* must be accepted by the sinner, and so the *promises* become his. "The sinner complies with the call or offer, 'Come unto me;' and thereafter, but not before, can claim the annexed *promise* as his—'I will give thee rest.'"

"August 14.—Partial fast, and seeking God's face by prayer. This day thirty years, my late dear brother was born. O for more love, and then will come more peace." That same evening he wrote the hymn, "*The Barren Fig-tree.*"

* It is worthy of notice, how often the Lord has done much work by a few years of holy labor. In our Church, G. Gillespie and J. Durham died at thirty-six; Hugh Binning at twenty-six; Andrew Gray when scarcely at twenty-two. Of our witnesses, Patrick Hamilton was cut off at twenty-four, and Hugh M'Kail at twenty-six. In other churches we might mention many, such as John Janeway at twenty-three. David Brainerd at thirty, and Henry Martyn at thirty-two. Theirs was a short life, filled up with usefulness, and crowned with glory. O to be as they!

"October 17.—Private meditation exchanged for conversation. Here is the root of the evil—forsake God, and he forsakes us."

Some evening this month he had been reading, "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Deeply impressed with the affectionate and awfully solemn urgency of the man of God, he wrote,—

"Though Baxter's lips have long in silence hung,
And death long hush'd that sinner-wakening tongue;
Yet still, though dead, he speaks aloud to all,
And from the grave still issues forth his 'Call.'
Like some loud angel voice from Zion Hill,
The mighty echo rolls and rumbles still.
O grant that we when sleeping in the dust,
May thus speak forth the wisdom of the just."

Mr. M'Cheyne was peculiarly subject to attacks of fever, and by one of these was he laid down on a sick bed on November 15th. However, this attack was of short duration. On the 21st he writes—"Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Learned more and more of the value of *Jehovah Tzidkenu.*" He had, three days before, written his well-known hymn, "*I once was a stranger*," &c., entitled "Jehovah Tzidkenu, the Watchword of the Reformers." It was the fruit of a slight illness which had tried his soul, by setting it more immediately in view of the judgment-seat of Christ; and the hymn which he so sweetly sung reveals the sure and solid confidence of his soul. In reference to that same illness, he seems to have penned the following lines, November 24th:—

He tenderly binds up the broken in heart,
The soul bowed down he will raise;
For mourning the ointment of joy will impart,
For heaviness garments of praise.

Ah, come then and sing to the praise of our God,
Who giveth and taketh away;
Who first by his kindness, and then by his rod,
Would teach us poor sinners to pray.

For in the assembly of Jesus' first-born,
Who anthems of gratitude raise;
Each heart has by great tribulation been torn,
Each voice turned from wailing to praise.

"November 9.—Heard of Edward Irving's death. I look back upon him with awe, as on the saints and martyrs of old. A holy man, in spite of all his delusions and errors. He is now with his God and Saviour, whom he wronged so much, yet I am persuaded, loved so sincerely. How should we lean for wisdom, not on ourselves, but on the God of all grace!"

"Nov. 21.—If nothing else will do to sever me from my sins, Lord send me such sore and trying calamities as shall awake me from earthly slumbers. It must always be best to be alive to thee, whatever be the quickening instrument. I tremble as I

write, for oh! on every hand do I see too likely occasions for sore afflictions."

"February 15, 1835.—To-morrow I undergo my trials before the Presbytery. May God give me courage in the hour of need. What should I fear? If God see meet to put me into the ministry, who shall keep me back? If I be not meet, why should I be thrust forward? To thy service I desire to dedicate myself over and over again."

"March 1.—Bodily service. What change is there in the heart! Wild, earthy affections there are here; strong, coarse passions; bands both of iron and silk. But I thank thee, O my God, that they make me cry, 'O wretched man!' Bodily weakness, too, depresses me."

"March 29.—College finished on Friday last. My last appearance there. Life itself is vanishing fast. Make haste for ternity."

In such records as these, we read God's dealings with his soul up to the time when he was licensed to preach the gospel. His preparatory discipline, both of heart and of intellect, had been directed by the Great Head of the Church in a way that remarkably qualified him for the work he was to perform in the vineyard.

His soul was prepared for the awful work of the ministry by much prayer, and much study of the Word of God; by affliction in his person; by inward trials and sore temptations; by experience of the depth of corruption in his own heart; and by discoveries of the Saviour's fulness of grace. He learnt experimentally to ask—"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." 1 John v. 5. During the four years that followed his awakening, he was oftentimes under the many waters, but was ever raised again by the same Divine hand that had drawn him out at the first; till at length, though still often violently tossed, the vessel was able steadily to keep the summit of the wave. It appears that he learnt the way of salvation experimentally, ere he knew it accurately by theory and system; and thus no doubt it was that his whole ministry was little else than a giving out of his own inward life.

The Visiting Society noticed above was much blessed to the culture of his soul, and not less so the Missionary Association and the Prayer Meeting connected with it. None were more regular at the hour of prayer than he, and none more frequently led up our praises to the throne. He was for some time Secretary to the association, and interested himself deeply in details of missionary labors. Indeed, to the last day of his life, his thoughts often turned to foreign lands; and one of the last notes he wrote was to the Secretary of the association in Edinburgh, expressing his unabated interest in their prosperity.

During the first years of his college course, his studies did not absorb his whole attention; but no sooner was the change on

his soul begun, than his studies shared in the results. A deeper sense of responsibility led him to occupy his talents for the service of Him who bestowed them. There have been few who, along with a devotedness of spirit that sought to be ever directly engaged in the Lord's work, have nevertheless retained such continued and undecaying esteem for the advantages of study. While attending the usual literary and philosophical classes, he found time to turn his attention to Geology and Natural History. And often in his days of most successful preaching, when, next to his own soul, his parish and his flock were his only care, he has been known to express a regret that he had not laid up in former days more stores of all useful knowledge; for he found himself able to use the jewels of the Egyptians in the service of Christ. His previous studies would sometimes flash into his mind some happy illustration of Divine truth, at the very moment when he was most solemnly applying the glorious gospel to the most ignorant and vile.

His own words will best show his estimate of study, and at the same time the prayerful manner in which he felt it should be carried on. "Do get on with your studies," he wrote to a young student in 1840. "Remember you are now forming the character of your future ministry in great measure, if God spare you. If you acquire slovenly or sleepy habits of study now, you will never get the better of it. Do every thing in its own time. Do every thing in earnest—if it is worth doing, then do it with all your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man till you have seen his face who is our life, our all. Pray for others: pray for your teachers, fellow-students," &c. To another he wrote—"Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scriptures to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect their blood with them." And again—"Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of Divine light in the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully. The smile of God calms the spirit, and the left hand of Jesus holds up the fainting head, and his Holy Spirit quickens the affection; so that even natural studies go on a million times more easily and comfortably."

Before entering the Divinity Hall, he had attended a private class for the study of Hebrew; and having afterwards attended the two sessions of Dr. Brunton's College Class, he made much progress in that language. He could consult the Hebrew original of the Old Testament with as much ease as most of our ministers are able to consult the Greek of the New.

It was about the time of his first year's attendance at the Hall that I began to know him as an intimate friend. During the sum-

mer vacations—that we might redeem the time—some of us who remained in town, when most of our fellow-students were gone to the country, used to meet once every week in the forenoon, for the purpose of investigating some point of *Systematic Divinity*, and stating to each other the amount and result of our private reading. At another time, we met in a similar way, till we had overtaken the chief points of the *Popish controversy*. Advancement in our acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, also brought us together; and one summer the study of *Unfulfilled Prophecy* assembled a few of us once a-week, at an early morning hour, when, though our views differed much on particular points, we never failed to get food to our souls in the Scriptures we explored. But no society of this kind was more useful and pleasant to us than one which, from its object, received the name of *Exegetical*. It met during the session of the Theological Classes every Saturday morning at half-past six. The study of Biblical criticism, and whatever might cast light on the Word of God, was our aim; and these meetings were kept up regularly during four sessions. Mr. M'Cheyne spoke of himself as indebted to this society for much of that discipline of mind on Jewish literature and Scripture geography which was found to be so useful in the Mission of Inquiry to the Jews in after days.*

But these helps in study were all the while no more than supplementary. The regular systematic studies of the Hall furnished the main provision for his mental culture. Under Dr. Chalmers for Divinity, and under Dr. Welsh for Church History, a course

* The members of this Society were—Rev. *William Laughton*, now minister of St. Thomas's, Greenock, in connexion with the Free Church; *Thomas Brown*, Free Church, Kinneff; *William Wilson*, Free Church, Carmylie; *Horatius Bonar*, Free Church, Kelso; *Andrew A. Bonar*, Free Church, Collace; *Robert M. M'Cheyne; Alexander Somerville*, Free Church, Anderston, Glasgow; *John Thomson*, Mariners' Free Church, Leith; *Robert K. Hamilton*, Madras; *John Burne*, for some time at Madeira; *Patrick Borrowman*, Free Church, Glencairn; *Walter Wood*, Free Church, Weststruther; *Henry Moncrieff*, Free Church, Kilbride; *James Cochrane*, Established Church, Cupar; *John Miller*, Secretary to Free Church Special Commission; *G. Smeaton*, Free Church, Auchterarder; *Robert Kinnear*, Free Church, Moffat: and *W. B. Clarke*, Free Church, Half-Morton. Every meeting was opened and closed with prayer. Minutes of the discussions were kept; and the essays read were preserved in volumes. A very characteristic essay of Mr. M'Cheyne's is, "Lebanon and its scenery," (inserted in the Remains), wherein he adduces the evidence of travellers for facts and customs which himself was afterwards to see. Often in 1839, pleasant remembrances of these days of youthful study were suggested by what we actually witnessed; and in the essay referred to I find an interesting coincidence. He writes—"What a refreshing sight to his eye, yet undimmed with age, after resting forty years on the monotonous scenery of the desert, now to rest on Zion's olive-clad hills, and Lebanon, with its vine-clad base and overhanging forests, and towering peaks of snow." This was the very impression on our minds when we ourselves came up from the wilderness, as expressed in the narrative, chap. ii.—"May 29. Next morning we saw at a distance a range of hills, running north and south, called by the Arabs *Djebel Khalie*. After wandering so many days in the wilderness, with its vast monotonous plains of level sand, the sight of these distant mountains was a pleasant relief to the eye; and we thought we could understand a little of the feeling with which Moses, after being forty years in the desert, would pray, 'I pray thee let me go over.'—Deut. iii. 25."

of four years afforded no ordinary advantages for enlarging the understanding. New fields of thought were daily opened up. His notes and his diary testify that he endeavored to retain what he heard, and that he used to read as much of the books recommended by the professors as his time enabled him to overtake. Many years after, he thankfully called to mind lessons that had been taught in these classes. Riding one day with Mr. Hamilton (now of Regent Square, London) from Abernyte to Dundee, they were led to speak of the best mode of dividing a sermon. "I used," said he, "to despise Dr. Welsh's rules at the time I heard him, but now I feel I *must use* them, for nothing is more needful for making a sermon memorable and impressive than a logical arrangement."

His intellectual powers were of a high order—clear and distinct apprehension of his subject, and felicitous illustration, characterized him among all his companions. To an eager desire for wide acquaintance with truth in all its departments, and a memory strong and accurate in retaining what he found, there was added a remarkable candor in examining what claimed to be the truth. He had also an ingenious and enterprising mind—a mind that could carry out what was suggested, when it did not strike out new light for itself. He possessed great powers of analysis; often his judgment discovered singular discrimination. His imagination seldom sought out objects of grandeur; for, as a friend has truly said of him, "he had a kind and quiet eye, which found out the living and beautiful in nature, rather than the majestic and sublime."

He might have risen to high eminence in the circles of taste and literature, but denied himself all such hopes, that he might win souls. With such peculiar talents as he possessed, his ministry might have, in any circumstances, attracted many; but these attractions were all made subsidiary to the single desire of awakening the dead in trespasses and sins. Nor would he have expected to be blessed to the salvation of souls unless he had himself been a monument of sovereign grace. In his esteem, "*to be in Christ before being in the ministry*" was a thing indispensable. He often pointed to those solemn words of Jeremiah (xxiii. 21.) "*I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, and caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings.*"

It was with faith already in his heart that he went forward to the holy office of the ministry, receiving from his Lord the rod by which he was to do signs, and which, when it had opened rocks and made waters gush out, he never failed to replace upon the ark whence it was taken, giving glory to God! He knew not the way by which God was leading him; but even then he was under the guidance of the pillar-cloud. At this very period he

wrote that hymn, "*They sing the song of Moses.*" His course was then about to begin; but now that it has ende d,we can look back and plainly see that the faith he therein expressed was not in vain.

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## CHAPTER II.

### HIS LABORS IN THE VINEYARD BEFORE ORDINATION.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—PSA. cxxvi. 6.

WHILE he was still only undergoing a student's usual examination before the Presbytery, in the spring and summer of 1835, several applications were made to him by ministers in the church, who desired to secure his services for their part of the vineyard. He was especially urged to consider the field of labor at Larbert and Dunipace, near Stirling, under Mr. John Bonar, the pastor of these united parishes. This circumstance led him (as is often done in such cases) to ask the Presbytery of Edinburgh, under whose superintendence he had hitherto carried on his studies, to transfer the remainder of his public trials to another Presbytery, where there would be less press of business to occasion delay. This request being readily granted, his connection with Dumfriesshire led him to the Presbytery of Annan, who licensed him to preach the gospel on 1st July, 1835. His feelings at the moment appear from a record of his own in the evening of the day: "Preached three probationary discourses in Annan Church, and, after an examination in Hebrew, was solemnly licensed to preach the gospel by Mr. Monylaws, the Moderator. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me be stirred up to praise and magnify his holy name!' What I have so long desired as the highest honor of man, thou at length givest me—me who dare scarcely use the words of Paul, 'Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.' Felt somewhat solemnized, though unable to feel my unworthiness as I ought. Be clothed with humility."

An event occurred the week before which cast a solemnizing influence on him, and on his after-fellow-traveller and brother in the gospel, who was licensed by another Presbytery that same day. This event was the lamented death of the Rev. John Brown Patterson, of Falkirk—one whom the Lord had gifted with pre-eminent eloquence and learning, and who was using all for his Lord, when cut off by fever. He had spoken much before his death of the awfulness of a pastor's charge, and his early death

sent home the lesson to many, with the warning that the pastor's account of souls might be suddenly required of him.

On the following Sabbath Mr. M'Cheyne preached for the first time, in Ruthwell Church, near Dumfries, on "the Pool of Bethesda;" and in the afternoon, on "the Strait Gate." He writes that evening in his diary: "Found it a more awfully solemn thing than I had imagined to announce Christ authoritatively; yet a glorious privilege!" The week after (Saturday, July 11), "Lord, put me into thy service when and where thou pleasest. In thy hand all my qualities will be put to their appropriate end. Let me, then, have no anxieties." Next day, also, after preaching in St. John's Church, Leith, "Remembered, before going into the pulpit, the confession which says* 'We have been more anxious about the messenger than the message.'" In preaching that day, he states, "It came across me in the pulpit, that if spared to be a minister, I might enjoy sweet flashes of communion with God in that situation. The mind is entirely wrought up to speak for God. It is possible, then, that more vivid acts of faith may be gone through then, than in quieter and sleepier moments."

It was not till the 7th of November that he began his labors at Larbert. In the interval, he preached in various places, and many began to perceive the peculiar sweetness of the word in his lips. In accepting the invitation to labor in the sphere proposed, he wrote: "It has always been my aim, and it is my prayer, to have *no plans* with regard to myself—well assured as I am, that the place where the Saviour sees meet to place me, must ever be the best place for me."

The parish to which he had come was very large, containing six thousand souls. The parish Church is at Larbert; but through the exertions of Mr. Bonar, many years ago, a second church was erected for the people of Dunipace. Mr. Hanna, afterwards minister of Skirling, had preceded Mr. M'Cheyne in the duties of assistant in his field of labor; and Mr. M'Cheyne now entered on it with a fully devoted and zealous heart, although in a weak state of health. As assistant, it was his part to preach every alternate Sabbath at Larbert and Dunipace, and during the week to visit among the population of both these districts, according as he felt himself enabled in body and soul. There was a marked difference between the two districts in their general features of character; but equal labor was bestowed on both by the minister and his assistant; and often did their prayer ascend that the windows of heaven might be opened over the two sanctuaries. Souls have been saved there. Often, however, did the faithful pastor mingle his tears with those of his younger fellow-soldier, complaining,

* He here refers to the "*Full and Candid Acknowledgment of Sin*," for Students and Ministers, drawn up by the commission of Assembly, in 1651 and often reprinted since.

"Lord, who hath believed our report?" There was much sowing in faith; nor was this sowing abandoned even when the returns seemed most inadequate.

Mr. M'Cheyne had great delight in remembering that Larbert was one of the places where, in other days, that holy man of God, Robert Bruce, had labored and prayed. Writing at an after period from the Holy Land, he expressed the wish, "May the spirit be poured upon Larbert as in Bruce's days." But more than all associations, the souls of the people, whose salvation he longed for, were ever present to his mind. A letter to Mr. Bonar, in 1837, from Dundee, shows us his yearnings over them. "What an interest I feel in Larbert and Dunipace. It is like the land of my birth. Will the Sun of Righteousness ever rise upon it, making its hills and vallies bright with the light of the knowledge of Jesus!"

No sooner was he settled in his chamber here, than he commenced his work. With him, the commencement of all labor invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The forerunner of each day's visitations was a calm season of private devotion during morning hours. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness—I believe of his tears, as well as of his cries. The pleasant sound of psalms often issued from his room at an early hour. Then followed the reading of the Word for his own sanctification; and few have so fully realized the blessing of the first Psalm. His leaf did not wither, for his roots were in the waters. It was here, too, that he began to study so closely the works of Jonathan Edwards—reckoning them a mine to be wrought, and if wrought, sure to repay the toil. Along with this author, the Letters of Samuel Rutherford were often in his hand. Books of general knowledge he occasionally perused; but now it was done with the steady purpose of finding in them some illustration of spiritual truth. He rose from reading "Insect Architecture," with the observation, "God reigns in a community of ants and ichneumons, as visibly as among living men or mighty seraphim!"

His desire to grow in acquaintance with Scripture was very intense; and both Old and New Testament were his regular study. He loved to range over the wide revelation of God. "He would be a sorry student of this world," said he to a friend, "who should forever confine his gaze to the fruitful fields and well-watered gardens of this cultivated earth. He could have no true idea of what the world was, unless he had stood upon the rocks of our mountains and seen the bleak muirs and mosses of our barren land; unless he had paced the quarter-deck when the vessel was out of sight of land, and seen the waste of waters without any shore upon the horizon. Just so, he would be a sorry student of the Bible, who would not know all that God has inspired: who would not examine into the most barren chapters to

collect the good for which they were intended; who would not strive to understand all the bloody battles which are chronicled, that he might find 'bread out of the eater, and honey out of the lion.'"—(June, 1836.)

His anxiety to have every possible help to holiness led him to notice what are the disadvantages of those who are not daily stirred up by the fellowship of more advanced believers. "I have found, by some experience, that in the country here my watch does not go so well as it used to do in town. By small and gradual changes I find it either gains or loses, and I am surprised to find myself different in time from all the world, and, what is worse, from the sun. The simple explanation is, that in town I met with a steeple in every street, and a good-going clock upon it; and so any aberrations in my watch were soon noticed and easily corrected. And just so I sometimes think it may be with that inner watch, whose hands point not to time but to eternity. By gradual and slow changes the wheels of my soul lag behind, or the springs of passions become too powerful; and I have no living time-piece with which I may compare, and by which I may amend my going. You will say that I may always have the sun: And so it should be; but we have many clouds which obscure the sun from our weak eyes."—(Letter to Rev. H. Bonar, Kelso.)

From the first he fed others by what he himself was feeding upon. His preaching was in a manner the development of his soul's experience. It was a giving out of the inward life. He loved to come up from the pastures wherein the Chief Shepherd had met him—to lead the flock entrusted to his care to the spots where he found nourishment.

In the field of his labor, he found enough of work to overwhelm the Spirit. The several collieries and the Carron Iron-works furnish a population who are, for the most part, either sunk in deep indifference to the truth, or are opposed to it in the spirit of infidelity. Mr. M'Cheyne at once saw that the pastor whom he had come to aid, whatever was the measure of his health, and zeal, and perseverance, had duties laid on him which were altogether beyond the power of man to overtake. When he made a few weeks' trial, the field appeared more boundless, and the mass of souls more impenetrable, than he had ever conceived.

It was probably, in some degree, his experience at this time that gave him such deep sympathy with the Church Extension Scheme, as a truly noble and Christian effort for bringing the glad tidings to the doors of a population who must otherwise remain neglected, and were themselves willing so to live and die. He conveyed his impressions on this subject to a friend abroad, in the following terms:—"There is a soul-destroying cruelty in the cold-hearted opposition which is made to the multiplication of ministers in such neglected and overgrown districts as these. If one of our Royal Commissioners would but consent to undergo the bodily fatigue

that a minister ought to undergo in visiting merely the sick and dying of Larbert, (let alone the visitation of the whole, and preparation for the pulpit,) and that for one month, I would engage that if he be able to rise out of his bed by the end of it, he would change his voice and manner at the Commission Board."

A few busy weeks passed over, occupied from morning to night in such cares and toils, when another part of the discipline he was to undergo was sent. In the end of December, strong oppression of the heart and an irritating cough caused some of his friends to fear that his lungs were affected; and for some weeks he was laid aside from public duty. On examination, it was found that though there was a dulness in the right lung, yet the material of the lungs was not affected. For a time, however, the air-vessels were so clogged and irritated, that if he had continued to preach, disease would have quickly ensued. But this also was soon removed, and, under cautious management, he resumed his work.

This temporary illness served to call forth the extreme sensitiveness of his soul to the responsibilities of his office. At its commencement—having gone to Edinburgh "in so sweet a sunshine morning that God seemed to have chosen it for him" —he wrote to Mr. Bonar—"If I am not recovered before the third Sabbath, I fear I shall not be able to bear upon my conscience the responsibility of leaving you any longer to labor alone, bearing unaided the burden of 6000 souls. No, my dear Sir, I must read the will of God aright in his providence, and give way, when he bids me, to fresh and abler workmen. I hope and pray that it may be his will to restore me again to you and your parish, with a heart tutored by sickness to speak more and more as dying to dying." Then, mentioning two of the sick—"Poor A. D. and C. H., I often think of them. I can do no more for their good, except pray for them. Tell them that I do this without ceasing."

The days when a holy pastor, who knows the blood-sprinkled way to the Father, is laid aside, are probably as much a proof of the kindness of God to his flock as days of health and activity. He is occupied, during this season of retirement, in discovering the plagues of his heart, and in going in, like Moses, to plead with God face to face for his flock, and for his own soul. Mr. M'Cheyne believed that God had this end in view with him; and that the Lord should thus deal with him at his entrance into the vineyard made him ponder these dealings the more. "Paul asked," says he, "'What wilt thou have me *to do?*' and it was answered, 'I will show him what great things he must *suffer* for my name's sake.' Thus it may be with me. I have been too anxious to do great things. The lust of praise has ever been my besetting sin; and what more befitting school could be found for me than that of suffering alone, away from the eye and ear of

man." Writing again to Mr. Bonar, he tells him: "I feel distinctly that the whole of my labor during this season of sickness and pain, should be in the way of prayer and *intercession*. And yet, so strongly does Satan work in our deceitful hearts, I scarcely remember a season wherein I have been more averse to these duties. I try to 'build myself up in my most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keeping myself in the love of God, and looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life.' That text of Jude has peculiar beauties for me at this season. If it be good to come under the love of God once, surely it is good to keep ourselves there. And yet how reluctant we are. I cannot doubt that boldness is offered me to enter into the holiest of all; I cannot doubt my right and title to enter continually by the new and bloody way; I cannot doubt that when I do enter in, I stand not only forgiven, but accepted in the Beloved; I cannot doubt that when I do enter in, the Spirit is willing and ready to descend like a dove, to dwell in my bosom as a Spirit of prayer and peace, enabling me to 'pray in the Holy Ghost;' and that Jesus is ready to rise up as my intercessor with the Father, praying for me though not for the world: and that the prayer-hearing God is ready to bend his ear to requests which he delights to hear and answer. I cannot doubt that thus to dwell in God is the true blessedness of my nature; and yet, strange unaccountable creature! I am too often unwilling to enter in. I go about and about the sanctuary, and I sometimes press in through the rent vail, and see the blessedness of dwelling there to be far better than that of the tents of wickedness; yet it is certain that I do not dwell within."—"My prayers follow you, especially to the sick-beds of A. D. and C. H. I hope they still survive, and that Christ may yet be glorified in them."

On resuming his labors, he found a residence in Carronvale. From this pleasant spot he used to ride out to his work. But pleasant as the spot was, yet being only partially recovered, he was not satisfied; he lamented that he was unable to overtake what a stronger laborer would have accomplished. He often cast a regretful look at the collieries: and remembering them still at a later period, he reproached himself with neglect, though most unjustly. "The places which I left utterly unbroken in upon are Kinnaird and Milton. Both of these rise up against my conscience, particularly the last, through which I have ridden so often." It was not the comfort, but the positive usefulness of the ministry, that he envied; and he judged of places by their fitness to promote this great end. He said of a neighboring parish, which he had occasion to visit—"The manse is altogether too sweet; other men could hardly live there without saying, 'This is my rest.' I don't think ministers' manses should ever be so beautiful."

A simple incident was overruled to promote the ease and fluency of his pulpit ministrations. From the very beginning of his minis-

try, he reprobated the custom of reading sermons, believing that to do so does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervor of the messenger in delivering his message. Neither did he recite what he had written. But his custom was to impress on his memory the substance of what he had beforehand carefully written, and then to speak as he found liberty. One morning, as he rode rapidly along to Dunipace, his written sermons were dropped on the wayside. This accident prevented him having the opportunity of preparing in his usual manner; but he was enabled to preach with more than usual freedom. For the first time in his life, he discovered that he possessed the gift of extemporaneous composition, and learned, to his own surprise, that he had more composedness of mind and command of language than he had believed. This discovery, however, did not in the least degree diminish his diligent preparation. Indeed the only use he made of the incident at the time it occurred was, to draw a lesson of dependence on God's own immediate blessing, rather than on the satisfactory preparation made. "One thing always fills the cup of my consolation, that God may work by the meanest and poorest words, as well as by the most polished and ornate—yea perhaps more readily, that the glory may be all his own."

His hands were again full, distributing the bread of life in fellowship with Mr. Bonar. The progress of his own soul, meanwhile, may be traced in some of the few entries that occur in his diary during this period:—

"February 21, 1836—Sabbath.—Blessed be the Lord for another day of the Son of Man. Resumed my diary, long broken off; not because I do not feel the disadvantages of it—making you assume feelings and express rather what you wish to be than what you are—but because the advantages seem greater. It ensures sober reflection on the events of the day as seen in God's eye. Preached twice in Larbert, on the righteousness of God, Rom. i. 16. In the morning was more engaged in preparing the head than the heart. This has been frequently my error, and I have always felt the evil of it, especially in prayer. Reform it, then, O Lord."

"Feb. 27.—Preached in Dunipace with more heart than ever I remember to have done, on Rom. v. 10, owing to the gospel-nature of the subject and prayerful preparation. Audience smaller than usual! How happy and strange is the feeling when God gives the soul composure to stand and plead for him. O that it were altogether for him I plead, not for myself."

"March 5.—Preached in Larbert with very much comfort, owing chiefly to my remedying the error of 21st Feb. Therefore the heart and the mouth were full. 'Enlarge my heart, and I shall run,' said David. 'Enlarge my heart and I shall preach.'"

In this last remark we see the germ of his remarkably solemn ministry. His heart was filled, and his lips then spoke what he

felt within his heart. He gave out not merely living water, but living water drawn at the springs that he had himself drank of; and is not this a true gospel ministry? Some venture to try what they consider a more *intellectual* method of addressing the conscience; but ere a minister attempts this mode, he ought to see that he is one who is able to afford more deep and anxious preparation of heart than other men. Since the intellectual part of the discourse is not that which is most likely to be an arrow in the conscience, those pastors who are intellectual men must bestow ten-fold more prayerfulness on their work, if they would have either their own or their people's souls affected under their word. If we are ever to preach with compassion for the perishing, we must ourselves be moved by those same views of sin and righteousness which moved the human soul of Jesus. (See Psalm xxxviii. and lv.)

About this time he occasionally contributed papers to the *Christian Herald:* one of these was *On sudden Conversions*, showing that Scripture led us to expect such. During this month, he seems to have written the "*Lines on Mungo Park*," one of the pieces which attracted the notice of Professor Wilson. But whatever he engaged in, his aim was to honor his Master. I find him, after hearing a sermon by another, remarking (April 3d), "Some things powerful; but I thirst to hear more of Christ."

On Sabbath 16, he writes, "Preached with some tenderness of heart. O why should I not weep, as Jesus did over Jerusalem? Evening—Instructing two delightful Sabbath-schools. Much bodily weariness. Gracious kindness of God in giving rest to the weary."

"April 13.—Went to Stirling to hear Dr. Duff once more upon his system. With greater warmth and energy than ever. He kindles as he goes. Felt almost constrained to go the whole length of his system with him. If it were only to raise up an audience, it would be defensible; but when it is to raise up teachers it is more than defensible. I am now made willing, if God shall open the way, to go to India. Here am I; send me!"

The missionary feeling in his soul continued all his life. The Lord had really made him willing; and this preparedness to go anywhere completed his preparation for unselfish, self-denied work at home. Must there not be somewhat of this missionary tendency in all true ministers? Is any one truly the Lord's messenger who is not quite willing to go when and where the Lord calls? Is it justifiable in any to put aside a call from the north, on the ground that he *wishes* one from the south? We must be found in the position of Isaiah, if we are to be really sent of God.

"April 24.—O that this day's labor may be blessed! and not mine alone, but all thy faithful servants all over the world, till *thy Sabbath* come."

"April 26.—Visiting in Carron-shore. Well received everywhere. Truly a pleasant labor. Cheered me much. Preached to them afterwards from Proverbs i."

"May 8.—Communion in Larbert. Served as an elder and help to the faithful. Partook with some glimpses of faith and joy. Served by a faithful old minister (Mr. Dempster of Denny), one taught of God. This morning stood by the dying—evening, stood by the dead, poor J. F. having died last night. I laid my hand on her cold forehead, and tried to shut her eyes. Lord give me strength for living to thee!—strength also for the dying hour."

"May 15.—This day an annular eclipse of the sun. Kept both the services together in order to be in time. Truly a beautiful sight to see the shining edge of the sun all round the dark disc of the moon. Lord, one day thy hand shall put out those candles; for there shall be no need of the sun to lighten the happy land; the Lamb is the light thereof—a sun that cannot be eclipsed—that cannot go down."

"May 17.—Visited thirteen families, and addressed them all in the evening in the school, on Jeremiah l. 4, 'Going and weeping.' Experienced some enlargement of soul; said some plain things; and had some desire for their salvation, that God might be praised."

"May 21.—Preparation for the Sabbath. My birth day. I have lived twenty-three years. Blessed be my Rock. Though I am a child in knowledge of my Bible and Thee, yet use me for what a child can do, or a child can suffer. How few sufferings I have had in the year that is past, except in my own body. Oh! that as my day is my strength may be. Give me strength for a suffering, and for a dying hour!"

"May 22.—O Lord, when thou workest, all discouragements vanish—when thou art away, anything is a discouragement. Blessed be God for such a day—one of a thousand. O why not always this? Watch and pray."

Being in Edinburgh this month, during the sitting of the General Assembly, he used the opportunity of revisiting some of his former charge in the Cannongate. "J. S., a far-off inquirer, but surely God is leading. His hand draws out these tears. Interesting visits to L.; near death, and still in the same mind. I cannot but hope that some faith is here. Saw Mrs. M.; many tears: felt much, though I am still doubtful and in the dark. Thou knowest, Lord!"

"June 11.—Yesterday up in Dunipace. It would seem as if I were afraid to name the name of Christ. Saw many worldly people greatly needing a word in season, yet could not get up my heart to speak. What I did failed almost completely. I am not worthy, Lord! To-day sought to prepare my heart for the coming Sabbath. After the example of Boston, whose life I have been reading, examined my heart with prayer and fasting. 1. Does

my heart really close with the offer of salvation by Jesus? Is it my choice to be saved in the way which gives him all the praise, and me none? Do I not only see it to be the Bible way of salvation, but does it cordially approve itself to my heart as delightful? Lord search me and try me, for I cannot but answer, Yes, yes. 2. Is it the desire of my heart to be made altogether holy? Is there any sin I wish to retain? Is sin a grief to me, the sudden risings and overcomings thereof especially? Lord, thou knowest all things—thou knowest that I hate all sin, and desire to be made altogether *like thee.* It is the sweetest word in the Bible—'Sin *shall not* have dominion over you.' O then that I might lie lower in the dust—the lower the better—that Jesus' righteousness and Jesus' strength alone be admired. Felt much deadness and much grief, that I cannot grieve for this deadness. Towards evening revived. Got a calm spirit through psalmody and prayer."

"June 12—Sabbath.—To-day a sinner preached Jesus, the same Jesus who has done all things for him, and that so lately! A day of much help, of some earnest looking-up of the heart to that alone quickening power, of much temptation to flattery and pride. O for breathing gales of spiritual life! Evening—Somewhat helped to lay Jesus before little children in his beauty and excellency. Much fatigue, yet some peace. Surely a day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

"May 15.—Day of visiting—rather a happy one—in Carronshore. Large meeting in the evening. Felt very happy after it, though mourning for *bitter speaking of the gospel.* Surely it is a gentle message, and should be spoken with angelic tenderness, especially by such a needy sinner."

Of this bitterness in preaching, he had little indeed in after days; yet so sensible was he of its being quite natural to all of us, that oftentimes he made it the subject of conversation, and used to grieve over himself if he had spoken with any thing less than solemn compassion. I remember on one occasion, when we met, he asked what my last Sabbath's subject had been. It had been, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." On hearing this awful text, he asked, "Were you able to preach it *with tenderness?*" Certain it is that the tone of reproach and upbraiding is widely different from the voice of solemn warning. It is not saying hard things that pierces the conscience of our people; it is the voice of Divine love heard amid the thunder. The sharpest point of the two-edged sword is not *death* but *life;* and against self-righteous souls this latter ought to be more used than the former. For such souls can hear us tell of the open gates of hell and the unquenchable fire far more unconcernedly than of the gates of heaven wide-open for their immediate return. When we preach that the glad-tidings *were intended to impart immediate assurance of eternal life to every sinner that believes them,* we strike deeper upon the

proud enmity of the world to God, than when we show the eternal curse and the second death.

"June 19—Sabbath.—Wet morning. Preached at Dunipace to a small audience, on Parable of the Tares. I thank God for that blessed parable.———In both discourses I can look back on many hateful thoughts of pride, and self-admiration, and love of praise, stealing the heart out of the service." "June 22.—Carron-shore. My last. Some tears; yet I fear some like the messenger, not the message; and I fear I am so vain as to love that love. Lord, let it not be so. Perish *my* honor, but let *Thine* be exalted for ever."

"June 26—True Sabbath-day. Golden sky. Full church, and more liveliness than sometimes. Shall I call the liveliness of this day a gale of the Spirit, or was all natural? I know that all was not of grace: the self-admiration, the vanity, the desire of honor, the bitterness—these were all breaths of earth or hell. But was there no grace? Lord, thou knowest. I dare not wrong thee by saying—No! Larbert Sabbath-school, with the same liveliness and joy. Domestic work with the same. Praised be God! O that the savor of it may last through the week! By this may I test if it be all of nature, or much of grace. Alas! how I tremble for my Monday mornings—those seasons of lifelessness. Lord, bless the seeds sown this day in the hearts of my friends, by the hand of my friends, and all over the world,—hasten the harvest!"

"July 3.—After a week of working and hurried preparation, a Sabbath of mingled peace and pain. Called, morning before preaching, to see Mrs. E. dying. Preached on the Jailor—discomposedly—with some glimpses of the genuine truth as it is in Jesus. Felt there was much mingling of experience. At times the congregation was lightened up from their dull flatness, and then they sunk again into lethargy. O Lord, make me hang on thee to open their hearts, thou opener of Lydia's heart. I fear thou wilt not bless my preaching, until I am brought thus to hang on thee. O keep not back a blessing for my sin! Afternoon—On the Highway of the Redeemed, with more ease and comfort. Felt the truth sometimes boiling up from my heart into my words. Some glimpses of tenderness, yet much less of that spirit than the last two Sabbaths. Again saw the dying woman. O when will I plead, with my tears and inward yearnings, over sinners! O, compassionate Lord, give me to know what manner of spirit I am of! give me thy gentle spirit, that neither strives nor cries. Much weariness, want of prayerfulness, and want of cleaving to Christ." Tuesday the 5th. being the anniversary of his license to preach the Gospel, he writes:—"Eventful week: one year I have preached *Jesus* have I? or myself? I have often preached myself also, but Jesus I have preached."

About this time he again felt the hand of affliction, though it did not continue long. Yet it was plain to him now that personal

trouble was to be one of the ingredients of that experience which helped to give a peculiar tone to his ministry.

"July 8.—Since Tuesday have been laid up with illness. Set by once more for a season to feel my unprofitableness and cure my pride. When shall this self-choosing temper be healed? 'Lord, I will preach, run, visit, wrestle,' said I. 'No, thou shalt lie in thy bed and suffer,' said the Lord. To-day missed some fine opportunities of speaking a word for Christ. The Lord saw I would have spoken as much for my own honor as his, and therefore, shut my mouth. *I see a man cannot be a faithful minister, until he preaches Christ for Christ's sake*—until he gives up striving to attract people to himself, and seeks only to attract them to Christ. Lord, give me this! To-night some glimpses of humbling; and therefore, some wrestling in social prayer. But my prayers are scarcely to be called prayer." Then, in the evening, "This day my brother has been five years absent from the body and present with the Lord, and knows more and loves more than all earthly saints together. Till the Day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my Beloved!"

"July 10.—I fear I am growing more earthly in some things. To-day I felt a difficulty in bringing in spiritual conversation immediately after preaching, when my bosom should be burning. Excused myself from dining out from other than the grand reason; though checked and corrected myself. Evening—Insensibly slid into worldly conversation. Let these things be corrected in me, O Lord, by the heart being more filled with love to Jesus; and more ejaculatory prayer."

"July 17.—Sabbath.—O that I may remember my own word this day; that the hour of communion is the hour for the foxes—the little foxes—to spoil the wine. Two things that defile this day in looking back, are love of praise running through all, and consenting to listen to worldy talk at all. O that these may keep me humble and be my burden, leading me to the cross. Then, Satan, thou wilt be outwitted!"

"July 19.—Died, this day, W. M'Cheyne, my cousin-german, Relief minister, Kelso. O how I repent of our vain controversies on Establishments when we last met, and that we spoke so little of Jesus. O that we had spoken more one to another. Lord, teach me to be always speaking as dying to dying."

"July 24.—Dunipace Communion.—Heard Mr. Purves of Jedburgh preach, 'Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.' The only way to come to ordinances, and to draw from the well, is to come with the matter of acceptance settled, believing God's anger to be turned away. Truly a precious view of the freeness of the gospel very refreshing. My soul needs to be roused much to apprehend this truth."

Above (July 3.) he spoke of "mingling experience with the genuine truth as it is in Jesus." It is to this that he refers again,

in the last paragraph. His deep acquaintance with the human heart and passions often led him to dwell at greater length, not only on those topics whereby the sinner might be brought to discover his guilt, but also on marks that would evidence a change, than on "the Glad Tidings." And yet he ever felt that these blessed tidings, addressed to souls in the very gall of bitterness, were the true theme of the minister of Christ; and never did he preach other than a full salvation ready for the chief of sinners. From the very first also, he carefully avoided the error of those who rather speculate or doctrinize about the Gospel, than preach the Gospel itself. Is not the true idea of preaching that of one, like Ahimaaz, coming with all-important tidings, and intent on making these tidings known? Occupied with the facts he has to tell, he has no heart to speculate on mere abstractions; nay, he is apt to forget what language he employs, excepting so far as the very grandeur of the tidings gives a glow of eloquence to his words. The glorious fact, "*By this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins*," is the burden of every sermon. The crier is sent to the openings of the gate by his Lord—to herald forth this one infinitely important truth through the whole creation under heaven.

He seems invariably to have applied for his personal benefit what he gave out to his people. We have already noticed how he used to feed on the Word, not in order to prepare himself for his people, but for personal edification. To do so was a fundamental rule with him; and all pastors will feel that, if they are to prosper in their own souls, they must so use the word—sternly refusing to admit the idea of feeding others, until satiated themselves. And for similar ends, it is needful that we let the truth we hear preached sink down into our own souls. We, as well as our people, must drink in the falling shower. Mr. M'Cheyne did so. It is common to find him speaking thus:—"July 31, Sabbath—Afternoon, on Judas betraying Christ; much more tenderness than ever I felt before. O that I might abide in the bosom of him who washed Judas' feet, and dipped his hand in the same dish with him, and warned him, and grieved over him—that I might catch the infection of his love, of his tenderness, so wonderful, so unfathomable."

Coming home on a Sabbath evening (Aug. 7th) from Torwood Sabbath-school, a person met him who suggested an opportunity of usefulness. There were two families of gypsies encamped at Torwood, within his reach. He was weary with a long day's labor; but instantly, as was his custom on such a call, set off to find them. By the side of their wood-fire, he opened out the parable of the Lost Sheep, and pressed it on their souls in simple terms. He then knelt down in prayer for them, and left them somewhat mp ressed and very grateful.

At this time a youthful parishioner, for whose soul he felt much anxiety, left his father's roof. Ever watchful for souls, he seized

this opportunity of laying before him more fully the things belonging to his peace.

"LARBERT, *August* 8, 1836

"My dear G——, You will be surprised to hear from me. I have often wished to be better acquainted with you; but in these sad parishes we cannot manage to know and be intimate with every one we would desire. And now you have left your father's roof and our charge; still my desires go after you, as well as the kind thoughts of many others; and since I cannot now speak to you, I take this way of expressing my thoughts to you. I do not know in what light you look upon me, whether as a grave and morose minister, or as one who might be a companion and friend; but, really, it is so short a while since I was just like you, when I enjoyed the games, which you now enjoy, and read the books which you now read, that I never can think of myself as anything more than a boy. This is one great reason why I write to you. The same youthful blood flows in my veins that flows in yours—the same fancies and buoyant passions dance in my bosom as in yours—so that, when I would persuade you to come with me to the same Saviour, and to walk the rest of your life 'led by the Spirit of God,' I am not persuading you to anything beyond your years. I am not like a greyheaded grandfather—then you might answer all I say by telling me that you are a boy. No; I am almost as much a boy as you are; as fond of happiness and of life as you are; as fond of scampering over the hills, and seeing all that is to be seen, as you are.

"Another thing that persuades me to write you, my dear boy, is, that I have felt in my own experience the want of having a friend to direct and counsel me. I had a kind brother as you have, who taught me many things: he gave me a Bible, and persuaded me to read it; he tried to train me as a gardener trains the apple-tree upon the wall, but all in vain. I thought myself far wiser than he, and would always take my own way; and many a time, I well remember, I have seen him reading his Bible, or shutting his closet door to pray, when I have been dressing to go to some frolic, or some dance of folly. Well this dear friend and brother died; and though his death made a greater impression upon me than ever his life had done, still I found the misery of being *friendless*. I do not mean that I had no relations and worldly friends, for I had many; but I had no friend *who cared for my soul*. I had none to direct me to the Saviour—none to awaken my slumbering conscience—none to tell me about the blood of Jesus washing away all sin—none to tell me of the Spirit who is so willing to change the heart, and give the victory over passions. I had no minister to take me by the hand, and say, 'Come with me, and we will do thee good.' Yes, I had one friend and minister, but that was Jesus himself, and he led me in a way that makes me give him, and him only, all the praise. Now, though Jesus may

do this again, yet the more common way with him is to use earthly guides. Now, if I could supply the place of such a guide to you, I should be happy. To be a finger-post is all that I want to be—pointing out the way. This is what I so much wanted myself—this is what you need not want, unless you wish.

"Tell me, dear G., would you work less pleasantly through the day—would you walk the streets with a more doleful step—would you eat your meat with less gladness of heart—would you sleep less tranquilly at night, if you had *the forgiveness of sins*—that is, if all your wicked thoughts and deeds—lies, thefts, and Sabbath-breakings—were all blotted out of God's book of remembrance? Would this make you less happy do you think? You dare not say it would. But would the forgiveness of sins not make you more happy than you are? Perhaps you will tell me that you are very happy as you are. I quite believe you. I know that I was very happy when I was unforgiven. I know that I had great pleasure in many sins—in Sabbath-breaking for instance. Many a delightful walk I have had—speaking my own words, thinking my own thoughts, and seeking my own pleasure on God's holy day. I fancy few boys were ever happier in an unconverted state than I was. No sorrow clouded my brow—no tears filled my eyes, unless over some nice story-book; so that I know that you say quite true, when you say that you are happy as you are. But ah! is not this just the saddest thing of all, that you should be happy whilst you are a child of wrath—that you should smile, and eat, and drink, and be merry, and sleep sound, when this very night you may be in *hell?* Happy while unforgiven!—a terrible happiness. It is like the Hindoo widow who sits upon the funeral pile with her dead husband, and sings songs of joy when they are setting fire to the wood with which she is to be burned. Yes, you may be quite happy in this way, till you die, my boy; but when you look back from hell, you will say, it was a miserable kind of happiness. Now, do you think it would not give you more happiness to be forgiven—to be able to put on Jesus, and say, 'God's anger is turned away?' Would not you be happier at work, and happier in the house, and happier in your bed? I can assure you, from all that ever I have felt of it, the pleasures of being forgiven are as superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. The peace of being forgiven reminds me of the calm, blue sky, which no earthly clamors can disturb. It lightens all labor, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick bed all soft and downy—yea, it takes away the scowl of death. Now, forgiveness may be yours *now*. It is not given to those who are good. It is not given to any because they are less wicked than others. It is given *only* to those who, feeling that their sins have brought a curse on them which they cannot lift off, 'look unto Jesus,' as bearing all away.

"Now, my dear boy, I have no wish to weary you. If you are anything like what I was, you will have yawned many a time already over this letter. However, if the Lord deal graciously with you, and touch your young heart, as I pray he may, with a desire to be forgiven, and to be made a child of God, perhaps you will not take ill what I have written to you in much haste. As this is the first time you have been away from home, perhaps you have not learned to write letters yet; but if you have, I would like to hear from you, how you come on—what convictions you feel, if you feel any—what difficulties—what parts of the Bible puzzle you; and then I would do my best to unravel them. You read your Bible regularly, of course; but do try and understand it, and still more, to *feel* it. Read more parts than one at a time. For example, if you are reading Genesis, read a Psalm also; or, if you are reading Matthew, read a small bit of an epistle also. *Turn the Bible into prayer.* Thus, if you were reading the 1st Psalm, spread the Bible on the chair before you, and kneel and pray, 'O Lord, give me the blessedness of the man,' &c. 'Let me not stand in the counsel of the ungodly,' &c. This is the best way of knowing the meaning of the Bible, and of learning to pray. In prayer confess your sins by name—going over those of the past day one by one. Pray for your friends by name—father, mother, &c. &c. If you love them, surely you will pray for their souls. I know well that there are prayers constantly ascending for you from your own house; and will you not pray for them back again? Do this regularly. If you pray sincerely for others, it will make you pray for yourself.

"But I must be done. Good bye, dear G. Remember me to your brother kindly, and believe me your sincere friend.

"R. M. M."

It is the shepherd's duty, (Ezek. xxxiv. 4,) in visiting his flock, to discriminate; "strengthening the diseased, healing that which was sick, binding up that which was broken, bringing again that which was driven away, seeking that which was lost." This Mr. M'Cheyne tried to do. In an after-letter to Mr. Somerville, of Anderston, in reference to the people of these parishes, whom he had had means of knowing, he wrote, "Take more heed to the saints than ever I did. Speak a word in season to S. M. S. H. will drink in simple truth, but tell him to be humble-minded. Cause L. H. to learn in silence; speak not of *religion* to her, but speak to her case always. Teach A. M. to look simply at Jesus. J. A. warn and teach. Get worldliness from the B.'s if you can. Mrs. G. awake, or keep awake. Speak faithfully to the B.'s. Tell me of M. C., if she is really a believer, and grows. A. K., has the light visited her? M. T. I have had some doubts of. M. G. lies sore upon my conscience; I did no good to that woman; she always managed to speak of *things about the truth.* Speak

boldly. What matter in eternity the slight awkwardness of time!"

It was about this time that the managers and congregation of the new Church, St. Peter's, Dundee, invited him to preach as one of the candidates; and, in the end of August, chose him to be their pastor, with one accord. He accepted the call under an awful sense of the work that lay before him. He would rather, he said, have made choice for himself of such a rural parish as Dunipace; but the Lord seemed to desire it otherwise. "His ways are in the sea." More than once, at a later period, he would say, "We might have thought that God would have sent a strong man to such a parish as mine, and not a feeble reed."

The first day he preached in St. Peter's as a candidate (August 14th), is thus recorded: "Forenoon—Mind not altogether in a preaching frame; on the Sower. Afternoon—With more encouragement and help of the Spirit; on the Voice of the Beloved, in Cant. ii. 8–14.* In the Evening—With all my heart; on *Ruth*. Lord, keep me humble." Returning from St. Peter's, the second time, he observed in his class of girls at Dunipace more than usual anxiety. One of them seemed to be thoroughly awakened that evening. "Thanks be to thee, Lord, for anything," he writes that evening; for as yet he had sown without seeing fruit. It seems to have been part of the Lord's dealing with him, thus to teach him to persevere in duty and in faith, even where there was no obvious success. The arrow that was yet to wound hundreds was then receiving its point; but it lay in the quiver for a time. The Lord seemed to be touching his own heart and melting it by what he spoke to others, rather than touching or melting the hearts of those he spoke to. But from the day of his preaching in St. Peter's, tokens of success began. His first day there, especially the evening sermon on Ruth, was blessed to two souls in Dundee; and now he sees souls begin to melt under his last words in the parish where he thought he had hitherto spent his strength in vain.

As he was now to leave this sphere, he sought out with deep anxiety a laborer who would help their overburdened pastor, in true love to the people's souls. He believed he had found such a laborer in Mr. Somerville, his friend who had shared his every thought and feeling in former days, and who, with a sharp sickle in his hand, was now advancing toward the harvest field. "I see plainly," he wrote to Mr. Bonar, "that my poor attempts at labor in your dear parish will soon be eclipsed. But if at length the iron front of unbelief give way, if the hard faces become furrowed with the tears of anxiety and of faith, under whatever ministry, you will rejoice, and I will rejoice, and the angels, and the Father and God of angels, will rejoice." It was in this spirit that he closed his short ten months of labor in this region.

* See this characteristic sermon in the Remains

His last sermons to the people of Larbert and Dunipace were on Hosea xiv. 1, "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God;" and Jeremiah viii. 20, "Harvest is past" In the evening he writes, "Lord, I feel bowed down because of the little I have done for them which thou mightest have blessed! My bowels yearn over them, and all the more that I have done so little. Indeed I might have done ten times as much as I have done. I might have been in every house; I might have spoken always as a minister. Lord, canst thou bless partial, unequal efforts?"

I believe it was about this time that some of us first of all began our custom of praying specially for each other on Saturday evening, with a reference to our engagements in the ministry next day. This concert for prayer we have never since seen cause to discontinue. It has from time to time been widened in its circle; and as yet his has been the only voice that has been silenced of all that thus began to go in on each other's behalf before the Lord. Mr. M'Cheyne never failed to remember this time of prayer. "Larbert and Dunipace are always on my heart, especially on the Saturday evenings, when I pray for a glorious Sabbath!" On one occasion, in Dundee, he was asked if the accumulation of business in his parish never led him to neglect the season of prayer on a busy Saturday? his reply was, that he was not aware that it ever did. "What would my people do if I were not to pray."

So steady was he in Sabbath preparations, from the first day to the last time he was with them, that though at prayer meetings, or similar occasions, he did not think it needful to have much laid up before coming to address his people; yet, anxious to give them on the Sabbath what had cost him somewhat, he never, without an urgent reason, went before them without much previous meditation and prayer. His principle on this subject was embodied in a remark he made to some of us who were conversing on the matter. Being asked his view of diligent preparation for the pulpit, he reminded us of Exodus xxvii. 20. "*Beaten oil—beaten oil for the lamps of the sanctuary.*" And yet his prayerfulness was greater still. Indeed, he could not neglect fellowship with God before entering the congregation. He needed to be bathed in the love of God. His ministry was so much a bringing out of views that had first sanctified his own soul, that the healthiness of his soul was absolutely needful to the vigor and power of his ministrations.

During these ten months the Lord had done much for him, but it was chiefly in the way of discipline for a future ministry. He had been taught a minister's heart; he had been tried in the furnace; he had tasted deep personal sorrow, little of which has been recorded; he had felt the fiery darts of temptation; he had been exercised in self-examination and in much prayer; he had proved how flinty is the rock, and had learnt that in lifting the rod

by which it was to be smitten, success lay in Him alone who enabled him to lift it up. And thus prepared of God for the peculiar work that awaited him, he turned his face towards Dundee, and took up his abode in the spot where the Lord was so marvellously to visit him in his ministry.

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## CHAPTER III.

### FIRST YEARS OF LABOR IN DUNDEE.

"Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations."—Acts xx. 18, 19.

The day on which he was ordained pastor of a flock, was a day of much anxiety to his soul. He had journeyed by Perth to spend the night preceding under the roof of his kind friend Mr. Grierson, in the manse of Errol. Next morning, ere he left the manse, three passages of Scripture occupied his mind. 1. "*Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.*" Isaiah xxvi. 3. This verse was seasonable; for, as he sat meditating on the solemn duties of the day, his heart trembled. 2. "*Give thyself wholly to these things.*" 1 Tim. iv. 15. May that word (he prayed) sink deep into my heart. 3. "*Here am I, send me.*" Isaiah vi. 8. "To go, or to stay—to be here till death, or to visit foreign shores—whatsoever, wheresoever, whensoever thou pleasest." He rose from his knees with the prayer, "Lord, may thy grace come with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery."

He was ordained on November 24, 1836. The service was conducted by Mr. Roxburgh of St. John's, through whose exertions the new church had been erected, and who ever afterwards cherished the most cordial friendship towards him. On the Sabbath following, he was introduced to his flock by Mr. John Bonar of Larbert, with whom he had labored as a son in the Gospel. Himself preached in the afternoon upon Isaiah lxi. 1–3, "*The spirit of the Lord is upon me,*" &c.—of which he writes, "May it be prophetic of the object of my coming here!" And truly it was so. That very sermon—the first preached by him as a pastor—was the means of awakening souls, as he afterwards learnt; and ever onward the impressions left by his words seemed to spread and deepen among his people. To keep up the remembrance of this solemn day, he used in all the subsequent years of his ministry to preach from this same text on the anniversary of his

ordination.* In the evening of that day, Mr. Bonar again preached on "*These times of refreshing.*" "A noble sermon, showing the marks of such times. Ah! when shall we have them here? Lord bless this word, to help their coming! Put thy blessing upon this day! Felt given over to God, as one bought with a price."

There was a rapid growth in his soul, perceptible to all who knew him well, from this time. Even his pulpit preparations, he used to say, became easier from this date. He had earnestly sought that the day of his ordination might be a time of new grace; he expected it would be so; and there was a peculiar work to be done by his hands, for which the Holy Spirit did speedily prepare him.

His diary does not contain much of his feelings during his residence in Dundee. His incessant labors left him little time, except what he scrupulously spent in the direct exercises of devotion. But what we have seen of his manner of study and self-examination at Larbert, is sufficient to show in what a constant state of cultivation his soul was kept; and his habits in these respects continued with him to the last. Jeremy Taylor recommends—"If thou meanest to enlarge thy religion, do it rather by enlarging thine ordinary devotions than thy extraordinary." This advice describes very accurately the plan of spiritual life on which Mr. M'Cheyne acted. He did occasionally set apart seasons for special prayer and fasting, occupying the time so set apart exclusively in devotion. But the real secret of his soul's prosperity lay in the daily enlargement of his heart in fellowship with God. And the river deepened as it flowed on to eternity; so that he at least reached that feature of a holy pastor which Paul pointed out to Timothy (iv. 15)—"His profiting did appear to all."

In his own house everything was fitted to make you feel that the service of God was a cheerful service, while he sought that every arrangement of the family should bear upon eternity. His morning hours were set apart for the nourishment of his own soul; not, however, with the view of laying up a stock of grace for the rest of the day—for manna will corrupt if laid by—but rather with the view of "giving the eye the habit of looking upward all the day, and drawing down beams from the reconciled countenance." He was sparing in the hours devoted to sleep, and resolutely secured time for devotion before breakfast, although often wearied and exhausted when he laid himself to rest. "A soldier of the cross," was his remark, "must endure hardness." Often he sang a Psalm of praise, as soon as he arose, to stir up his soul. Three chapters of the Word was his usual morning portion. This he thought little enough, for he delighted exceedingly in the Scriptures: they were better to him than thousands of gold or silver.

* "The Acceptable Year of the Lord" was one of these Anniversary Sermons, preached November, 1840.

"When you write," said he to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scriptures." To another, in expressing his value for the Word, he said, "One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

His chief season of relaxation seemed to be breakfast-time. He would come down with a happy countenance and a full soul; and after the sweet season of family prayer, forthwith commence forming plans for the day. When he was well, nothing seemed to afford him such true delight as to have his hands full of work. Indeed, it was often remarked that in him you found—what you rarely meet with—a man of high poetic imagination and deep devotion, who nevertheless was engaged unceasingly in the busiest and most laborious activities of his office.

His friends could observe how much his soul was engrossed during his times of study and devotion. If interrupted on such occasions, though he never seemed ruffled, yet there was a kind of gravity and silence that implied—"I wish to be alone." But he farther aimed at enjoying God *all the day*. And referring on one occasion to those blank hours which so often are a believer's burden—hours during which the soul is dry and barren—he observed, "They are proofs of how little we are *filled* with the presence of God, how little we are *branch-like** in our faith."

This careful attention to the frame of his spirit did not hinder his preparation for his people: on the contrary, it kept alive his deep conscientiousness, and kept his warm compassion ever yearning. When asked to observe a Saturday as a day of fasting and prayer, along with some others who had a special object in view, he replied—"Saturday is an awkward day for ministers; for though I love to seek help from on High, I love also diligently to set my thoughts in order for the Sabbath. I sometimes fear that you fail in this latter duty."

During his first years in Dundee, he often rode out in an afternoon to the ruined church of Invergowrie, to enjoy an hour's perfect solitude; for he felt meditation and prayer to be the very sinews of his work. Such notices, also, as the following show his systematic pursuit of personal holiness:

"April 9, 1837—Evening.—A very pleasant quietness. Study of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Came to a more intelligent view of the first six chapters than ever before. Much refreshed by John Newton; instructed by Edwards. Help and freedom in prayer. Lord, what a happy season is a Sabbath evening! What will Heaven be!"

"April 16—Sabbath Evening.—Much prayer and peace. Reading the Bible only."

"June 2.—Much peace and rest to-night. Much broken under a sense of my exceeding wickedness, which no eye can see but thine. Much persuasion of the sufficiency of Christ, and of the

* Compare Zechariah iv. 12, with John xv. 5.

constancy of his love. O how sweet to work all day for God, and then to lie down at night under his smiles."

"June 17, 1838.—At Dumbarney communion. Much sin and coldness two days before. Lay low at his feet; found peace only in Jesus."

"September 25.—Spent last week at Blairgowrie; I hope not in vain. Much sin, weakness, and uselessness; much delight in the Word also, while opening it up at family prayer. May God make the Word fire. Opened 1 Thessalonians, the whole; enriching to my own mind. How true is Psalm i.; yet observed in my heart a strange proneness to be entangled with the affairs of this life; not strange because I am good, but because I have been so often taught that bitterness is the end of it."

"Sept. 27.—Devoted chief part of Friday to fasting. Humbled and refreshed."

"Sept. 30—Sabbath.—Very happy in my work. Too little prayer in the morning. Must try to get early to bed on Saturday, that I may 'rise a great while before day.'" These early hours of prayer on Sabbath he endeavored to have all his life; not for study, but for prayer. He never labored at his sermons on a Sabbath. That day he kept for its original end, the *refreshment of his soul.* (Exodus, xxxi. 17.)

The parish of St. Peter's, to which he had come, was large and very destitute. It is situated at the west end of the town, and included some part of the adjacent country. The church was built in connection with the Church Extension Scheme. The parish was a *quoad sacra* parish, detached from St. John's. It contains a population of 4000 souls, very many of whom never crossed the threshold of any sanctuary. His congregation amounted, at the very outset, to about 1100 hearers, one-third of whom came from distant parts of the town.

Here was a wide field for parochial labor. It was also a very dead region—few, even of those who were living Christians, breathing their life on others; for the surrounding mass of impenetrable heathenism had cast its sad influence even over them. His first impressions of Dundee were severe. "A city given to idolatry and hardness of heart. I fear there is much of what Isaiah speaks of, 'The prophets prophesy lies, and the people love to have it so.'"

His first months of labor were very trying. He was not strong in bodily health, and that winter a fatal influenza prevailed for two or three months, so that most of his time in his parish was spent in visiting the sick and dying. In such cases he was always ready. "Did I tell you of the boy I was asked to see on Sabbath evening, just when I had got myself comfortably seated at home? I went and was speaking to him of the freeness and fulness of Jesus, when he gasped a little and died."

In one of his first visits to the sick, the narrative of the Lord's

singular dealings with one of his parishioners greatly encouraged him to carry the glad tidings to the distressed under every disadvantage. Four years before, a young woman had been seized with cholera, and was deprived of the use of speech for a whole year. The Bible was read to her, and men of God used to speak and pray with her. At the end of the year her tongue was loosed, and the first words heard from her lips were praise and thanksgiving for what the Lord had done for her soul. It was in her chamber he was now standing, hearing from her own lips what the Lord had wrought.

On another occasion, during the first year of his ministry, he witnessed the death-bed conversion of a man who, till within a few days of his end, almost denied that there was a God. This solid conversion, as he believed it to be, stirred him up to speak with all hopefulness, as well as earnestness, to the dying.

But it was, above all, to the children of God that his visitations seemed blessed. His voice, and his very eye, spoke tenderness; for personal affliction had taught him to feel sympathy with the sorrowing. Though the following be an extract from a letter, yet it will be recognized by many as exhibiting his mode of dealing with God's afflicted ones in his visitations: "There is a sweet word in Exodus (iii. 7), which was pointed out to me the other day by a poor bereaved child of God—'I know their sorrows.' Study that; it fills the soul. Another word like it is in Psalm ciii. 14—'He knoweth our frame.' May your own soul, and that of your dear friends, be fed by these things. A dark hour makes Jesus bright. Another sweet word—'They knew not that it was Jesus.'"

I find some specimens of his sick visits among his papers, noted down at a time when his work had not grown upon his hands. "January 25, 1837—Visited Mt. M'Bain, a young woman of twenty-four, long ill of decline. Better or worse these ten years past. Spoke of '*The one thing needful*,' plainly. She sat quiet. February 14th—Had heard she was better—found her near dying. Spoke plainly and tenderly to her, commending Christ. Used many texts. She put out her hand kindly on leaving. 15th—Still dying like; spoke as yesterday. She never opened her eyes. 16th—Showed her the dreadfulness of wrath; freeness of Christ; the majesty, justice, truth of God. Poor M. is fast going the way whence she shall not return. Many neighbors also always gather in. 17th—Read Psalm xxii.; showed the sufferings of Christ; how sufficient an atonement; how feeling a high priest. She breathed loud, and groaned through pain. Died this evening at seven. I hardly ever heard her speak anything; and I will hope that thou art with Christ in Glory, till I go and see. 20th—Prayed at her funeral. Saw her laid in St. Peter's churchyard, *the first laid there*, by her own desire, in the fresh mould where never

man was laid. May it be a token that she is with Him who was laid in a new tomb."

He records another case: "January 4, 1837—Sent for to Mrs. S——. Very ill; asthmatic. Spoke on '*No condemnation to them that are in Christ.*' She said, 'But am I in Christ?' seemingly very anxious. Said she had often been so, and had let it go by. 5th—Still living; spoke to her of Christ, and of full salvation. (Myself confined in the house till the 16th.) 16th—Much worse. Not anxious to hear, yet far from rest. Dark, uneasy eye. Asked me, 'What is it to believe?' Spoke to her on '*God, who made light shine out of darkness.*' She seemed to take up nothing. Lord help! 17th—Still worse; wearing away. No smile; no sign of inward peace. Spoke of '*Remember me.*' Went over the whole gospel in the form of personal address. She drowsy. 18th—Quieter. '*My Lord and my God.*' She spoke at intervals. More cheerful; anxious that I should not go without prayer. Has much knowledge; complete command of the Bible. 19th—Spoke on '*Convincing of sin and righteousness.*' Rather more heart to hear. 20th—Psalm li. Her look and her words were lightsome. 23d—Faintish and restless; no sign of peace. '*I am the way,*' and Psalm xxv. 24—Still silent and little sign of any thing. 26th—Psalm xl. '*The fearful pit.*' Very plain. Could not get any thing out of her. February 1st—Died at twelve noon; no visible mark of light, or comfort, or hope. The day shall declare it."

One other case: "February 5, 1839.—Called suddenly in the evening. Found him near death. Careless family. Many round him. Spoke of the freeness and sufficiency of Jesus, '*Come unto me,*' &c., and '*The wrath of God revealed from heaven.*' Told him he was going where he would see Christ; asked him if he would be his saviour? He seemed to answer; his father said, 'He is saying, yes.' But it was the throe of death. One or two indescribable gasps, and he died! I sat silent, and let God preach. 7th—Spoke of the '*Widow of Nain,*' and '*Behold, I stand at the door.*'"

Attendance at funerals was often to him a season of much exercise. Should it not be to all ministers a time for solemn inquiry? Was I faithful with this soul? Could this soul have learnt salvation from me every time I saw him? And did I pray as fervently as I spoke? And if we have tender pity for souls, we will sometimes feel as Mr. M'Cheyne records: "September 24.—Buried A. M. Felt bitterly the word, 'If any man draw back,' &c. Never had more bitter feelings at any funeral."

All who make any pretension to the office of shepherds visit their flocks;* yet there is a wide difference in the kind of visits

* Baxter (Reformed Pastor) says, "I dare prognosticate from knowledge of the nature of true grace, that all godly ministers will make conscience of this duty, and address themselves to it, unless they be, by some extraordinary accident disabled."

which shepherds give. One does it formally, to discharge his duty and to quiet conscience; another makes it his delight. And of those who make it their delight, one goes forth on the regular plan of addressing all in somewhat of the same style; while another speaks freely, according as the wounds of the sheep come to view. On all occasions, this difficult and trying work must be gone about with a full heart, if it is to be gone about successfully at all. There is little in it to excite, for there is not the presence of numbers, and the few you see at a time are in their calmest, every-day mood. Hence there is need of being full of grace, and need of feeling as though God did visit every hearer by your means. Our object is not to get duty done, but to get souls saved. 2 Cor. xiii. 7. Mr. M'Cheyne used to go forth in this spirit; and often after visiting from house to house for several hours, he would return to some room in the place in the evening, and preach to the gathered families. "September 26, 1838.—Good visiting day. Twelve families; many of them go nowhere. It is a great thing to be well furnished by meditation and prayer before setting out; it makes you a far more full and faithful witness. Preached in A. F.'s house on Job, '*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*' Very sweet and precious to myself."

Partly from his state of health, and partly from the vast accumulation of other labors, and the calls made on him for evangelizing elsewhere, he was never able to overtake the visitation of the whole district assigned him. He was blessed to attract and reclaim very many of the most degraded; and by Sabbath-schools, and a regular eldership, to take superintendence of the population, to a great extent. Still he himself often said that his parish had never fully shared in the advantages that attend an aggressive system of parochial labor. Once, when spending a day in the rural parish of Collace, as we went in the afternoon from door to door, and spoke to the children whom we met on the road-side, he smiled and said, "Well, how I envy a country minister; for he can get acquainted with all his people, and have some insight into their real character." Many of us thought that he afterwards erred, in the abundant frequency of his evangelistic labors at a time when he was still bound to a particular flock.

He had an evening-class every week for the young people of his congregation. The Catechism and the Bible were his text books, while he freely introduced all manner of useful illustrations. He thought himself bound to prepare diligently for his classes, that he might give accurate and simple explanations, and unite what was interesting with the most solemn and awakening views. But it was his class for young communicants that engaged his deepest care, and wherein he saw most success. He began a class of this kind previous to his first Communion, and continued to form it again some weeks before every similar occasion. His tract published in 1840, "*This do in remembrance of me*," may be consid-

ered as exhibiting the substance of his solemn examinations on these occasions.

He usually noted down his first impressions of his communicants, and compared these notes with what he afterwards saw in them. Thus: "M. K., sprightly and lightsome, yet sensible; she saw plainly that the converted alone should come to the Table, but stumbled at the question, If she were converted? Yet she claimed being awakened and brought to Christ." Another: "Very staid, intelligent-like person, with a steady kind of anxiety, but, I fear, no feeling of helplessness. Thought that sorrow and prayer would obtain forgiveness. Told her plainly what I thought of her case." Another: "Knows she was once Christless; now she reads and prays, and is anxious. I doubt not there is some anxiety, yet I fear it may be only a self-reformation to recommend herself to God and to man. Told her plainly." "A. M., I fear much for him. Gave him a token with much anxiety; warned him very much." "C. P. does not seem to have any work of anxiety. He reads prayer books, &c. Does not pray in secret. Seems not very intelligent."

He sought to encourage Sabbath-schools in all the districts of his parish. The hymn, "*Oil for the Lamp*," was written to impress the parable on a class of Sabbath scholars in 1841. Some of his sweet, simple tracts were written for these schools. "*Reasons why Children should fly to Christ*" was the first, written at the New Year, 1839; and "*The Lambs of the Flock*" was another at a later period. His heart felt for the young. One evening, after visiting some of his Sabbath-schools, he writes: "Had considerable joy in teaching the children. O for real heart-work among them!" He could accommodate himself to their capacities; and he did not reckon it vain to use his talents in order to attract their attention; for he regarded the soul of a child as infinitely precious. Ever watchful for opportunities, on the blank leaf of a book which he had sent to a little boy of his congregation, he wrote these simple lines:—

Peace be to thee, gentle boy!
Many years of health and joy!
Love your Bible more than play—
Grow in wisdom every day.
Like the lark on hovering wing,
Early rise, and mount and sing;
Like the dove that found no rest
Till it flew to Noah's breast,
Rest not in this world of sin,
Till the Saviour take thee in.

He had a high standard in his mind as to the moral qualifications of those who should teach the young. When a female teacher was sought for to conduct an evening school in his parish for the sake of the mill-girls, he wrote to one interested in the cause—"The qualifications she should possess for sewing and

knitting, you will understand far better than I. She should be able to keep up in her scholars the fluency of reading, and the knowledge of the Bible and Catechism, which they may have already acquired. She should be able to teach them to sing the praises of God, with feeling and melody. But far above all, she should be a Christian woman. not in name only, but in deed and in truth—one whose heart has been touched by the spirit of God, and who can love the souls of little children. Any teacher who wanted this last qualification, I would look upon as a curse rather than a blessing—a centre of blasting, and coldness, and death, instead of a centre from which life, and warmth, and heavenly influence might emanate."

It was very soon after his ordination that he began his weekly prayer-meeting in the Church. He had heard how meetings of this kind had been blessed in other places, and never had he any cause to regret having set apart the Thursday evening for this holy purpose. One of its first effects was to quicken those who had already believed; they were often refreshed upon these occasions even more than on the Sabbath. Some of the most solemn seasons of his ministry were at those meetings. At their commencement, he wrote to me an account of his manner of conducting them—"I give my people a scripture to be hidden in the heart—generally a promise of the Spirit, or the wonderful effects of his outpouring.* I give them the heads of a sermon upon it for about twenty minutes. Prayer goes before and follows. Then I read some history of Revivals, and comment in passing. I think the people are very much interested in it; a number of people come from all parts of the town. But. oh! I need much the living Spirit to my own soul; I want my life to be hid with Christ in God. At present there is too much hurry, and bustle, and outward working, to allow the calm working of the Spirit on the heart. I seldom get time to meditate, like Isaac, at evening tide, except when I am tired; but the dew comes down when all nature is at rest—when every leaf is still."

A specimen of the happy freedom and familiar illustrations which his people felt to be peculiar to these meetings, may be found in the notes taken by one of his hearers, of "*Expositions of the Epistles to the Seven Churches*," given during the year 1838. He had himself great delight in the Thursday evening meetings. "They will doubtless be remembered in eternity with songs of praise," said he, on one occasion; and at another time, observing the tender frame of a soul which was often manifested at these seasons, he said, "There is a stillness to the last word—not as on Sabbaths, a rushing down at the end of the prayer, as if glad to get out of God's presence." So many believing and so many

* The first text he gave to be thus hidden in the heart was Isaiah xxxiv 15—"Until the Spirit be poured out from on high."

enquiring souls used to attend, and so few of the worldlings, that you seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

But it was his Sabbath-day's services that brought multitudes together, and were soon felt throughout the town. He was ever so ready to assist his brethren, so much engaged in every good work, and latterly so often interrupted by inquiries, that it might be thought he had no time for careful preparation, and might be excused for the absence of it. But, in truth, he never preached without careful attention bestowed on his subject. He might, indeed, have little time—often the hours of a Saturday was all the time he could obtain—but his daily study of the Scriptures stored his mind, and formed a continual preparation. Much of his Sabbath services was a drawing out of what he had carried in during busy days of the week.

His voice was remarkably clear—his manner attractive by its mild dignity. His form itself drew the eye.* He spoke from the pulpit as one earnestly occupied with the souls before him. He made them feel sympathy with what he spoke, for his own eye and heart were on them. He was, at the same time, able to bring out illustrations at once simple and felicitous, often with poetic skill and elegance. He wished to use Saxon words, for the sake of being understood by the most illiterate in his audience. And while his style was singularly clear, this clearness itself was so much the consequence of his being able thoroughly to analyze and explain his subject, that all his hearers alike reaped the benefit.

He went about his public work with awful reverence. So evident was this, that I remember a countryman in my parish observed to me—"Before he opened his lips, as he came along the passage, there was something about him that sorely affected me." In the vestry there was never any idle conversation; all was preparation of heart in approaching God; and a short prayer preceded his entering the pulpit. Surely in going forth to speak for God, a man may well be overawed! Surely in putting forth his hand to sow the seed of the kingdom, a man may even tremble! And surely we should aim at nothing less than to pour forth the truth upon our people through the channel of our own living and deeply affected souls.

After announcing the subject of his discourse, he used generally to show the position it occupied in the context, and then proceed to bring out the doctrines of the text in the manner of our old divines. This done, he divided his subject; and herein he was eminently skilful. "The heads of his sermons," said a friend, "were not the mile-stones that tell you how near you are to your journey's end, but they were nails which fixed and fastened all he said. Divisions are often dry; but not so *his* divisions—they were so textual and so feeling, and they brought out the spirit of a passage so surprisingly."

* "Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus."

It was his wish to arrive nearer at the primitive mode of expounding Scripture in his sermons. Hence when one asked him, If he was never afraid of running short of sermons some day? he replied—"No; I am just an interpreter of Scripture in my sermons; and when the Bible runs dry, then I shall." And in the same spirit he carefully avoided the too common mode of accommodating texts—fastening a doctrine on the words, not drawing it from the obvious connection of the passage. He endeavored at all times to *preach the mind of the Spirit in a passage;* for he feared that to do otherwise would be to grieve the Spirit who had written it. Interpretation was thus a solemn matter to him. And yet, adhering scrupulously to this sure principle, he felt himself in no way restrained from using, for every day's necessities, all parts of the Old Testament as much as the New. His manner was first to ascertain the primary sense and application, and so proceed to handle it for present use. Thus, on Isaiah xxvi. 16–19, he began—"This passage, I believe, refers *literally* to the conversion of God's ancient people." He regarded the *prophecies* as *history yet to be*, and drew lessons from them accordingly as he would have done from the past. Every spiritual gift being in the hands of Jesus, if he found Moses or Paul in the possession of precious things, he forthwith was led to follow them into the presence of that same Lord who gave them all their grace.

There is a wide difference between preaching *doctrine* and preaching *Christ*. Mr. M'Cheyne preached all the doctrines of Scripture as understood by our Confession of Faith, dwelling upon ruin by the Fall, and recovery by the Mediator. "The things of the human heart, and the things of the Divine mind," were in substance his constant theme. From personal experience of deep temptation, he could lay open the secrets of the heart, so that he once said, "He supposed the reason why some of the worst sinners in Dundee had come to hear him was, because his heart exhibited so much likeness to theirs." Still it was not *doctrine* alone that he preached; it was *Christ*, from whom all doctrine shoots forth as rays from a centre. He sought to hang every vessel and flagon upon him. "It is strange," he wrote after preaching on Revelation i. 15—"It is strange how sweet and precious it is to preach directly about Christ, compared with all other subjects of preaching." And he often expressed a dislike of the phrase, "*giving attention to religion*," because it seemed to substitute doctrine, and a devout way of thinking, for *Christ himself*.

It is difficult to convey to those who never knew him a correct idea of the sweetness and holy unction of his preaching. Some of his sermons, printed from his own MSS. (although almost all are first copies), may convey a correct idea of his style and mode of preaching doctrine. But there are no notes that give any true idea of his affectionate appeals to the heart and searching applica-

tions. These he seldom wrote; they were poured forth at the moment when his heart filled with his subject; for his rule was to set before his hearers a body of truth first—and there always was a vast amount of Bible truth in his discourses—and then urge home the application. His exhortations flowed from his doctrine, and thus had both variety and power. He was systematic in this; for he observed—"Appeals to the careless, &c., come with power on the back of some massy truth. See how Paul does, (Acts xiii. 40), 'Beware, *therefore*, lest,' &c., and (Hebrews ii. 1), '*Therefore*, we should,' &c."

He was sometimes a little unguarded in his statements, when his heart was deeply moved and his feelings stirred, and sometimes he was too long in his addresses; but this also arose from the fulness of his soul. "Another word," he thought, "may be blessed, though the last has made no impression."

Many will remember for ever the blessed Communion Sabbaths that were enjoyed in St. Peter's. From the very first these Communion seasons were remarkably owned of God. The awe of his presence used to be upon his people, and the house filled with the odor of the ointment, when his name was poured forth, (Song i. 3.) But on common Sabbaths also many soon began to journey long distances to attend St. Peter's—many from country parishes, who would return home with their hearts burning, as they talked of what they had heard that day.

Mr. M'Cheyne knew the snare of popularity, and naturally was one that would have been fascinated by it; but the Lord kept him. He was sometimes extraordinarily helped in his preaching, but at other times, though not perceived by his hearers, his soul felt as if left to its own resources. The cry of Rowland Hill was constantly on his lips, "Master, help!" and often is it written at the close of his sermon. Much affliction, also, was a thorn in the flesh to him. He described himself as often "strong as a giant when in the Church, but like a willow-wand when all was over." But certainly, above all, his abiding sense of the Divine favor was his safe-guard. He began his ministry in Dundee with this sunshine on his way. "As yet I have been kept not only in the light of his reconciled countenance, but very much under the guiding eye of our providing God. Indeed, as I remember good old Swartz used to say, 'I could not have imagined that he could have been so gracious to us.'" I believe that while he had some sorer conflicts, he had also far deeper joy after his return from Palestine than in the early part of his ministry, though from the very commencement of it, he enjoyed that sense of the love of God which "keeps the heart and mind." Philip. iv. 7. This was the true secret of his holy walk, and of his calm humility. But for this, his ambition would have become the only principle of many an action; but now the sweeter love of God constrained him, and the natural ambition of his spirit could be discerned only

as suggesting to him the idea of making attempts which others would have declined.

What monotony there is in the ministry of many! Duty presses on the heels of duty in an endless circle. But it is not so when the Spirit is quickening both the pastor and his flock. Then there is all the variety of life. It was so here.

The Lord began to work by his means almost from the first day he came. There was ever one and another stricken, and going apart to weep alone.

The flocking of souls to his ministry, and the deep interest excited, drew the attention of many, and raised the wish in some quarters to have him as their pastor. He had not been many months engaged in his laborious work when he was solicited to remove to the parish of Skirling, near Biggar. It was an offer that presented great advantages above his own field of labor as to worldly gain, and in respect of the prospect it held out of comparative ease and comfort; for the parish was small and the emolument great. But as it is required of a bishop, that he be "not greedy of filthy lucre;" nay, that he be "one who has no love of money" (ἀφιλαργυρος, I Tim. iii. 3) at all, so was it true that in him these qualifications eminently shone. His remarks in a letter to his father contain the honest expression of his feelings:—"I am set down among nearly 4000 people; 1100 people have taken seats in my church. I bring my message, such as it is, within the reach of that great company every Sabbath-day. I dare not leave this people. I dare not leave 3000 or 4000, for 300 people. Had this been offered me before, I would have seen it a direct intimation from God, and would heartily have embraced it. How I should have delighted to feed so precious a little flock—to watch over every family—to know every heart—'to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way!' But God has not so ordered it. He has set me down among the noisy mechanics and political weavers of this godless town. He will make the money sufficient. He that paid his taxes from a fish's mouth, will supply all my need." He had already expressed the hope, "Perhaps the Lord will make this wilderness of chimney-tops to be green and beautiful as the garden of the Lord, a field which the Lord hath blessed."

His health was delicate; and the harassing care and endless fatigue incident to his position, in a town like Dundee, seemed unsuitable to his spirit. This belief led to another attempt to remove him to a country sphere. In the summer of this same year (1837) he was strongly urged to preach as a candidate for the vacant parish of St. Martin's, near Perth, and assured of the appointment if he would only come forward. But he declined again: "My Master has placed me here with his own hand; and I never will, directly or indirectly seek to be removed."

There were circumstances in this latter case that made the call on him appear urgent in several points of view. In coming to a

resolution, he mentions one interesting element in the decision, in a letter to me. dated August 8th. "I was much troubled about being asked to go to a neighboring parish at present vacant, and made it a matter of prayer: and I mention it now because of the wonderful answer to prayer which I think I received from God. I prayed that in order to settle my own mind completely about staying, he would awaken some of my people. I agreed that should be a sign that he would wish me to stay. The next morning, I think, or at least the second morning, there came to me two young persons I had never seen before, in great distress. What brought this to my mind was, that they came to me again yesterday, and their distress is greatly increased. Indeed I never saw any people in such anguish about their soul. I cannot but regard this as a real answer to prayer. I have also several other persons in deep distress, and I feel that I am quite helpless in comforting them. I would fain be like Noah, who put out his hand and took in the weary dove; but God makes me stand by and feel that I am a child. Will God never cast the scenes of our labor near each other? We are in his hand; let him do as seemeth him good. Pray for me, for my people, for my own soul, that I be not a castaway."

Few godly pastors can be willing to change the scene of their labors, unless it be plain that the Cloudy Pillar is pointing them away. It is perilous for men to choose for themselves; and too often has it happened that the minister who, on slight grounds, moved away from his former watch-tower, has had reason to mourn over the disappointment of his hopes in his larger and wider sphere. But while this is admitted, probably it may appear unwarrantable in Mr. M'Cheyne to have prayed for a sign of the Lord's will. It is to be observed, however, that he decided the point of duty on other grounds, and it was only with the view of obtaining an additional confirmation by the occurrences of Providence, that he prayed in this manner, in submission to the will of the Lord. He never held it right to decide the path of duty by any such signs or tokens; he believed that the written word supplied sufficient data for guiding the believing soul; and such providential occurrences as happened in this case he regarded as important only so far as they might be answers to prayer. Indeed, he himself has left us a glance of his views on this point in a fragment, which (for it is not dated) may have been written about this time. He had been thinking on "*Gideon's Fleece.*"

When God called Gideon forth to fight—
"Go, save thou Israel in thy might,"—
The faithful warrior sought a sign
That God would on his labors shine.
The man who, at thy dread command,
Lifted the shield and deadly brand,
To do thy strange and fearful work—
Thy work of blood and vengeance, Lord!—

Might need assurance doubly tried,
To prove thou would'st his steps betide.
But when the message which we bring
Is one to make the dumb man sing:
To bid the blind man wash and see,
The lame to leap with ecstasy;
To raise the soul that's bowed down,
To wipe away the tears and frown;
To sprinkle all the heart within
From the accusing voice of sin—
Then, such a sign my call to prove,
To preach my Saviour's dying love,
I cannot, dare not, hope to find.

In the close of the same year 1837, he agreed to become Secretary to the Association for Church Extension in the county of Forfar. The Church Extension scheme, though much misrepresented and much misunderstood, had in view as its genuine, sincere endeavor, to bring to overgrown parishes the advantage of a faithful minister, placed over such a number of souls as he could really visit. Mr. M'Cheyne cheerfully and diligently forwarded these objects to the utmost of his power. "It is the cause of God," said he, "and therefore I am willing to spend and be spent for it." It compelled him to ride much from place to place; but riding was an exercise of which he was fond, and which was favorable to his health. As a specimen—"Dec. 4th, 1838. Travelled to Montrose. Spoke, along with Mr. Guthrie, at a Church Extension meeting; eight or nine hundred present. Tried to do something in the Saviour's cause, both directly and indirectly. Next day at Forfar. Spoke in the same cause."

How heartily he entered into this scheme may be seen from the following extract. In a letter of an after date to Mr. Roxburgh, he says—"Every day I live, I feel more and more persuaded that it is the cause of God and of his kingdom in Scotland in our day. Many a time, when I thought myself a dying man, the souls of the perishing thousands in my own parish, who never enter any house of God, have lain heavy on my heart. Many a time have I prayed that the eyes of our enemies might be opened, and that God would open the hearts of our rulers, to feel that their highest duty and greatest glory is to support the ministers of Christ, and to send these to every perishing soul in Scotland." He felt that their misery was all the greater, and their need the deeper, that such neglected souls had no wish for help, and would never ask for it themselves. Nor was it that he imagined that, if churches were built and ministers endowed, this would of itself be sufficient to reclaim the multitudes of perishing men. But he sought and expected that the Lord would send faithful men into his vineyard. These new churches were to be like cisterns—ready to catch the shower when it should fall, just as his own did in the day of the Lord's power.

His views on this subject were summed up in the following

lines, written one day as he sat in company with some of his zealous brethren who were deeply engaged in the scheme:—

"Give me a man of God the truth to preach,
A house of prayer within convenient reach,
Seat-rents the poorest of the poor can pay,
A spot so small one pastor can survey,
Give these—and give the Spirit's genial shower,
Scotland shall be a garden all in flower!"

Another public duty, to which during all the years of his ministry he gave constant attention, was attendance at the meetings of Presbytery. His candor, and uprightness, and Christian generosity, were felt by all his brethren; and his opinion, though the opinion of so young a man, was regarded with more than common respect. In regard to the great public questions that were then shaking the Church of Scotland, his views were decided and unhesitating. No policy, in his view, could be more ruinous to true Christianity, or more fitted to blight vital godliness, than that of Moderatism. He wrote once to a friend in Ireland—"You don't know what Moderatism is. It is a plant that our Heavenly Father never planted, and I trust it is now to be rooted up." The great question of the Church's independence of the Civil Power in all matters spiritual, and the right of the Christian people to judge if the pastor appointed over them had the Shepherd's voice, he invariably held to be part of Scripture truth; which, therefore, must be preached and carried into practice, at all hazards. In like manner he rejoiced exceedingly in the settlements of faithful ministers. The appointments of Mr. Baxter to Hilltown, Mr. Lewis to St. David's, and Mr. Miller to Wallacetown at a later period, are all noticed by him with expressions of thankfulness and joy; and it occasioned the same feelings if he heard of the destitution of any parish in any part of the country supplied. He writes, September 20, 1838, "Present at A. B.'s ordination at Collace with great joy. Blessed be God for the gift of this pastor. Give testimony to the word of thy grace."

Busy at home, he nevertheless always had a keenly evangelistic spirit. He might have written much, and have gained a name by his writings; but he laid every thing aside when put in comparison with preaching the everlasting gospel. He scarcely ever refused an invitation to preach on a week-day; and travelling from place to place did not interrupt his fellowship with God. His occasional visits during these years were much blessed. At Blairgowrie and Collace his visits were longed for as times of special refreshment; nor was it less so at Kirriemuir, when he visited Mr. Cormick, or at Abernyte in the days when Mr. Hamilton (now of Regent Square London) and afterwards Mr. Manson, were laboring in that vineyard. It would be difficult even to enumerate the places which he watered at Communion seasons; and

in some of these it was testified of him, that not the words he spoke, but the *holy manner* in which he spoke, was the chief means of arresting souls.

Occasionally two or three of us, whose lot was cast within convenient distance, and whose souls panted for the same water-brooks, used to meet together to spend a whole day in confession of ministerial and personal sins, with prayer for grace, guiding ourselves by the reading of the Word. At such times we used to meet in the evening with the flock of the pastor in whose house the meeting had been held through the day, and there unitedly pray for the Holy Spirit being poured down upon the people. The first time we held such a meeting, there were tokens of blessing observed by several of us; and the week after he wrote—"Has there been any fruit of the happy day we spent with you? I thought I saw some the Sabbath after, here. In due season we shall reap if we faint not; only be thou strong, and of a good courage." The incident that encouraged him is recorded in his diary. An elderly person came to tell him how the river of joy and peace in believing had that Sabbath most singularly flowed through her soul, so that she blessed God that she ever came to St. Peter's. He adds. "N. B.—This seems a fruit of our prayer-meeting, begun last Wednesday at Collace—one drop of the shower."

It should have been remarked ere now, that during all his ministry he was careful to use not only the direct means appointed for the conversion of souls, but those also that appear more indirect, such as the key of discipline. In regard to the Lord's Supper, his little tract explains his views. He believed that to keep back those whose profession was a credible profession even while the pastor might have strong doubts as to their fitness in his own mind, was not the rule laid down for us in the New Testament. At the same time, he as steadily maintained that no unconverted person *ought to come* to the Lord's Table; and on this point "they should judge themselves if they would not be judged."

When communicants came to be admitted for the first time, or when parents that had been communicants before came for baptism to their children, it was his custom to ask them solemnly if their souls were saved. His dealing was blessed to the conversion of not a few young persons who were coming carelessly forward to the communion; and himself records the blessing that attended his faithful dealing with a parent coming to speak with him about the baptism of his child. The man said that he had been taking a thought, and believed himself in the right way—that he felt his disposition better, for he could forgive injuries. Mr. M'Cheyne showed him that nevertheless he was ignorant of God's righteousness. The man laid it to heart; and when Mr. M'Cheyne said that he thought it would be better to defer the baptism, at once offered to come again and speak on the matter. On a subsequent

visit, he seemed really to have seen his error, and to have cast away his own righteousness. When his child was baptised, it was joy to the pastor's heart to have the good hope that the man had received salvation.

In connection with the superstitious feeling of the most depraved as to baptism, he related an affecting occurrence. A careless parent one evening entered his house, and asked him to come with him to baptise a dying child. He knew that neither this man nor his wife ever entered the door of a church; but he rose and went with him to the miserable dwelling. There an infant lay, apparently dying; and many of the female neighbors, equally depraved with the parents, stood round. He came forward to where the child was, and spoke to the parents of their ungodly state and fearful guilt before God, and concluded by showing them that, in such circumstances, he would consider it sinful in him to administer baptism to their infant. They said, "He might at least do it for the sake of the poor child." He told them that it was not baptism that saved a soul, and that out of true concern for themselves he must not do as they wished. The friends around the bed then joined the parents in upbraiding him as having no pity on the poor infant's soul! He stood among them still, and showed them that it was they who had been thus cruel to their child; and then lifted up his voice in solemn warning, and left the house amid their ignorant reproaches.

Nor did he make light of the Kirk-session's power to rebuke and deal with an offender. Once from the pulpit, at an ordination of elders, he gave the following testimony upon this head:—

"When I first entered upon the work of the ministry among you, I was exceedingly ignorant of the vast importance of church discipline. I thought that my great and almost only work was to pray and preach. I saw your souls to be so precious, and the time so short, that I devoted all my time, and care, and strength, to labor in word and doctrine. When cases of discipline were brought before me and the elders, I regarded them with something like abhorrence. It was a duty I shrank from; and I may truly say it nearly drove me from the work of the ministry among you altogether. But it pleased God, who teaches his servants in another way than man teaches, to bless some of the cases of discipline to the manifest and undeniable conversion of the souls of those under our care; and from that hour a new light broke in upon my mind, and I saw that if preaching be an ordinance of Christ, so is church discipline. I now feel very deeply persuaded that both are of God—that two keys are committed to us by Christ, the one the key of doctrine, by means of which we unlock the treasures of the Bible, the other the key of discipline, by which we open or shut the way to the sealing ordinances of the faith. Both are Christ's gift, and neither is to be resigned without sin."

There was still another means of enforcing what he preached,

in the use of which he has excelled all his brethren, namely, the holy consistency of his daily walk. Aware that one idle word, one needless contention, one covetous act, may destroy in our people the effect of many a solemn expostulation and earnest warning, he was peculiarly circumspect in his every-day walk. He wished to be always in the presence of God. If he travelled, he labored to enjoy God by the way, as well as to do good to others by dropping a word in season. In riding or walking, he seized opportunities of giving a useful tract; and, on principle, he preferred giving it to the person directly, rather than casting it on the road. The former way, he said, was more open—there was no stealth in it—and we ought to be as clear as crystal in speaking or acting for Jesus. In writing a note, however short, he sought to season it with salt. If he passed a night in a strange place, he tried to bear the place specially on his soul at the mercy-seat; and if compelled to take some rest from his too exhausting toils, his recreations were little else than a change of occupation, from one mode of glorifying God to another.* His beautiful hymn, "*I am a debtor*," was written in May, 1837, at a leisure hour.

Whatever be said in the pulpit, men will not much regard, though they may feel it at the time, if the minister does not say the same in private, with equal earnestness, in speaking with his people face to face; and it must be in our moments of most familiar intercourse with them, that we are thus to put the seal to all we say in public. Familiar moments are the times when the things that are most closely twined round the heart are brought out to view; and shall we forbear, by tacit consent, to introduce the Lord that brought us into such happy hours? We must not only speak faithfully to our people in our sermons, but live faithfully for them too. Perhaps it may be found, that the reason why many, who preach the gospel fully and in all earnestness, are not owned of God in the conversion of souls, is to be found in their defective exhibition of grace in these easy moments of life. "Them that honor me, I will honor;" 1 Samuel ii. 30. It was noticed long ago that men will give you leave to *preach against* their sins as much as you will, if so be you will but be easy with them when you have done, and talk as they do, and live as they live. How much otherwise it was with Mr. M'Cheyne, all who knew him are witnesses!

His visits to friends were times when he sought to do good to their souls; and never was he satisfied unless he could guide

* Baxter's words are not less than the truth. "Recreation to a minister must be as whetting is with the mower, that is, only to be used so far as is necessary for his work. May a physician in the plague-time take any more relaxation or recreation than is necessary for his life, when so many are expecting his help in a case of life and death?" "Will you stand by and see sinners gasping under the pangs of death, and say, God doth not require me to make myself a drudge to save them? Is this the voice of ministerial or Christian compassion, or rather of *sensual lazyness and diabolical cruelty*?"—Ref. Past. vi. 6.

the conversation to bear upon the things of eternity. When he could not do so, he generally remained silent. And yet his demeanor was easy and pleasant to all, exhibiting at once meekness of faith, and delicacy of feeling. There was in this character a high refinement that came out in poetry and true politeness; and there was something in his graces that reminded one of his own remark, when explaining "*the spices*" of Song iv. 16, when he said, that "some believers were a garden that had fruit trees, and so were useful; but we ought also to have *spices* and so be attractive." Wishing to convey his grateful feelings to a fellow laborer in Dundee, he sent him a Hebrew Bible, with these few lines prefixed:—

Anoint mine eyes,
O holy Dove!
That I may prize
This book of love.

Unstop mine ear,
Made deaf by sin,
That I may hear
Thy voice within.

Break my hard heart,
Jesus my Lord,
In the inmost part
Hide thy sweet word.

It was on a similar occasion, in 1838, that he wrote the lines, "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*" At another time, sitting under a shady tree, and casting his eye on the hospitable dwelling in which he found a pleasant retreat, his grateful feelings flowed out to his kind friend in the lines that follow:—

"PEACE TO THIS HOUSE."

Long may peace within this dwelling
Have its resting place;
Angel shields all harm repelling—
God, their God of grace.

May the dove-like Spirit guide them
To the Upright land!
May the Saviour-shepherd feed them
From his gentle hand!

Never was there one more beloved as a friend, and seldom any whose death could cause so many to feel as if no other friend could ever occupy his room. Some, too, can say that so much did they learn from his holy walk, "that it is probable a day never passes wherein they have not some advantage from his friendship."*

I find written on the leaf of one of his note-books a short memorandum. "*Rules worth remembering.*—When visiting in a family, whether ministerially or otherwise, speak particularly to the *strangers* about eternal things. Perhaps God has brought you together just to save that soul." And then he refers to some instances

* Ἐγὼ μὲν δὴ κατανοῶν τοῦν ἀνδρὸς την τε σοφίαν και την γενναιότητα, οὔτε μὴ μεμνῆσθαι δύναμαι ἀυτοῦν, οὔτε μεμνημένος μὴ οὐκ ἐπαινεῖν. Εἴ δὲ τις τῶν αρετῆς ἐφιεμενων ὠφελιμωτέρῳ τινὶ Σωκράτους συνεγένετο, ἐκεῖνον ἐγὼ τὸν ἄνδρα ἀξιομακαριατότατον νομίζω.

which occurred to himself in which God seemed to honor a word spoken in this incidental way.

In this spirit, he was enabled for nearly three years to give his strength to his Master's service. Sickness sometimes laid him aside, and taught him what he had to suffer; but he rose from it to go forth again to his joyful labors. Often, after a toilsome day, there were inquirers waiting for him, so that he had to begin work afresh in a new form. But this was his delight; it was a kind of interruption which he allowed even on a Saturday, in the midst of his studies. He was led to resolve not to postpone any inquirers till a future time, by finding that having done so on one occasion at a pressing moment, the individuals never returned; and so alive was he to the responsibilities of his office, that he ever after feared to lose such an opportunity of speaking with souls at a time when they were aroused to concern. Busy one evening with some extra-parochial work, he was asked if any person should be admitted to see him that night. "Surely—what do we live for?" was his immediate reply. It was his manner, too, on a Saturday afternoon, to visit one or two of his sick, who seemed near the point of death, with the view of being thus stirred up to a more direct application of the truth to his flock on the morrow, as dying men on the edge of eternity.

We have already observed that in his doctrine there was nothing that differed from the views of truth laid down in the standards of our Church. He saw no inconsistency in preaching an electing God, who "calleth whom he will," and a salvation free to "whosoever will;" nor in declaring the absolute sovereignty of God, and yet the unimpaired responsibility of man. He preached Christ as a gift laid down by the Father for every sinner freely to take. In the beginning of his ministry, as he preached the fulness of the glad tidings, and urged on his people that there was enough in the glad tidings to bring direct and immediate assurance to every one who really believed them, some of his flock were startled. For he ever preached, that, while it is true that there are believers, like Heman or Asaph, who do not enjoy full assurance of the love of God, yet certainly no true believer should remain satisfied in the absence of this blessed peace. Not a few had hitherto been accustomed to take for granted that they might be Christians, though they knew of no change; and had never thought of enjoying the knowledge of the love of God as their present portion. They heard that others, who were reckoned believers, had doubts; so they had come to consider fears and doubts as the very marks of a believing soul. The consequence had been, that, in past days, many concluded themselves to be Christians, because they seemed to be in the very state of mind of which those who were reputed to be believers spoke, viz., doubt and alarm. Alas! in *their* case there could be nothing else, for they had only a name to live.

Some one wrote to him, putting several questions concerning conversion, assurance, and faith, which had been stirred up by his ministry. The import of the questions may be gathered from his reply, which was as follows:—

"1. *I doubt if there are many saints who live and die without a comfortable sense of forgiveness, and acceptance with God.* The saints of whom the Bible speaks seem to have enjoyed it richly both in life and death. See the murderers of our Lord, Acts ii. 41; the Ethiopian, Acts viii. 39; the jailor, Acts xvi. 35. David also felt it, sinful man though he was; Romans iv. 6. Paul also prayed that the Romans might have it; Romans xv. 13. I fear this objection is generally made by those who are living in sin, and do not wish to know the dangerous road they are on.

"2. *A sense of forgiveness does not proceed from marks seen in yourself, but from a discovery of the beauty, worth, and freeness of Christ;* Psa. xxxiv. 5. We look *out* for peace, not *in*. At the same time there is also an assurance rising from what we see in ourselves; the seal of the Spirit, love to the brethren, &c., are the chief marks.

"3. *Feeling a body of sin is a mark that we are like Paul, and that we are Christ's;* Rom. vii.; Gal. v. 17. Paul was cheerful with a body of sin; and so ought we to be. So was David, and all the saints.

"4. *I do not think there is any difference between those converted within these few years, and those who were Christians before.* Many of those converted since I came are, I fear, very unholy. I fear this more than anything. I fear there is too much talk and too little reality. Still there are many good figs—many of whom I am persuaded better things, and things that accompany salvation. The answer to your question I fear is this, that many used to be taken for Christians before, who had only a name to live, and were dead. I think there is more discrimination now. But take care and be not proud, for that goes before a fall. Take care of censorious judging of others, as if all must be converted in the same way.

"God moves in a mysterious way. He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy. To him alone be glory."

He thus stated his views on another occasion: Referring to Song vi. 3, "My beloved is mine," following "My beloved is gone down into his garden," he said, "This is the faith of assurance—a complete, unhesitating embracing of Christ as my righteousness and my strength and my all. A common mistake is that this clear conviction that Christ is mine, is an attainment far on in the divine life, and that it springs from evidences seen in my heart. When I see myself a new creature, Christ on the throne in my heart, love to the brethren, &c., it is often thought that I may begin then to say 'My beloved is mine.' How different this passage! The moment Jesus comes down into the garden to the beds of

spices—the moment he reveals himself, the soul cries out, 'My beloved is mine!' So saith Thomas: John xx. 27, 28. The moment Jesus came in and revealed his wounds, Thomas cried out, 'My Lord and my God.' He did not look to see if he was believing, or if the graces of love and humility were reigning; but all he saw and thought of was Jesus and him crucified and risen." At a subsequent period, when preaching on Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me," he said, "I suppose it is almost impossible to explain what it is to come to Jesus, it is so simple. If you ask a sick person who had been healed, what it was to come and be healed, he could hardly tell you. As far as the Lord has given me light in this matter, and looking at what my own heart does in like circumstances, I do not feel that there is anything more in coming to Jesus, than just believing what God says about his Son to be true. I believe that many people keep themselves in darkness by expecting something more than this. Some of you will ask, 'Is there no *appropriating* of Christ? no *putting out the hand of faith?* no touching the hem of his garment?' I quite grant, beloved, there is such a thing, but I do think it is inseparable from believing the record. If the Lord persuades you of the glory and power of Immanuel, I feel persuaded that you cannot but choose him. It is like opening the shutters of a dark room; the sun that moment shines in. So, the eye that is opened to the testimony of God, receives Christ that moment."

In the case of a faithful ministry, success is the rule; want of it the exception. For it is written, "In doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee;" 1 Tim. iv. 16. Mr. M'Cheyne expected it, and the Lord exceeded all his hopes.

It was not yet common for persons in anxiety to go to their pastor for advice; but soon it became an almost weekly occurrence. While it was yet rare, two of his young people wrote a joint note, asking liberty to come and speak with him, "For we are anxious about our souls." Among those who came, there were those who had striven against the truth—persons, who used to run out of hearing when the Bible was read—throw down a tract if the name of God was in it—go quickly to sleep after a Sabbath's pleasure in order to drown the fear of dropping into hell. There were many whose whole previous life had been but a threadbare profession. There were some open sinners, too. In short, the Lord glorified himself by the variety of those whom his grace subdued, and the variety of means by which his grace reached its object.

One could tell him that the reading of the chapter in the church with a few remarks, had been the time of her awakening. Another had been struck to the heart by some expression he used in his first prayer before sermon one Sabbath morning. But most were arrested in the preaching of the word. An interesting case was that of one who was aroused to concern during his sermon

on "*Unto whom coming as unto a living stone.*" As he spoke of the Father taking the gem out of his bosom, and laying it down for a foundation-stone, she felt in her soul, "I know nothing of this precious stone; I am surely not converted." This led her to come and speak with him. She was not under deep conviction; but before going away he said, "You are a poor, vile worm; it is a wonder the earth does not open and swallow you up." These words were blessed to produce a very awful sense of sin. She came a second time with the arrows of the Almighty drinking up her spirit. For three months she remained in this state, till having once more come to him for counsel, the living voice of Jesus gave life to her soul while he was speaking of Christ's words—"If thou knewest the gift of God," &c., and she went away rejoicing. Some awakened souls told him that since they were brought under concern, very many sermons, which they had heard from him before, and completely forgotten, had been brought back to mind. He used to remark that this might show what the Resurrection day would awaken in the souls of gospel hearers.

In dealing with souls he used to speak very plainly. One came to him who assented to his statement of the gospel, and yet refused to be comforted, always looking upon *coming to Christ* as something in addition to really believing the record God has given of his Son. He took John iii. 16, 17—"For God so loved the world that," &c. The woman said that "God did not care for her." Upon this he at once convicted her of making God a liar; and, as she went away in deep distress, his prayer was—"Lord, give her light."

To another person, who spoke of having times of great joy, he showed that these were times for worshipping God in the spirit. "You would come to a king when you were full dressed; so come to God, and abide in his presence as long as you can."

Sometimes he would send away souls, of whom he entertained good hope, with a text suited to their state. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Or he would say, "I hear of you that God has opened your heart; but remember not to trust to man's opinion. Remember an all-seeing Christ will be the judge at the great day." To another he said, "I have long hoped you were really under the wings of the Saviour; if it be so, abide there; do not be like Demas."

To a prayer-meeting, consisting of a few young men that had been awakened to flee from wrath, he gave this advice, "Guard against all ambition to excel one another in expression. Remember the most spiritual prayer is a 'groan which cannot be uttered,' Rom. viii. 26; or a cry of 'Abba, Father,' Gal. iv. 6."

There is very little recorded in his diary during these years; but what does exist will be read with deepest interest.

"March 28, 1838, Thursday.—I think of making this more a journal of my people, and the success, or otherwise, of my ministry. The first success among my people was at the time of my first sacrament; then it appeared. My first sermon, on Isaiah lxi. 1, was blessed to—— and some others. That on Ezek, xxii. 14, 'Can thine heart endure,' &c., was blessed to awaken M. L. That on Song v. 2, 'Open to me,' &c., the Sabbath after the Sacrament, was blessed to another. These were happy days. M. D. was awakened by coming to the communicants' class. Another by the action sermon. At the words, 'I know thee, Judas,' she trembled, and would have risen from the table. These were glad days when one and another were awakened. The people looked very stirred and anxious, every day coming to hear the words of eternal life—some inquiring in private every week. Now there is little of this. About fifteen cases came to my knowledge the first Sacrament, and two awakened who seem to have gone back. About eleven last Sacrament—four of these young men. Several Christians seemed quickened to greater joy, and greater love one to another. Now it appears to me there is much falling off: few seem awakened—few weep as they used to do."

"April 1—Sacrament-day.—Sweet season we have had. Never was more straightened and unfurnished in myself, and yet much helped. Kept in perfect peace, my mind being stayed on Thee. Preached on 'My God, my God,' &c.; Psalm xxii. 1. Not fully prepared, yet found some peace in it. Fenced the tables from Christ's eyes of flame. Little help in serving the tables. Much peace in communion. Happy to be one with Christ! *I*, a vile worm; *He*, the Lord my righteousness. Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney served some tables; Mr. Somerville of Anderston served three, and preached in the evening on, 'Thou art all fair, my love.' Very full and refreshing. All sweet, sweet services. Come, thou north wind, and blow, thou south, upon this garden! May this time be greatly blessed! It is my third communion; it may be my last. My Lord may come, or I may be sitting at another table soon. Moody, Candlish, and Mellis, were a good preparation for this day; and the sweet word from Cumming yesterday, 'When the poor and needy seek water,' &c. Lord, grant some awakening this day—to some bringing peace—comfort to mourners—fullness to believers—an advance in holiness in me and my children! 3 John iv. Lord, wean me from my sins, from my cares, and from this passing world. May Christ be all in all to me."

"Admitted about twenty-five young communicants; kept two back, and one or two stayed back. Some of them evidently brought to Christ. May the Lord be their God, their comforter, their all! May the morrow bring still richer things to us, that

we may say as of to-night, 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

Toward the close of this same year some of his notices are as follows:—

"October 7—Evening.—In the Gaelic Chapel, on 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' with more seeming power on the people than for a while. I never remember of compelling souls to come into Christ so much as in that discourse."

"Oct. 8.—A person of the name of —— came; I hope really awakened by last night's work; rather, by *thee*. I do not know, however, whether *grace* is begun or not."

"Oct. 14.—Preached on 'Forgiving injuries.' Afternoon—on the Second Coming: 'Let your loins be girded about,' &c. Felt its power myself more than ever before, how the sudden coming of the Saviour constrains to a holy walk, separate from sin. Evening—Preached it over in the Ferry."

"Oct. 21.—Met young communicants in the evening. Good hope of all but one."

"Oct. 22.—A Jew preached in my church, Mr. Frey, to a crowded house. Felt much moved in hearing an Israelite after the flesh."

"Oct. 23.—Preached to sailors aboard the 'Dr. Carey,' in the Docks. About 200, very attentive and impressed-like. On 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' May the seed sown on the waters be found after many days."

"November 1—Fast-day.—Afternoon—Mr. C. on 'The Thief on the Cross.' A most awakening and engaging sermon, enough to make sinners fly like a cloud, and as doves to their windows. The offers of Christ were let down very low, so that those low of stature may take hold."

"Nov. 5.—Mr. —— died this morning at seven o'clock. O that I may take warning, lest, after preaching to others, I myself be a castaway. Love of popularity is said to have been his besetting sin."

"December 2.—Errol communion. Heard Mr. Grierson preach on Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Served two tables. Evening—Preached to a large congregation, on 'Unto you, O men, I call,' &c. The free invitation of the Saviour. May some find him this day!"

In addition to the other blessings which the Lord sent by his means to the place where he labored, it was obvious to all that the tone of Christians was raised, as much by his holy walk, as by his heavenly ministry. Yet, during these pleasant days, he had much reproach to bear. He was the object of surpercilious contempt to formal, cold-hearted ministers, and of bitter hatred to many of the ungodly. At this day, there are both ministers and professing Christians of whom Jesus would say, "The world cannot hate you," (John vii. 7), for the world cannot hate itself; but

it was not so with Mr. M'Cheyne. Very deep was the enmity borne to him by some—all the deeper, because the only cause of it was his likeness to his Master. But nothing turned him aside. He was full of ardor, yet ever gentle, and meek, and generous; full of zeal, yet never ruffled by his zeal; and not only his strength of "first love" (Rev. ii. 4.), but even its warm glow, seemed in him to suffer no decay.

Thus he spent the first years of his ministry in Dundee. The town began to feel that they had a peculiar man of God in the midst of them; for he lived as a true son of Levi. "My covenant was with him of life and peace, and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared me, and was afraid before my name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found on his lips; he walked with me in peace and equity; and did turn many away from iniquity;" Mal. ii. 5, 6.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### HIS MISSION TO PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

"Here am I; send me."—Isaiah vi. 8.

Though engaged night and day with his flock in St. Peter's, Mr. M'Cheyne ever cherished a missionary spirit. "This place hardens me for a foreign land," was his remark on one occasion. This spirit he sought to kindle yet more by reading missionary intelligence for his own use, and often to his people at his weekly prayer-meeting. The necessities both of his own parish, and of the world at large, lay heavy on his soul; and when an opportunity of evangelizing occurred, there was none in Scotland more ready to embrace it. He seemed one who stood with his loins girt—"Here am I; send me."

Another motive to incessant activity, was the decided impression on his mind that his career would be short. From the very first days of his ministry he had a strong feeling of this nature; and his friends remember how his letters used to be sealed with this seal, "*The night cometh.*" At a time when he was apparently in his usual health, we were talking together on the subject of the Premillennial Advent. We had begun to speak of the practical influence which the belief of that doctrine might have. At length he said, "that he saw no force in the arguments generally urged against it, though he had difficulties of his own in regard to it. And, perhaps (he added), it is well for you, who enjoy constant health, to be so firmly persuaded that Christ is thus to come; but

my sickly frame makes me feel every day that my time may be very short."

He was, therefore, in some measure prepared, when, in the midst of his laborious duties, he was compelled to stand still and see what the Lord would do.

In the close of 1838, some symptoms appeared that alarmed his friends. His constitution, never robust, began to feel the effects of unremitting labor; for, occasionally, he would spend six hours in visiting, and then, the same evening, preach in some room to all the families whom he had that day visited. Very generally, too, on Sabbath, after preaching twice to his own flock, he was engaged in ministering somewhere else in the evening. But now, after any great exertion, he was attacked by violent palpitation of heart. It soon increased, affecting him in his hours of study; and, at last, it became almost constant. Upon this, his medical advisers insisted on a total cessation of his public work; for though, as yet, there was no organic change on his lungs, there was every reason to apprehend that that might be the result. Accordingly, with deep regret, he left Dundee to seek rest and change of occupation, hoping it would be only for a week or two.

A few days after leaving Dundee, he writes from Edinburgh, in reply to the anxious enquiries of his friend Mr. Grierson, "The beating of the heart is not now so constant as it was before. The pitcher draws more quietly at the cistern; so that, by the kind providence of our Heavenly Father, I may be spared a little longer before the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken."

It was found that his complaints were such as would be likely to give way under careful treatment, and a temporary cessation from all exertion. Under his father's roof, therefore, in Edinburgh, he resigned himself to the will of his Father in heaven. But deeply did he feel the trial of being laid aside from his loved employment, though he learnt of Him who was meek and lowly, to make the burden light in his own way, by saying, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." He wrote to Mr. Grierson again, January 5, 1839, "I hope this affliction will be blessed to me. I always feel much need of God's afflicting hand. In the whirl of active labor there is so little time for watching, and for bewailing, and seeking grace, to oppose the sins of our ministry, that I always feel it a blessed thing when the Saviour takes me aside from the crowd, as he took the blind man out of the town, and removes the veil, and clears away obscuring mists; and by his word and spirit leads to deeper peace and a holier walk. Ah! there is nothing like a calm look into the eternal world to teach us the emptiness of human praise, the sinfulness of self-seeking and vain-glory—to teach us the preciousness of Christ, who is called 'The Tried Stone.' I have been able to be twice at College to hear a lecture from Dr. Chalmers. I have

also been privileged to smooth down the dying pillow of an old school-companion, leading him to a fuller joy and peace in believing. A poor heavy-laden soul, too, from Larbert, I have had the joy of leading toward the Saviour. So that even when absent from my work, and when exiled, as it were, God allows me to do some little things for his name."

He was led to look more carefully into this trying dispensation, and began to anticipate blessed results from it to his flock. He was well aware how easily the flock begin to idolize the shepherd, and how prone the shepherd is to feel somewhat pleased with this sinful partiality of his people, and to be uplifted by his success. "I sometimes think," is his remark in a letter, dated January 18, "that a great blessing may come to my people in my absence. Often God does not bless us when we are in the midst of our labors, lest we shall say, 'My hand and my eloquence have done it.' He removes us into silence, and then pours 'down a blessing so that there is no room to receive it;' so that all that see it cry out, 'It is the Lord!' This was the way in the South Sea Islands. May it really be so with my dear people!" Nor did he err in this view of the dispensation. All these ends, and more also, were to be accomplished by it.

An anticipation like that which is expressed in this and other letters, especially in his Pastoral Letter of March 20, may justly be regarded as a proof from experience that the Lord teaches his people to expect and pray for what he means soon to work. And here the Lord accomplished his designs in the kindest of all ways; for he removed his servant for a season from the flock to which he had been so blessed, lest even his own children should begin to glory in man; but yet he took that servant to another sphere of labor in the meantime; and then, when the blessing was safely bestowed, brought him back to rejoice over it.

He was still hoping for, and submissively asking from the Lord, speedy restoration to his people in Dundee, and occasionally sending to them an epistle that breathed the true pastor's soul; when one day, as he was walking with Dr. Candlish, conversing on the Mission to Israel which had lately been resolved on, an idea seemed suddenly suggested to Dr. Candlish. He asked Mr. M'Cheyne what he would think of "being useful to the Jewish cause, during his cessation from labor, by going abroad to make personal inquiries into the state of Israel?" The idea, thus suddenly suggested, led to all the after results of the Mission of Inquiry. Mr. M'Cheyne found himself all at once called to carry salvation to the Jew, as he had hitherto done to the Gentile, and his soul was filled with joy and wonder. His medical friends highly approved of the proposal, as being likely to conduce very much to the removal of his complaints—the calm, steady excitement of such a journey being likely to restore the tone of his whole constitution.

Dr. Black of Aberdeen readily consented to use his remarkable talents as a scholar in this cause; and Dr. Keith intimated his expectation of soon joining the deputation. I also had been chosen to go forth on this mission of love to Israel; but some difficulties stood in the way of my leaving my charge at Collace. In these circumstances, Mr. M'Cheyne wrote to me, March 12, from Edinburgh.

"My dear A.—I have received so many tokens for good from God in this matter, that it were a shame indeed if I did not trust him to perfect all which concerns me. I am glad you have determined to trust all in the hands of Israel's God. I am quite ready to go this week, or next week, but am deeply anxious to be sure that you are sent with me. You know, dear A., I could not labor in this cause, nor enjoy it, if you were not to be with me in it. Would you be ready to give your Jewish lecture on the evening of Sabbath week? * * * And now, pray for us, that we may be sent of God; and, weak as we are, that we may be made Boanerges—that we may be blessed to win some souls, and to stir up Christians to love Zion. Much interest is already excited, and I do look for a blessing. Speak to your people as on the brink of eternity. * * * As to books, I am quite at a loss. My Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, &c., and perhaps Bridge's Christian Ministry for general purposes —I mean, for keeping us in mind of our ministerial work. I do hope we shall go forth in the spirit; and though straitened in language, may we not be blessed, as Brainerd was, through an interpreter? May we not be blessed also to save some English, and to stir up missionaries? My health is only tolerable; I would be better if we were once away. I am often so troubled, as to be made willing to go or stay, to die or to live. Yet it is encouraging to be used in the Lord's service again, and in so interesting a manner. What if we should see the heavenly Jerusalem before the earthly? I am taking drawing materials, that I may carry away remembrances of the Mount of Olives, Tabor, and the Sea of Galilee."

The interest that this proposed journey excited in Scotland was very great. Nor was it merely the somewhat romantic interest attached to the land where the Lord done most of his mighty works; there were also in it the deeper feelings of a Scriptural persuasion that Israel was still "beloved for the fathers' sake." For some time previous, Jerusalem had come into mind, and many godly pastors were standing as watchmen over its ruined walls (Isa. lxii. 6), stirring up the Lord's remembrances. Mr. M'Cheyne had been one of these. His views of the importance of the Jews in the eye of God, and therefore, of their importance as a sphere of missionary labor, were very clear and decided. He agreed in the expectation expressed in one of the Course of Lectures delivered before the deputation set out,

that we might anticipate an *outpouring of the Spirit when our Church should stretch out its hands to the Jew as well as to the Gentile.* In one letter, he says, "To seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel is an object very near to my heart, as my people know it has ever been. Such an enterprize may probably draw down unspeakable blessings on the Church of Scotland, according to the promise, 'they shall prosper who love thee.'" In another, "I now see plainly that all our views about the Jews being the chief object of missionary exertion are plain and sober truths, according to the Scripture." Again, "I feel convinced that if we pray that the world may be converted in God's way, we will seek the good of the Jews, and the more we do so, the happier we will be in our own soul. You should always keep up a knowledge of the prophecies regarding Israel." In his preaching he not unfrequently said on this subject, "We should be like God in his peculiar affections; and the whole Bible shows that God has ever had, and still has, a peculiar love to the Jews."

The news of his proposed absence alarmed his flock at Dundee. They manifested their care for him more than ever; and not a few wrote expostulatory letters. To one of these well meant remonstrances, he replied, "I rejoice exceedingly in the interest you take in me, not so much for my own sake as that I hope it is a sign you know and love the Lord Jesus. Unless God had himself shut up the door of return to my people, and opened his new door to me, I never could have consented to go. I am not at all unwilling to spend and be spent in God's service, though I have often found that the more abundantly I love you, the less I am loved. But God has very plainly shown me that I may perform a deeply important work for his ancient people, and at the same time be in the best way of seeking a return of health."—"A minister will make a poor savior in the day of wrath. It is not knowing a minister, or loving one, or hearing one, or having a name to live that will save. You need to have your hand on the head of the Lamb for yourselves; Lev. i. 4. You need to have your eye on the brazen serpent for yourselves; John iii. 14, 15. I fear I will need to be a swift witness against many of my people in the day of the Lord, that they looked to me, and not to Christ, when I preached to them. I always feared that some of you loved to hear the word, who do not love to do it. I always feared there were many of you who loved the Sabbath meetings, and the class, and the Thursday evenings, who yet were not careful to walk with God, to be meek, chaste, holy, loving, harmless, Christ-like, God-like. Now, God wants you to think, that the only end of a gospel ministry is, that you may be holy. Believe me, God himself could not make you happy, except you be holy."

At this crisis in his people's history he sought from the Lord one to supply his place—one who would feed the flock and gather in wanderers during their own pastor's absence. The Lord

granted him his desire by sending Mr. William C. Burns, son of the minister of Kilsyth. In a letter to him, dated March 12th, the following remarkable words occur:—"You are given in answer to prayer, and these gifts are, I believe, always without exception blessed. I hope you may be a thousand times more blessed among them than ever I was. Perhaps there are many souls that would never have been saved under my ministry, who may be touched under yours; and God has taken this method of bringing you into my place. *His name is Wonderful.*"

This done, and being already disengaged from his flock, he set out for London to make arrangements for the rest of the deputation, who soon after were all sent forth by the brethren with many prayers. None had more prayers offered in their behalf than he—and they were not offered in vain. During all his journeyings the Lord strengthened him, and saved him out of all distresses.

It was a singular event—often still it looks like a dream—that four ministers should be so suddenly called away from their quiet labors in the towns and villages of Scotland, and be found in a few weeks traversing the land of Israel, with their Bibles in their hand, eye-witnesses of prophecy fulfilled, and spies of the nakedness of Israel's worship and leanness of soul. The details of that journey need not be given here. They have been already recorded in the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, from the Church of Scotland, in 1839." But there are some incidents worthy to be preserved, which could find a place only in such a record of private life and feelings as we are now engaged in.

When Mr. M'Cheyne was on board the vessel that carried him to London, he at once discovered an interesting young Jew, who seemed, however, unwilling to be recognized as belonging to the seed of Abraham. He made several attempts to draw this young Israelite into close conversation; and before parting read with him the first Psalm in Hebrew, and pressed home the duty of meditating on the Word of the Lord. In visiting Bethnal Green, he has noted down that it was very sweet to hear Jewish children sing a hymn to Jesus, the burden of which טָבוּחַ עָלֵינוּ "Slain for us!"

The awful profanation of the holy Sabbath which we witnessed on the streets of Paris, called forth the following appeal in a letter to Mr. Macdonald of Blairgowrie. His spirit had been stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. "Stand in the breach, dear friend, and lift up your voice like a trumpet, lest Scotland become another France. You know how many in our own parishes trample on the holy day. They do not know how sweet it is to walk with God all that holy day. Isaiah lviii. 11—14 is a sweet text to preach from. Exodus xxxi. 13, is also very precious, showing that the real sanctifying of the Sabbath is one of God's signs or marks which he puts upon his people. It

is one of the letters of the new name, which no one knoweth but they who receive it."

In his brief notes during the first part of the journey, he has seldom failed to mark our season of united prayer, such as those in the cabin of the vessel on the passage to Genoa; for these were times of refreshing to his spirit. And his feelings as he stood in that city, and surveyed its palaces, are expressed in a few lines which he sent homeward from the spot. "A foreign land draws us nearer God. He is the only one whom we know here. We go to him as to one we know: all else is strange. Every step I take, and every new country I see, makes me feel more that there is nothing real, nothing true, but what is everlasting. The whole world lieth in wickedness: its judgments are fast hastening. The marble palaces, among which I have been wandering to-night, shall soon sink like a millstone in the waters of God's righteous anger; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

At Valetta, in the island of Malta, he wrote—"My heart beats a little to-day, but another sail will do me good. One thing I know, that I am in the hands of my Father in heaven, who is all love to me—not for what I am in myself, but for the beauty he sees in Immanuel."

The classic shores of Italy and Greece are invested with a peculiar interest, such as may raise deep emotions even in a sanctified soul. "We tried to recollect many of the studies of our boyhood. But what is classic learning to us now? I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. And yet these recollections tinged every object, and afforded us a most lawful pleasure."

During our voyage, it was his delight to search into the Scriptures, just as at home. And so much did he calculate on an unceasing study of the Word during all our journey, that he took with him some notes I had written on each chapter of the Book of Leviticus, observing it would be suitable meditation for us while busy with Jewish minds. At home and abroad he had an insatiable appetite for all the Word—both for the types of the Old Testament and the plain text of the New. On one occasion, before leaving home, in studying Numbers iv., he fixed the different duties assigned to the Priests on his memory, by means of the following lines:—

"The *Kohathites* upon their shoulder bear
The holy vessels covered with all care;
The *Gershonites* receive an easier charge,
Two waggons full of cords and curtains large;
*Merari's* sons four ponderous waggons load
With boards and pillars of the house of God."

He acted on the principle, that whatever God has revealed, must deserve our study and prayerful investigation.

Arrived at Alexandria, in Egypt, and thence proceeding onward to Palestine by the way of the Desert, we found ourselves set down on a new stage of experience. Mr. M'Cheyne observed on the silence of the desert places—"It is a remarkable feeling to be quite alone in a desert place; it gives similar feelings to fasting; it brings God near. Living in tents, and moving among such lonely scenes for many days, awake many new ideas. It is a strange life we lead in the wilderness. Round and round there is a complete circle of sand and wilderness shrubs; above, a blue sky without a cloud, and a scorching sun which often made the thermometer stand at 96° in our tents. When evening came, the sun went down as it does in the ocean, and the stars came riding forth in their glory; and we used to pitch all alone, with none but our poor ignorant Bedouins and their camels, and our all-knowing, all-loving God beside us. When morning began to dawn, our habitations were taken down. Often we have found ourselves shelterless before being fully dressed. What a type of the tent of our body! Ah! how often taken down before the soul is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." To Mr. Bonar of Larbert he writes: "I had no idea that travelling in the wilderness was so dreadful a thing as it is. The loneliness I often felt quite solemnized me. The burning sun overhead—round and round a circle of barren sand, chequered only by a few prickly shrubs ('the heath of the wilderness,' of which Jeremiah speaks)—no rain, not a cloud, the wells often like that of Marah, and far between. I now understand well the murmurings of Israel. I feel that our journey proved and tried my own heart very much." When we look back, and remember that he who thus stands on the sandy desert road between Egypt and Palestine, and looks on its singular scenery, is one who but lately was to be found busy night and day in dealing with the souls of men in the densely peopled streets of a town teeming with population, we are led to wonder at the ways of the Lord. But, is it not a moment which may remind us, that the God who sent Elijah to the brook at Cherith, is the same God still? and that the wise, considerate, loving Master, who said, "Come into a desert place and rest awhile," is as loving, considerate, and wise as he was then?

At Balteen, a small village in Egypt, I well remember the indignation that fired his countenance, when our Arab attendants insisted on travelling forward on the Sabbath-day, rather than continue sitting under a few palm-trees, breathing a sultry, furnace-like atmosphere, with nothing more than just such supply of food as sufficed. He could not bear the thought of being deprived of the Sabbath-rest; it was needful for our souls as much in the wilderness as in the crowded city; and if few glorify God in that desolate land, so much the more were we called on to fill these solitudes with our songs of praise. It was in this light he viewed our position; and when we had prevailed, and were seated under

the palms, he was excited to deep emotion, though before quite unnerved by the heat, at the sight of a row of poor wretched Egyptians, who gathered round us. "O that I could speak their language, and tell them of salvation!" was his impassioned wish.

An event occurred at that time in which the hand of God afterwards appeared very plain, though it then seemed very dark to us. Dr. Black fell from his camel in the midst of the sandy desert, and none of all our company could conjecture what bearing on the object of our Mission this sad occurrence could have. Is it a frown on our undertaking? or can it really be a movement of His kind hand? We often spoke of it; in our visit to Galilee we thought that we saw some purposes evolving; but there was still something unexplained. Now, however, the reason appears; even that event was of the Lord, in wise and kind design. But for that fall, our fathers in the deputation would not have sailed up the Danube on their way to Vienna, and Pesth would not have been visited. This accident, which mainly disabled Dr. Black from undertaking the after fatigue of exploring Galilee, was the occasion of directing the steps of our two fathers to that station, where a severe stroke of sickness was made the means of detaining Dr. Keith till they had learned that there was an open door among the Jews. And there, accordingly, it has been that the Lord has poured down his spirit on the Jews that have come to our Missionaries, so remarkably that no Jewish Mission seems ever to have been blessed with deeper conversions. There is nothing but truth in the remark made by one of our number;—"Dr. Black's fall from the camel was the first step towards Pesth." "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord;" Psalm cvii. 42. Indeed, whether it was that we were prepared to expect, and therefore were peculiarly ready to observe, or whether it was really the case that the watchful eye of our Lord specially guided us, certain it is that we thought we could perceive the whole course we took signally marked by Providence. There were many prayers in Scotland ascending up in our behalf, and the High Priest gave the answer by shining upon our path. Mr. M'Cheyne has stated—"For much of our safety I feel indebted to the prayers of my people, I mean the Christians among them, who do not forget us. If the veil of the world's machinery were lifted off, how much we would find is done in answer to the prayers of God's children."

Many things lost somewhat of their importance in our view, when examined amid the undistracted reflections of the long desert journey, where for many days we had quiet, like the quiet of death, around us all night long, and even during the bright day. It is the more interesting, on this very account, to know his feelings there on the subject of the ministry. As his camel slowly bore him over the soft sandy soil, much did he ruminate on the

happy days when he was permitted to use all his strength in preaching Jesus to dying men. "Use your health while you have it, my dear friend and brother. Do not cast away peculiar opportunities that may never come again. You know not when your last Sabbath with your people may come. Speak for eternity. Above all things, cultivate your own spirit. A word spoken by you when your conscience is clear, and your heart full of God's Spirit, is worth ten thousand words spoken in unbelief and sin. This was my great fault in the ministry. Remember it is God, and not man, that must have the glory. It is not much speaking, but much faith, that is needed. Do not forget us. Do not forget the Saturday night meeting, nor the Monday morning thanksgiving." Thus he wrote on his way to a fellow laborer in Scotland.

On our first Sabbath in the Holy Land, our tent had been pitched in the vicinity of a colony of ants. It was in the tribe of Simeon we were encamped; it was the scenery of the Promised Land we had around us; and one of the similitudes of the blessed Word was illustrated within our view. He opened his Bible at Prov. vi. 6–8, and, as he read, noted—"I. *Consider her ways.* Most souls are lost for want of consideration. II. *The ant has no guide, overseer, or ruler;* no officer, no one to command or encourage her. How differently situated is the child of God. III. *Provideth her meat in the summer*, &c. Some have thought that this teaches us to heap up money; but quite the reverse. The ant lays up no store for the future. It is all for present use. She is always busy summer and winter. The lesson is one of constant diligence in the Lord's work."

Many a time in these days, when our attendants in the evening were driving in the stakes of our tent and stretching its cords, he would lie down on the ground under some tree that sheltered him from the dew. Completely exhausted by the long day's ride, he would lie almost speechless for half an hour; and then, when the palpitation of his heart had a little abated, would propose that we two should pray together. Often, too, did he say to me, when thus stretched on the ground—not impatiently, but very earnestly—"Shall I ever preach to my people again?" I was often reproved by his unabated attention to personal holiness; for this care was never absent from his mind, whether he was at home in his quiet chamber, or on the sea, or in the desert. Holiness in him was manifested, not by efforts to perform duty, but in a way so natural, that you recognized therein the easy outflowing of the indwelling Spirit. The fountain springing up unto everlasting life (John iv. 14) in his soul, welled forth its living waters alike in the familiar scenes of his native Scotland, and under the olive-trees of Palestine. Prayer and meditation on the Word were never forgotten; and a peace that the world could not give kept his heart and mind. When we were detained a day at Gaza, in very tan-

talizing circumstances, his remark was, "*Jehovah Jireh;* we are at that mount again." It was sweet at any time to be with him, for both nature and grace in him drew the very heart; but there were moments of enjoyment in these regions of Palestine that drew every cord still closer, and created unknown sympathies. Such was that evening when we climbed Samson's Hill together. Sitting there, we read over the references to the place in the Word of God; and then he took out his pencil and sketched the scene, as the sun was sinking in the West. This done, we sang some verses of a Psalm, appropriate to the spot, offered up prayer, and, slowly descending, conversed of all we saw, and of all that was brought to mind by the scenery around us, till we reached our tent.

In approaching Jerusalem, we came up the Pass of Latroon. He writes, "The last day's journey to Jerusalem was the finest I ever had in all my life. For four hours we were ascending the rocky pass upon our patient camels. It was like the finest of our Highland scenes, only the trees and flowers, and the voice of the turtle, told us that it was Immanuel's land." Riding along, he remarked, that to have seen the Plain of Judea and this mountain-pass, was enough to reward us for all our fatigue; and then began to call up passages of the Old Testament Scriptures which might seem to refer to such scenery as that before us.

During our ten days at Jerusalem, there were few objects within reach that we did not eagerly seek to visit. "We stood at the turning of the road where Jesus came near, and beheld the city, and wept over it. And if we had had more of the mind that was in Jesus, I think we should have wept also." This was his remark in a letter homeward; and to Mr. Bonar of Larbert, he expressed his feelings in regard to the Mount of Olives and its vicinity: "I remember, the day when I saw you last, you said, that there were other discoveries to be made than those in the physical world—that there were sights to be seen in the spiritual world, and depths to be penetrated, of far greater importance. I have often thought of the truth of your remark. But if there is a place on earth where physical scenery can help us to discover divine things, I think it is Mount Olivet. Gethsemane at your feet leads your soul to meditate on Christ's love and determination to undergo divine wrath for us. The cup was set before him there, and there he said, 'Shall I not drink it?' The spot where he wept makes you think of his divine compassion, mingled with his human tenderness—his awful justice, that would not spare the city—his superhuman love, that wept over its coming misery! Turning the other way, and looking to the south-east, you see Bethany, reminding you of his love to his own—that his name is love—that in all our afflictions he is afflicted—that those who are in their graves shall one day come forth at his command. A little farther down you see the Dead Sea, stretching far among the moun-

tains its still and sullen waters. This deepens and solemnizes all, and makes you go away, saying, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"

He wrote to another friend in Scotland, from Mount Zion, where we were then dwelling.

"MOUNT ZION, *June* 12, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now that we are in the most wonderful spot in all this world—where Jesus lived, and walked, and prayed, and died, and will come again—I doubt not you will be anxious to hear how we come on. I am thankful that ever he privileged us to come to this land. I heard of my flock yesterday by a letter from home—the first I have received, dated 8th May. * * * We are living in one of the missionaries' houses on Mount Zion. My window looks out upon where the Temple was, the beautiful Mount of Olives rising behind. The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.—Yours," &c.

One evening, after our visit to Sychar, he referred to the Bible which I had dropped into Jacob's Well. We were then resting from our journey in our tents. Soon after, he penned on a leaf of his note-book the following fragment:—

"My own loved Bible must I part from thee,
Companion of my toils by land and sea;
Man of my counsels, soother of distress,
Guide of my steps through this world's wilderness!
In darkest nights, a lantern to my feet;
In gladsome days, as dropping honey sweet.
When first I parted from my quiet home,
At thy command, for Israel's good to roam,
Thy gentle voice said, 'For Jerusalem pray,
So shall Jehovah prosper all thy way.'
When through the lonely wilderness we strayed,
Sighing in vain for palm-trees' cooling shade,
Thy words of comfort hush'd each rising fear,
'The shadow of thy mighty Rock is near.'
And when we pitched our tents on Judah's hills,
Or thoughtful mused beside Siloa's rills;
When'er we climbed Mount Olivet, to gaze
Upon the sea, where stood in ancient days
The heaven-struck Sodom——
Sweet record of the past, to faith's glad eyes,
Sweet promiser of glories yet to rise!" *

At the foot of Carmel, during the seven days we were in quarantine under the brow of the hill, we had time to recall many former scenes; and in these circumstances he wrote the hymn, "*The Fountain of Siloam.*"

Here, too, he had leisure to write home; and most graphically does he describe our journey from Alexandria onward.

* It is a somewhat curious occurrence, that the remnants of this Bible were found, and drawn up from the bottom of the well, in July, 1843, by Dr. Wilson, and his fellow-traveller, who employed a Samaritan from Sychar to descend and examine the well.

"CARMEL, *June* 26, 1839

"MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, &c.—It is a long time since I have been able to write to you—this being the first time since leaving Egypt that any one has appeared to carry letters for us. I must, therefore, begin by telling you that, by the good hand of our God upon me, I am in excellent health, and have been ever since I wrote you last. Fatigues we have had many, and much greater than I anticipated; hardships and dangers we have also encountered. but God has brought us all safely through and in fully better condition than when we began. You must not imagine that I have altogether lost the palpitation of my heart, for it often visits me to humble and prove me; still I believe it is a good deal better than it was, and its visits are not nearly so frequent. I hope very much, that in a cold bracing climate, and with less fatigue, I may, perhaps, not feel it at all. I was very thankful to receive your letter, dated 8th May—the first since leaving home. I was delighted to hear of your health and safety, and of the peaceful communion at St. Peter's. The public news was alarming and humbling.* I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, and go over all our journeyings from the land of Egypt through the howling wilderness, to this sweet land of promise. I would have written *journalwise* (as my mother would say) from time to time, so that I might have had an interesting budget of news ready; but you must remember it is a more fatiguing thing to ride twelve or fifteen hours on a camel's back, in a sandy wilderness, than in our home excursions; and I could often do nothing more than lie down on my rug and fall asleep.

"We left Alexandria on 16th of May 1839, parting from many kind friends in that strange city. We and our baggage were mounted on seventeen donkeys, like the sons of Jacob, when they carried corn out of Egypt. Our saddle was our bedding, viz., a rug to lie on, a pillow for the head, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in. We afterwards added a straw mat to put below all. We had procured two tents—one large, and a smaller one which Andrew and I occupy. The donkeys are nice nimble little animals, going about five miles an hour; a wild Arab accompanies each donkey. We have our two Arab servants, to whom I now introduce you—Ibrahim, a handsome small-made Egyptian, and Achmet the cook, a dark good-natured fellow, with a white turban and bare black legs. Ibrahim speaks a little English and Italian, and Achmet, Italian—in addition to their native Arabic. I soon made friends with our Arab donkey-men, learning Arabic words and phrases from them, which pleased them greatly. We journeyed by the Bay of Aboukir, close by the sea, which tempered the air of the desert. At night we reached Rosetta, a cu-

* He alludes here to the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case.

rious half-inhabited eastern town. We saw an eastern marriage, which highly pleased us, illustrating the parables. It was by torch-light. We slept in the convent. 17th,—Spent morning in Rosetta: gave the monk a New Testament. Saw some of Egyptian misery in the bazaar. Saw the people praying in the mosque, Friday being the Moslem's day of devotion. In the evening we crossed the Nile in small boats. It is a fine river; and its water, when filtered is sweet and pleasant. We often thought upon it in the desert. We slept that night on the sand, in our tents, by the sea-shore. 18th,—In six hours we came to Bourlos (you will see it in the map of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge): were ferried across. Watched the fishermen casting their nets into the sea: hot—hot. In two hours more through a palmy wilderness, we came to Balteen—"the Vale of Figs"—an Arab village of mud huts. You little know what an Arab house is. In general, in Egypt, it is an exact square box, made of mud, with a low hole for a door. The furniture is a mat and cooking things; an oven made of mud. 19th,—Spent our Sabbath unoccupied in midst of the village; the poor Arabs have no Sabbath. The thermometer 84° in tent. The governor called in the evening, and drank a cup of tea with great relish. The heat we felt much all day; still it was sweet to rest and remember you all in the wilderness. 20th,—At twelve at night, left Balteen by beautiful moonlight. Proceeding through a pleasant African wild of palms and brushwood, we reached the sea in two hours, and rode along, its waves washing our feet—very sleepy. We got a rest at mid-day, if rest it could be called, under that scorching sun, which I never will forget. Proceeding onward, at three o'clock we left the sea-shore, and perceived the minarets of Damietta. Before us the mirage cheated us often when we were very thirsty. We crossed the Nile again, a much smaller branch—the only remaining one—and soon found ourselves comfortably reclining on the divan of the British Consul, an Egyptian gentleman of some fortune and manners. He entertained us at supper in true Egyptian style; provided a room for us, where we spread our mats in peace. We spent the whole of the next day here, having sent off a Bedouin to have camels ready for us at San. The Consul entertained us in the same Egyptian style of hospitality, and sent us away the next day on board of a barge upon Lake Menzaleh. 22d,—Even E—— would not have been afraid to sail upon that lake. It is nowhere more than ten feet deep, and in general only four or five. We made an awning with our mats, and spent a very happy day. At evening we entered a canal among immense reeds. In moonlight the scene was truly romantic: we slept moored to the shore all night. Next morning (23) we reached San about ten. This evening and next morning we spent in exploring the ruins of the ancient Zoan, for this we find is the very spot.

"Wandering alone, we were quite surprised to find great

mounds of brick, and pottery, and vitrified stones. Andrew at last came upon beautiful obelisks. Next morning we examined all carefully, and found two sphinxes and many Egyptian obelisks. How wonderful to be treading over the ruins of the ancient capital of Egypt! Isaiah xix. 12, "Where are the Princes of Zoan?" Ezek. xxx. 14, "God has set fire in Zoan." This is the very place where Joseph was sold as a slave, and where Moses did his wonders; Psalm lxxviii. 43. This was almost the only place where we have been in danger from the inhabitants. They are a wild race; and our Arabs were afraid of them. You would have been afraid too, if you had seen, out of the door of our tent, our Bedouins keeping watch all night with their naked sabres gleaming in the moonlight, firing off their guns now and then, and keeping up a low chaunt to keep one another awake. No evil happened to us, and we feel that many pray for us, and that God is with us. 24th,—This day our journeyings on camels commenced, and continued till we came to Jerusalem. It is a strange mode of conveyance. You have seen a camel kneeling; it is in this condition that you mount; suddenly it rises first on its fore feet, and then on its hind feet. It requires great skill to hold yourself on during this operation; one time I was thrown fair over its head, but quite unhurt. When you find yourself exalted on the hunch of a camel, it is somewhat of the feeling of an aëronaut, as if you were bidding farewell to sublunary things; but when he begins to move, with solemn pace and slow, you are reminded of your terrestrial origin, and that a wrong balance or turn to the side will soon bring you down from your giddy height. You have no stirrup, and generally only your bed for your saddle; you may either sit as on horseback, or as on a side-saddle—the latter is the pleasanter, though not the safer of the two. The camel goes about three miles an hour, and the step is so long that the motion is quite peculiar. You bend your head towards your knees every step. With a vertical sun above and a burning sand below, you may believe it is a very fatiguing mode of journeying. However, we thought of Rebecca and Abraham's servant (Gen. xxiv.), and listened with delight to the wild Bedouins' plaintive song. That night, 24th, we slept at Menagie, a Bedouin mud village—palm trees and three wells, and an ocean of sand, formed the only objects of interest. 25th,—Up by sunrise, and proceeded as before. The only event this day was Dr. Black's fall from his camel, which greatly alarmed us. He had fallen asleep, which you are very apt to do: we encamped and used every restorative, so that we were able to proceed the same evening to Gonatre, a miserable Arab post, having a governor; not a tree. 26th,—The Sabbath dawned sweetly; thermometer 92° in tent; could only lie on the mat and read Psalms. Evening—Gathered governor and Bedouins to hear some words of eternal life, Ibrahim interpreting. 27th,—Two very long stages brought us to Katieh; thankful to God for his good-

ness while we pitched by the date trees. 28th,—Spent the day at Katieh; interesting interviews with the governor, a kind Arab; thermometer 96° in tent. Same evening proceeded through a greener desert among flocks of goats and sheep, and encamped by a well, Bir-el-Abd. 29th,—Another hot day in the desert; came in sight of the sea, which gave us a refreshing breeze; bathed in a salt lake as hot as a warm-bath. Evening—Encampment at Abugilbany. 30th,—This was our last day in the Egyptian wilderness. We entered on a much more mountainous region. The heat very great; we literally panted for a breath of wind. The Bedouins begged handkerchiefs to cover their heads, and often cast themselves under a bush for shade. Towards sunset we came down on the old ruins of Rhinoculura, now buried in the sand; and soon after our camels knelt down at the gates of El Arish, the last town on the Egyptian frontier. 31st,—We spent in El Arish, being unable to get fresh camels. We bought a sheep for five shillings; drank freely of their delightful water—What a blessing after the desert! Found out the river of Egypt, the boundary of Judah mentioned in the Bible, quite dry. 1st June,—Visited the school, a curiosity, all the children sit cross-legged on the floor, rocking to and fro, repeating something in Arabic. We had a curious interview with the governor, sitting in the gate in the ancient manner. We are quite expert now at taking off our shoes and sitting in the Eastern mode. Smoking, and coffee in very small cups, are the constant accompaniments of these visits. Left the same evening, and did not reach Sheikh Juidhe, in the land of the Philistines, till the sun was nearly bursting into view. 2d,—Spent a happy Sabbath here; sung "In Judah's land God is well known." Singing praises in our tents is very sweet, they are so frail, like our mortal bodies; they rise easily into the ears of our present Father. Our journey through the land of the Philistines was truly pleasant. 3d,—We went through a fine pasture country; immense straths; flocks of sheep and goats, and asses and camels, often came in sight. This is the very way up out of Egypt, little changed from the day that the Ethiopian went on his way rejoicing, and Joseph and Mary carried down the babe from the anger of Herod. Little changed! did I say? it is all changed; no more is there one brook of water. Every river of Egypt—Wady, Gaza, Eschol, Sorek—every brook we crossed, was dried up, not a drop of water. The land is changed; no more is it the rich land of Philistia. The sand struggles with the grass for mastery. The cities are changed—where are they? The people are changed—no more the bold Philistines—no more the children of Simeon—no more Isaac and his herdsmen—no more David and his horsemen; but miserable Arab shepherds—simple people, without ideas—poor, degraded, fearful. Khanounes was the first town we entered—Scripture name unknown. The burying-ground outside the town. The well, and people coming

to draw, were objects of great interest to us. The people were highly entertained with us in return. We sat down in the Bazaar, and were a spectacle to all. How much we longed to have the Arabic tongue, that we might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in God's own land. Same evening we heard the cry of the wolf, and encamped two miles from Gaza. The plague was raging, so we did not enter, but spent a delightful day in comparing its condition with God's word concerning it—"Baldness is come upon Gaza." The old city is buried under sand hills, without a blade of grass, so that it is bald indeed. The herds and flocks are innumerable, fulfilling Zeph. ii.; Andrew and I climbed the hill up which Samson carried the gates. 5th,—Passed through a fine olive grove for many miles, and entered the vale of Eschol. The people were all in the fields cutting and bringing in their barley. They reap with the hook as we do. They seem to carry in at same time upon camels. No vines in Eschol now—no pomegranates; but some green fig-trees. Crossed the brook Sorek—dry. Spent the mid-day under the embowering shade of a fig-tree; tasted the apricots of the good land. Same evening we came to Doulis which we take to be Eshtaol, where Samson was born. 6th,—We went due east, and, after a mountain pass, saw the hills of Judah—an immense plain intervening, all studded with little towns. From their names we found out many Bible spots. This valley or plain is the very vale of Zephatha, of which you read in 2 Chronicles chap. xiv.—in the plain of Sephela." Before night we entered among the hills of Judah—very like our own Highlands—and slept all night among the mountains, at a deserted village called Latroon. 7th,—One of the most privileged days of our life. We broke up our tents by moonlight; soon the sun was up; we entered a defile of the most romantic character; wild rocks and verdant hills,—wild flowers of every color and fragrance scented our path. Sometimes we came upon a clump of beautiful olive trees, then wild again. The turtle's voice was heard in the land, and singing birds of sweetest note. Our camels carried us up this path for four hours; and our turbaned Bedouins added by their strange figures to the scene. The terracing of all the hills is the most remarkable feature of Judean scenery. Every foot of the rockiest mountains may, in this way, be covered with vines. We thought of Isaiah wandering here, and David and Solomon. Still all was wilderness. The hand of man had been actively employed upon every mountain, but where were these laborers now? Judah is gone into captivity before the enemy. There are few men left in the land; not a vine is there. "The vine languisheth." We came down upon Garieh, a village embosomed in figs and pomegranates.

Ascending again, we came down into the valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath. Another long and steep ascent of a most rugged hill, brought us into a strange scene—a desert of sun-burnt

rocks. I had read of this, and knew that Jerusalem was near. I left my camel and went before, hurrying over the burning rocks. In about half an hour Jerusalem came in sight. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" Is this the perfection of beauty? "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger!" It is, indeed, very desolate. Read the two first chapters of Lamentations, and you have a vivid picture of our first sight of Jerusalem. We lighted off our camels within the Jaffa gate. Among those who crowded round us, we observed several Jews. I think I had better not attempt to tell you about Jerusalem. There is so much to describe, and I know not where to begin. The Consul, Mr. Young, received us most kindly, provided us a house where we might spread our mats, and helped us in every way. Mr. Nicolayson called the same evening, and insisted on our occupying one of the mission-houses on Mount Zion. The plague is still in Jerusalem, so that we must keep ourselves in quarantine. The plague only communicates by contact, so that we are not allowed to touch any one, or let any one touch us. Every night we heard the mourners going about the streets with their dismal wailings for the dead. On Sabbath Mr. Nicolayson read the prayers, and Dr. Black preached from Isaiah ii. 2. Dr. Keith in the evening. Three converted Jews were among the hearers. On Monday 10th, we visited the Sepulchre, and a painful sight, where we can find no traces of Calvary. Same evening rode up to the Mount of Olives: past Gethsemane, a most touching spot. Visited Sir Moses Montefiore, a Jew of London, encamped on Mount Olivet; very kind to us. 11th,—Went round the most of the places to be visited near Jerusalem—Rephaim, Gihon, Siloa's Brook "that flowed fast by the Oracle of God;" the Pool of Siloam—the place where Jesus wept over the city: Bethany—of all places my favorite—the tombs of the Kings. Such a day we never spent in this world before. The climate is truly delightful—hot at mid-day, but delightful breezes at morn and even. 12th,—A business day, getting information about Jews. In the evening, walked to Aceldama—a dreadful spot. Zion is ploughed like a field. I gathered some barley, and noticed cauliflowers planted in rows. See Micah iii. 12. Jerusalem is, indeed, heaps. The quantities of rubbish would amaze you —in one place higher than the walls. 13th,—We went to Hebron, twenty miles south; Mr. Nicolayson, his son, the Consul, and ladies accompanying us, all on mules and horses. Judah's cites are all waste. Except Bethlehem, we saw none but ruins till we reached Hebron. The vines are beautifully cultivated here, and make it a Paradise. The hills all terraced to the top. We spent a delightful evening and all next day. We met the Jews and had an interesting interview with them. We read Genesis xviii., and many other Bible passages with great joy. Saw the mosques where the tomb of Abraham and Sarah is. 14th,—Returned by

Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Bethlehem is a sweet village, placed on the top of a rocky hill—very white and dazzling. You see it on both sides of the hill. At Rachel's sepulchre you see Jerusalem on one hand and Bethlehem on the other, an interesting sight—six miles apart. On Sabbath we enjoyed the Lord's Supper in an Upper Chamber in Jerusalem. It was a time much to be remembered. Andrew preached in the evening from John xiv. 2, 3. 17th,—The plague has been increasing so that we think it better to depart. Last visit to Gethsemane, and Bethany, and Siloam. Evening,—Took farewell of all our friends in Jerusalem, with much sorrow you may believe. Went due north to Ramah, by Gibeon, and slept at Beer, again in our tent, in Benjamin. 19th,—Passed Bethel where Jacob slept. Passed through the rich and rocky defile of Ephraim, by Lebonah, to Sychar. You cannot believe what a delightsome land it is. We sought anxiously for the well where Jesus sat. Andrew alone found it, and lost his Bible in it. 20th.—Had a most interesting morning with the Jews of Sychar. Saw many of them; also the Samaritans in their synagogue. Same evening visited Samaria, a wonderful place, and encamped at Sanour. 21st,—arrived at Carmel, where we now are, encamped within two yards of the sea. We have been in quarantine here seven days, as there is no plague north of this. Several English are encamped here—Lord R., Lord H., &c. We have daily conversations sitting on the sand. We are not allowed to touch even the rope of a tent. Acre is in sight across the bay. We have delightful bathing. To-morrow Lord H. leaves, and kindly offers to take this. Carmel's rocky brow is over us. We are all well and happy. On Monday, we propose leaving for Tiberias and Saphet. Soon we shall be in Beyrout, and on our way to Smyrna. Do not be anxious for me. Trust us to God, who goes with us where we go. I only pray that our mission may be blessed to Israel. Sir Moses M. has arrived, and pitched his tent within fifty yards of us. Kindest regards to all that inquire after me, not forgetting dear W.—Your affectionate son," &c.

When the two elder brethren of the deputation left us for Europe, we turned southward again from Beyrout, to visit the regions of Phœnicia and Galilee. Never did Mr. M'Cheyne seem more gladsome than in gazing on these regions.

At Tyre, he remembered the request of an elder in the parish of Larbert, who had written to him before his departure, stating what he considered to be a difficulty in the ordinary expositions of the prophecies which speak of that renowned city. With great delight, he examined the difficulty on the spot; and it is believed that his testimony on such points as these, when it reached some men of sceptical views in that scene of his early labors, was not unblest.

From Saphet he writes:—"I sat looking down upon the Lake

this morning for about an hour. It was just at our feet—the very water where Jesus walked, where he called his disciples, where he rebuked the storm, where he said, 'Children, have ye any meat?' after he rose from the dead. Jesus is the same still." To his early and familiar friend, Mr. Somerville, he thus describes the same view:—"O what a view of the Sea of Galilee is before you, at your feet! It is above three hours' descent to the water's edge, and yet it looks as if you could run down in as many minutes. The lake is much larger than I had imagined. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side, sleeping as calmly and softly as if it had been the sea of glass which John saw in heaven. We tried in vain to follow the course of the Jordan running through it. True, there were clear lines, such as you see in the wake of a vessel, but then these did not go straight through the lake. The hills of Bashan are very high and steep, where they run into the lake. At one point, a man pointed out to us where the tombs in the rocks are, where the Demoniacs used to live; and near it the hills were exactly what the Scriptures describe, 'a steep place,' where the swine ran down into the sea. On the north-east of the sea, Hermon rises very grand, intersected with many ravines full of snow."

The day we spent at the lake—at the very water-side—was ever memorable; it was so peculiarly sweet. We felt an indescribable interest even in lifting a shell from the shore of a sea where Jesus had so often walked. It was here that two of the beautiful hymns in "*The Songs of Zion*" were suggested to him. The one was, "*How pleasant to me*," &c., the other, "*To yonder side;*" but the latter lay beside him unfinished till a later period.

His complaint was now considerably abated; his strength seemed returning; and often did he long to be among his people again, though quieting his soul upon the Lord. Not a few pastors of another church, have, from time to time, come forth to this land, compelled by disease to seek for health in foreign regions; but how rarely do we find the pastor's heart retained—how rarely do we discover that the shepherd yearns still over the flock he left. But so deep was Mr. M'Cheyne's feelings toward the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, that his concern for them became a temptation to his soul. It was not in the mere desire to preach again that he manifested this concern; for this desire might have been selfish, as he said—"No doubt there is pride in this anxiety to preach; a submissive soul would rejoice only in doing the present will of God." But his prayers for them went up daily to the throne. We had precious seasons of united prayer also for that same end—especially one morning at sun-rise in Gethsemane, and another morning at Carmel, where we joined in supplication on the silent shore at the foot of the hill as soon as day dawned, and then again at evening on the top, where Elijah prayed.

Distance of place, or peculiarities of circumstance, never altered his views of duty, nor changed his feelings as a minister of Christ. In Galilee he meditated upon the aspect of ecclesiastical affairs in our beloved Scotland, and the principles he had maintained appeared to him as plainly accordant with the Word of God when tried there, apart from excitement, as they did when he reviewed them in connection with their effects at home. "I hope," were his words to a brother in the ministry, "I hope the Church has been well guided and blessed; and if times of difficulty are to come, I do believe there is no position so proper for her to be in, as the attitude of a missionary church, giving freely to Jew and Gentile, as she has freely received—so may she be found when the Lord comes."

At the foot of Lebanon, in the town of Beyrout, he was able to expound a chapter (Acts x.) at a prayer-meeting of the American brethren. This quite rejoiced his heart; for it seemed as if the Lord were restoring him, and meant again to use him in preaching the glad tidings. But shortly after, during the oppressive heat of the afternoon, he felt himself unwell. He had paid a visit to a young man from Glasgow in the town, who was ill of fever; and it is not unlikely that this visit, at a time when he was in a state of debility from previous fatigue, was the immediate occasion of his own illness. He was very soon prostrated under the fever. But his medical attendant apprehended no danger, and advised him to proceed to Smyrna, in the belief that the cool air of the sea would be much more in his favor than the sultry heat of Beyrout. Accordingly, in company with our faithful Hebrew friend, Erasmus Calman, we embarked; but as we lay off Cyprus, the fever increased to such a height, that he lost his memory for some hours, and was racked with excessive pain in his head. When the vessel sailed he revived considerably, but during three days no medical aid could be obtained. He scarcely ever spoke; and only once did he for a moment, on a Saturday night, lift his languid eye, as he lay on deck enjoying the breeze, to catch a distant sight of Patmos. We watched him with agonizing anxiety till we reached Smyrna and the village of Bouja. Though three miles off, yet for the sake of medical aid he rode to this village upon a mule after sunset, ready to drop every moment with pain and burning fever. But here the Lord had prepared for him the best and kindest help. The tender and parental care of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, in whose house he found a home, was never mentioned by him but with deepest gratitude; and the sight of the flowering jessamine, or the mention of the deep-green cypress, would invariably call up in his mind associations of Bouja and its inmates. He used to say it was his second birthplace.

During that time, like most of God's people who have been in sickness, he felt that a single passage of the Word of God was

more truly food to his fainting soul than anything besides. One day his spirit revived, and his eye glistened, when I spoke of the Saviour's sympathy, adducing as the very words of Jesus, Psalm xli. 1—"*Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble*," &c. It seemed so applicable to his own case, as a minister of the glad tidings; for often had he "considered the poor," carrying a cup of cold water to a disciple. Another passage written for the children of God in their distress, was spoken to him when he seemed nearly insensible—"*Call upon me in the day of trouble.*" This word of God was as the drop of honey to Jonathan.

He himself thus spoke of his illness to his friends at home:—"I left the foot of Lebanon when I could hardly see, or hear, or speak, or remember; I felt my faculties going, one by one, and I had every reason to expect that I would soon be with my God. It is a sore trial to be alone and dying, in a foreign land, and it has made me feel in a way that I never knew before, the necessity of having unfeigned faith in Jesus and in God. Sentiments, natural feelings, glowing fancies of divine things, will not support the soul in such an hour. There is much self-delusion in our estimation of ourselves when we are untried and in the midst of Christian friends, whose warm feelings give a glow to ours, which they do not possess in themselves." Even then he had his people in his heart. "When I got better, I used to creep out in the evenings about sunset. I often remembered you all then. I could not write, as my eyes and head were much affected; I could read but very little; I could speak very little, for I had hardly any voice; and so I had all my time to lay my people before God, and pray for a blessing on them. About the last evening I was there, we all went to the vintage, and I joined in gathering the grapes." To Mr. Somerville he wrote:—"My mind was very weak when I was at the worst, and therefore the things of eternity were often dim. *I had no fear to die, for Christ had died.* Still I prayed for recovery, if it was the Lord's will. You remember you told me to be humble among your last advices. You see God is teaching me the same thing. I fear I am not thoroughly humbled. I feel the pride of my heart and bewail it." To his kind medical friend Dr. Gibson, in Dundee, he wrote:—"I really believed that my Master had called me home, and that I would sleep beneath the dark green cypresses of Bouja till the Lord shall come, and they that sleep in Jesus come with him; and my most earnest prayer was for my dear flock, that God would give them a pastor after his own heart."

When we met, after an eight days' separation, on board the vessel at Constantinople, he mentioned as one of the most interesting incidents of the week, that one evening, while walking with Mr. Lewis, they met a young Greek and his wife, both of whom were believed to be really converted souls. It created a thrill in

his bosom to meet with these almost solitary representatives of the once-faithful and much-tried native Church of Smyrna.

Meanwhile there were movements at home that proved the Lord to be he who "alone doeth wondrous things." The cry of his servant in Asia was not forgotten; the eye of the Lord turned towards his people. It was during the time of Mr. M'Cheyne's sore sickness, that his flock in Dundee were receiving a blessing from the opened windows of heaven. Their pastor was lying at the gate of death, in utter helplessness. But the Lord had done this on very purpose; for he meant to show that he needed not the help of any: he could send forth new laborers, and work by new instruments, when it pleased him. We little knew that during the days when we were waiting at the foot of Lebanon for a vessel to carry us to Smyrna, the arm of the Lord had begun to be revealed in Scotland. On the 23d of July the great Revival at Kilsyth took place.

Mr. W. C. Burns, the same who was supplying Mr. M'Cheyne's place in his absence, was on that day preaching to his father's flock; and while pressing upon them immediate acceptance of Christ with deep solemnity, the whole of the vast assembly were overpowered. The Holy Spirit seemed to come down as a rushing mighty wind, and to fill the place. Very many were that day struck to the heart; the sanctuary was filled with distressed and enquiring souls. All Scotland heard the glad news that the sky was no longer as brass—that the rain had begun to fall. The Spirit in mighty power began to work from that day forward in many places of the land.

Mr. Burns returned to Mr. M'Cheyne's flock on August 8th—one of the days when Mr. M'Cheyne was stretched on his bed, praying for his people under all his own suffering. The news of the work at Kilsyth had produced a deep impression in Dundee; and two days after, the Spirit began to work in St. Peter's, at the time of the prayer-meeting in the Church, in a way similar to Kilsyth. Day after day, the people met for prayer and hearing the Word; and the times of the Apostles seemed returned, when "the Lord added to the Church daily of such as should be saved." All this time, Mr. M'Cheyne knew not how gracious the Lord had been in giving him his heart's desire. It was not till we were within sight of home, that the glad news of these Revivals reached our ears. But he continued like Epaphras, "laboring fervently in prayer," and sought daily to prepare himself for a more efficient discharge of his office, should the Lord restore him to it again. He sends home this message to a fellow-laborer; "Do not forget to carry on the work in hearts brought to a Saviour. I feel this was one of my faults in the ministry. Nourish babes; comfort downcast believers; counsel those perplexed; perfect that which is lacking in their faith. Prepare them for sore trials. I fear most

Christians are quite unready for days of darkness." (Mr. Moody Stuart.)

Our journey led us through Moldavia, Wallachia, and Austria—lands of darkness and of the shadow of death. Profound strangers to the truth as it is in Jesus, the people of these lands, nevertheless, profess to be Christians. Superstition and its idolatries veil the glorious object of Faith from every eye. In these regions, as well as in those already traversed, Mr. M'Cheyne's anxiety for souls appeared in the efforts he made to leave at least a few words of Scripture with the Jews whom we met, however short the time of our interview. His spirit was stirred in him; and, with his Hebrew Bible in his hand, he would walk up thoughtfully and solemnly to the first Jew he could get access to, and begin by calling the man's attention to some statement of God's Word. In Palestine, if the Jew did not understand Italian, he would repeat to him such texts in Hebrew as "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David," &c. (Zech. xiii. 1.) And one evening, at the well of Doulis, when the Arab population were all clustered round the water troughs, he looked on very wistfully, and said,—"If only we had Arabic, we might sow beside all waters!"

At Jassy, after a deeply interesting day, spent in conversation with Jews who came to the inn, he said, "I will remember the faces of those men at the Judgment-seat." When he came among the more educated Jews of Europe, he rejoiced to find that they could converse with him in Latin. His heart was bent on doing what he could (Mark xiv. 8) in season and out of season. "One thing," he writes, "I am deeply convinced of, that God can make the simplest statement of the gospel effectual to save souls. If only it be the true gospel, the good tidings, the message that God loved the world, and provided a ransom free to all, then God is able to make it wound the heart, and heal it too. There is deep meaning in the words of Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'"

The abominations of Popery witnessed in Austrian Poland, called forth many a prayer for the destruction of the Man of Sin. "The images and idols by the wayside are actually frightful, stamping the whole land as a kingdom of darkness. I do believe that a journey through Austria would go far to cure some of the Popery-admirers of our beloved land." He adds—"These are the marks of the beast upon this land." And in like manner our privileges in Scotland used to appear to him the more precious, when, as at Brody, we heard of Protestants who were supplied with sermon only once a year. "I must tell this to my people," said he, "when I return, to make them prize their many seasons of grace."

He estimated the importance of a town or country by its relation to the house of Israel; and his yearnings over these lost sheep resembled his bowels of compassion for his flock at home. At

Tarnapol, in Galicia, he wrote home—"We are in Tarnapol, a very nice clean town, prettily situated on a winding stream, with wooded hills around. I suppose you never heard its name before; neither did I till we were there among the Jews. I know not whether it has been the birth-place of warriors, or poets, or orators; its flowers have hitherto been born to blush unseen, at least by us barbarians of the north; but if God revive the dry bones of Israel that are scattered over the world, there will arise from this place an exceeding great army."

Our friend and brother in the faith, Erasmus Calman, lightened the tediousness of a long day's journey, by repeating to us some Hebrew poetry. One piece was on Israel's present state of degradation; it began—

צור: גואל:
מהר וחיש פרות

As the vehicle drove along, we translated it line by line, and soon after Mr. M'Cheyne put it into verse. The following lines are a part:—

Rock and Refuge of my soul,
Swiftly let the season roll,
When thine Israel shall arise
Lovely in the nations' eyes!

Lord of glory, Lord of might,
As our ransomed fathers tell;
Once more for thy people fight,
Plead for thy loved Israel.
Give our spoilers' towers to be
Waste and desolate as we.

Hasten Lord, the joyful year,
When thy Zion, tempest tossed,
Shall the silver trumpet hear
Bring glad tidings to the lost!
Captive cast thy cords from thee,
Loose thy neck—be free—be free!

Why dost thou behold our sadness?
See the proud have torn away
All our years of solemn gladness,
When thy flock kept holy-day!
Lord, thy fruitful vine is bare,
Not one gleaning grape is there!

Rock and Refuge of my soul,
Swiftly let the season roll,
When thine Israel shall be,
Once again beloved and free!

In his notes, he has one or two subjects marked for hymns. One of these is—Isaiah ii. 3—"Come ye," &c., *a loving call to the Jews*. Another is to the same effect—Isaiah i. 15—"Come, let us reason together." But these he never completed. In Cracow, having heard of the death of a friend, the wife of an English cler-

gyman, in the midst of her days and in the full promise of usefulness, he began to pen a few sweet lines of comfort.

Oft as she taught the little maids of France
To leave the garland, castanet, and dance,
And listen to the words which she would say
About the crowns that never fade away,
A new expression kindled in her eye,
A holy brightness borrowed from the sky.
And when returning to her native land,
She bowed beneath a father's chast'ning hand;
When the quick pulse and flush upon the cheek,
A touching warning to her friends would speak,
A holy cheerfulness yet filled her eye,
Willing she was to live, willing to die.
As the good Shunamite (the Scriptures tell),
When her son died, said meekly, "It is well,"
So when Sophia lost her infant boy,
And felt how dear-bought is a mother's joy,
When with green turf the little grave she spread,
"Not lost, but gone before," she meekly said.
And now they sleep together 'neath the willow,
The same dew drops upon their silent pillow.
Return, O mourner, from this double grave,
And praise the God who all her graces gave.
Follow her faith, and let her mantle be
A cloak of holy zeal to cover thee.

The danger which he incurred from the shepherds in this region, and other similar perils to which he was exposed in company with others, have been recorded in the Narrative. Out of them all the Lord delivered him; and not from these perils only did he save him, but from many severe trials to his health, to which variety of climate and discomforts of accommodation subjected him. And now we were traversing Prussia, drawing nearer our own land. It was about five months since we had received letters from Scotland, our route having led us away from places which we had anticipated visiting, and where communications had been left for us. We pressed homeward somewhat anxiously, yet wondering often at past mercies. In a letter from Berlin, Mr. M'Cheyne remarked, "Our heavenly Father has brought us through so many trials and dangers that I feel persuaded he will yet carry us to the end. Like John, we shall fulfil our course. 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' Are we not all immortal till our work is done?" His strength was rapidly increasing; the journey had answered the ends anticipated to a great extent, in his restoration to health. He was able to preach at Hamburgh to the English congregation of Mr. Rheder, from whom it was that the first hint of a Revival in Dundee reached his ears. He heard just so much both of Kilsyth and Dundee as to make him long to hear more. A few days after, on board the vessel that conveyed us to England, he thus expressed his feelings:—

"*Sailing up the Thames, Nov.* 6, 1839.

"My dear Father and Mother,—You will be glad to see by the date that we are once more in sight of the shores of happy England. I only wish I knew how you all are. I have not heard of you since I was in Smyrna. In vain did I enquire for letters from you at Cracow, Berlin, and Hamburgh. You must have written to Warsaw, and the Resident there has not returned them to Berlin, as we desired. Andrew and I and Mr. Calman are all quite well, and thankful to God, who has brought us through every danger in so many countries. I trust our course has not been altogether fruitless, and that we may now resign our commission with some hope of good issuing from it to the Church and to Israel. I preached last Sabbath in Hamburgh, for the first time since leaving England, and felt nothing the worse of it; so that I do hope it is my heavenly Father's will to restore me to usefulness again among my beloved flock. We have heard something of a reviving work at Kilsyth. We saw it noticed in one of the newspapers. I also saw the name of Dundee associated with it; so that I earnestly hope good has been doing in our Church, and the dew from on high watering our parishes, and that the flocks whose pastors have been wandering may also have shared in the blessing. We are quite ignorant of the facts, and you may believe we are anxious to hear. . . . . We are now passing Woolwich, and in an hour will be in London. We are anxious to be home, but I suppose will not get away till next week. I never thought to have seen you again in this world, but now I hope to meet you once more in peace.—Believe me, your affectionate Son," &c.

The day we arrived on the shores of our own land was indeed a singular day. We were intensely anxious to hear of events that had occurred at home a few months before—the outpouring of the Spirit from on high—while our friends were intensely interested in hearing tidings of the Land of Israel and the scattered tribes. The reception of the deputation on their return, and the fruits of their mission, are well known, and have been elsewhere recorded.

Mr. M'Cheyne listened with deepest interest to the accounts given of what had taken place in Dundee during the month of August, when he lay at the gates of death in Bouja. The Lord had indeed fulfilled his hopes, and answered his prayers. His assistant, Mr. Burns, had been honored of God to open the floodgate at Dundee, as well as at Kilsyth. For some time before, Mr. Burns had seen symptoms of deeper attention than usual, and of real anxiety in some that had hitherto been careless. But it was after his return from Kilsyth that the people began to melt before the Lord. On Thursday, the second day after his return, at the close of the usual evening prayer-meeting in St. Peter's,

and when the minds of many were deeply solemnized by the tidings which had reached them, he spoke a few words about what had for some days detained him from them, and invited those to remain who felt the need of an outpouring of the Spirit to convert them. About a hundred remained; and at the conclusion of a solemn address to these anxious souls, suddenly the power of God seemed to descend, and all were bathed in tears. At a similar meeting, next evening, in the church, there was much melting of heart and intense desire after the Beloved of the Father; and on adjourning to the vestry, the arm of the Lord was revealed. No sooner was the vestry-door opened to admit those who might feel anxious to converse, than a vast number pressed in with awful eagerness. It was like a pent-up flood breaking forth; tears were streaming from the eyes of many, and some fell on the ground groaning, and weeping, and crying for mercy. Onward from that evening, meetings were held every day for many weeks; and the extraordinary nature of the work justified and called for extraordinary services. The whole town was moved. Many believers doubted; the ungodly raged; but the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed. Instances occurred where whole families were affected at once, and each could be found mourning apart, affording a specimen of the times spoken of by Zechariah (xii. 12). Mr. Baxter, of Hilltown, Mr. Hamilton, then assistant at Abernyte, and other men of God in the vicinity, hastened to aid in the work. Mr. Roxburgh of St. John's, and Mr. Lewis of St. David's, examined the work impartially and judiciously, and testified it to be of God. Dr. M'Donald of Ferintosh, a man of God well experienced in Revivals, came to the spot and put to his seal also; and continued in town, preaching in St. David's Church to the anxious multitudes, during ten days. How many of those who were thus awfully awakened were really brought to the truth, it was impossible to ascertain. When Mr. M'Cheyne arrived, drop after drop was still falling from the clouds.

Such in substance were the accounts he heard before he reached Dundee. They were such as made his heart rejoice. He had no envy at another instrument having been so honored in the place where he himself had labored with many tears and temptations. In true Christian magnanimity, he rejoiced that the work of the Lord was done, by whatever hand. Full of praise and wonder, he set his foot once more on the shore of Dundee.

# CHAPTER V.

## DAYS OF REVIVAL.

'They shall spring up *as* among the grass, as willows by the water-courses."—ISAIAH xliv. 4.

His people who had never ceased to pray for him, welcomed his arrival among them with the greatest joy. He reached Dundee on Thursday afternoon; and in evening of the same day—being the usual time for prayer in St. Peter's—after a short meditation, he hastened to the church, there to render thanks to the Lord, and to speak once more to his flock. The appearance of the church that evening, and the aspect of the people, he never could forget. Many of his brethren were present to welcome him, and to hear the first words of his opened lips. There was not a seat in the church unoccupied, the passages were completely filled, and the stairs up to the pulpit were crowded, on the one side with the aged, on the other with eagerly-listening children. Many a face was seen anxiously gazing on their restored pastor; many were weeping under the unhealed wounds of conviction; all were still and calm, intensely earnest to hear. He gave out Psalm lxvi., and the manner of singing, which had been remarked since the Revival began appeared to him peculiarly sweet—"so tender and affecting, as if the people felt that they were praising a present God." After solemn prayer with them he was able to preach for above an hour. Not knowing how long he might be permitted to proclaim the glad tidings, he seized that opportunity, not to tell of his journeyings, but to show the way of life to sinners. His subject was 1 Cor. ii. 1–4—the matter, the manner, and the accompaniment of Paul's preaching. It was a night to be remembered.

On coming out of the church, he found the road to his house crowded with old and young, who were waiting to welcome him back. He had to shake hands with many at the same time; and before this happy multitude would disperse, had to speak some words of life to them again, and pray with them where they stood. "To thy name, O Lord," said he that night, when he returned to his home, "To thy name, O Lord, be all the glory." A month afterwards, he was visited by one who had hitherto stood out against all the singular influence of the Revival, but who that night was deeply awakened under his words, so that the arrow festered in her soul, till she came crying, "O my hard, hard heart!"

On the Sabbath, he preached to his flock in the afternoon. He chose 2 Chron. v. 13, 14, as his subject; and in the close, his hearers remember well how affectionate and solemnly he said—

"Dearly beloved and longed for, I now begin another year of my ministry among you; and I am resolved, if God give me health and strength, that I will not let a man, woman, or child among you alone, until you have at least heard the testimony of God concerning his Son, either to your condemnation or salvation. And I will pray, as I have done before, that, if the Lord will indeed give us a great outpouring of his Spirit, he will do it in such a way that it will be evident to the weakest child among you, that it is the Lord's work, and not man's. I think I may say to you, as Rutherford said to his people, 'Your heaven would be two heavens to me.' And if the Lord be pleased to give me a crown from among you, I do here promise in his sight, that I will cast it at his feet, saying, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain! Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'"

It was much feared for a time, that a jealous spirit would prevail among the people of St. Peter's, some saying, "I am of Paul, and others, I of Cephas." Those recently converted were apt to regard their spiritual father, in a light in which they could regard none besides. But Mr. M'Cheyne had received from the Lord a holy disinterestedness, that suppressed every feeling of envy. Many wondered at the single-heartedness he was enabled to exhibit. He could sincerely say, "I have no desire but the salvation of my people, by whatever instrument."

Never, perhaps, was there one placed in better circumstances for testing the Revival impartially, and seldom has any Revival been more fully tested. He came among a people whose previous character he knew; he found a work wrought among them during his absence, in which he had not had any direct share; he returned home to go out and in among them, and to be a close observer of all that had taken place; and, after a faithful and prayerful examination, he did most unhesitatingly say, that the Lord had wrought great things, whereof he was glad; and, in the case of many of those whose souls were saved in that Revival, he discovered remarkable answers to the prayers of himself, and of those who had come to the truth, before he left them. He wrote to me his impressions of the work, when he had been a few weeks among his people:—

"Rev. And. A. Bonar, Collace. "2*d Dec.* 1839.

"My dear A.—I begin upon note-paper, because I have no other on hand but our thin travelling paper. I have much to tell you, and to praise the Lord for. I am grieved to hear that there are no marks of the Spirit's work about Collace during your absence; but if Satan drive you to your knees, he will soon find cause to repent it. Remember how fathers do to their children when they ask bread. How much more shall our heavenly Father give (ἀγαθὰ) all good things to them that ask him. Re-

member the rebuke which I once got from old Mr. Dempster of Denny, after preaching to his people—'I was highly pleased with your discourse, but in prayer it struck me that you thought God *unwilling to give*.' Remember Daniel—'At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth.' And do not think you are forgotten by me as long as I have health and grace to pray.

"Every thing here I have found in a state better than I expected. The night I arrived I preached to such a congregation as I never saw before. I do not think another person could have got into the church, and there was every sign of the deepest and tenderest emotion. R. Macdonald was with me, and prayed. Affliction and success in the ministry have taught and quickened him. I preached on 1 Cor. ii. 1–4, and felt what I have often heard, that it is easy to preach where the Spirit of God is. On the Friday night Mr. Burns preached. On the Sabbath I preached on that wonderful passage, 2 Chron. v. 13, 14; Mr. Burns preached twice, morning and evening. His views of Divine truth are clear and commanding. There is a great deal of substance in what he preaches, and his manner is very powerful,—so much so, that he sometimes made me tremble. In private, he is deeply prayerful, and seems to feel his danger of falling into pride.

"I have seen many of the awakened, and many of the saved; indeed, this is a pleasant place compared with what it was once. Some of the awakened are still in the deepest anxiety and distress. Their great error is exactly what your brother Horace told me. They think that coming to Christ is some strange act of their mind, different from believing what God has said of his Son; so much so, that they will tell you with one breath, I believe all that God has said, and yet with the next, complain that they cannot come to Christ, or close with Christ. It is very hard to deal with this delusion.

"I find some old people deeply shaken; they feel insecure. One confirmed drunkard has come to me, and is, I believe, now a saved man. Some little children are evidently saved. All I have yet seen are related to converts of my own. One, eleven years old, is a singular instance of Divine grace. When I asked if she desired to be made holy, she said, 'Indeed, I often wish I was awa', that I might sin nae mair.' A. L. of fifteen, is a fine tender-hearted believer. W. S., ten, is also a happy boy.

"Many of my own dear children in the Lord are much advanced; much more full of joy—their hearts lifted up in the ways of the Lord. I have found many more savingly impressed under my own ministry than I knew of. Some have come to tell me. In one case, a whole family saved. I have hardly met with any thing to grieve me. Surely the Lord hath dealt bountifully with me. I fear, however, that the great Spirit has in some measure passed by—I hope soon to return in greater power than ever.

The week meetings are thinner now. I will turn two of them into my classes soon, and so give solid, regular instruction, of which they stand greatly in need. I have not met with one case of extravagance or false fire, although doubtless there may be many. At first, they used to follow in a body to our house, and expected many an address and prayer by the road. They have given up this now. I preached last Sabbath twice, first on Isaiah xxviii. 14—18, and then on Rev. xii. 11, 'Overcame by the blood of the Lamb.' It was a very solemn day. The people willingly sat till it was dark. Many make it a place of Bochim. Still there is nothing of the power which has been. I have tried to persuade Mr. Burns to stay with us, and I think he will remain in Dundee. I feel fully stronger in body than when I left you. Instead of exciting me, there is everything to solemnize and still my feelings. Eternity sometimes seems very near.

"I would like your advice about prayer-meetings;—how to consolidate them; what rules should be followed, if any; whether there should be mere reading of the Word and prayer, or free converse also on the passage? We began to-day a ministerial prayer-meeting, to be held every Monday at eleven for an hour and a half. This is a great comfort, and may be a great blessing. Of course, we do not invite the colder ministers; that would only damp our meeting. Tell me if you think this right.

"And now, dear A., I must be done, for it is very late. May your people share in the quickening that has come over Dundee! I feel it a very powerful argument with many—'Will you be left dry when others are getting drops of heavenly dew?' Try this with your people.

"I think it probable we shall have another communion again before the regular one. It seems very desirable. You will come and help us; and perhaps Horace too.

"I thought of coming back by Collace from Errol, if our Glasgow meeting had not come in the way.

"Will you set agoing your Wednesday meeting again immediately?

"Farewell, dear A. 'O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be to thee; be strong; yea, be strong.' Yours ever," &c.

To Mr. Burns he thus expresses himself, on *December 19th*:—"My dear Brother, I shall never be able to thank you for all your labors among the precious souls committed to me; and what is worse, I can never thank God fully for his kindness and grace, which every day appears to me more remarkable. He has answered prayer to me in all that has happened, in a way which I have never told any one." Again, on the 31st, "Stay where you are, dear brother, as long as the Lord has any work for you to do.*

* Mr. Burns was at that time in Perth, and there had began to be some movement among the dry bones.

If I know my own heart, its only desire is that Christ may be glorified, by souls flocking to him and abiding in him, and reflecting his image; and whether it be in Perth or Dundee, should signify little to us. You know I told you my mind plainly, that I thought the Lord had so blessed you in Dundee, that you were called to a fuller and deeper work there; but if the Lord accompanies you to other places, I have nothing to object. The Lord strengthened my body and soul last Sabbath, and my spirit also was glad. The people were much alive in the Lord's service. But O, dear brother, the most are Christless still. The rich are almost untroubled."

His evidence on this subject is given fully in his answers to the queries put by a Committee of the Aberdeen Presbytery; and, in a note to a friend, he incidentally mentions a pleasing result of this wide-spread awakening. "I find many souls saved under my own ministry, whom I never knew of before. They are not afraid to come out now, it has become so common a thing to be concerned about the soul." At that time, also, many came from a distance—one came from the north, who had been a year in deep distress of soul, to seek Christ in Dundee.

In his brief diary he records, on December 3d, that twenty anxious souls had that night been conversing with him; "many of them very deeply interested." He occasionally fixed an evening for the purpose of meeting with those who were awakened; and in one of his note-books there are at least *four hundred* visits recorded, made to him by inquiring souls, in the course of that and the following years. He observed, that those who had been believers formerly had got their hearts enlarged, and were greatly established; and some seemed able to feed upon the truth in a new manner—as when one related to him, how there had for some time appeared a glory in the reading of the Word in public, quite different from reading it alone.

At the same time he saw backslidings, both among those whom believers had considered really converted, and among those who had been deeply convicted, though never reckoned among the really saved. He notes in his book—"Called to see ——. Poor lad, he seems to have gone back from Christ, led away by evil company. And yet I felt sure of him at one time. What blind creatures ministers are! man looketh at the outward appearance." One morning he was visited by one of his flock, proposing "a concert for prayer on the following Monday, in behalf of those who had fallen back, that God's spirit might re-awaken them,"—so observant were the believers as well as their pastor of declensions. Among those who were awakened, but never truly converted, he mentions one case. "January 9, 1840.—Met with the case of one who had been frightened during the late work, so that her bodily health was injured. She seems to have no care now about her soul. It has only filled her mouth with evil-speaking."

That many, who promised fair, drew back and walked no more with Jesus, is true. Out of about 800 souls, who, during the months of the Revival, conversed with different ministers in apparent anxiety, no wonder surely if many proved to have been impressed only for a time. President Edwards considered it likely that, in such cases, the proportion of real conversions might resemble the proportion of blossoms in spring, and fruit in autumn. Nor can anything be more unreasonable than to doubt the truth of all, because of the deceit of some. The world itself does not so act in judging of its own. The world reckons upon the possibility of being mistaken in many cases, and yet does not cease to believe that there is honesty and truth to be found. One of themselves, a poet of their own, has said with no less justice than beauty—

> "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
> And though foul things put on the brows of grace,
> Yet grace must still look so."

But, above all, we have the authority of the word of God, declaring that such backslidings are the very tests of the true Church—"For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." 1 Cor. xi. 19. It is not, however, meant that any who had really believed went back to perdition. On the contrary, it is the creed of every sound evangelical Church, that those who do go back to perdition, were persons who never really believed in Jesus. Their eyes may have been opened to see the dread realities of sin and of the wrath to come, but if they saw not righteousness for their guilty souls in the Saviour, there is nothing in all Scripture to make us expect that they will continue awake. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and *Christ will give thee light*," is the call—inviting sinners to a point far beyond mere conviction. One who, for a whole year, went back to folly, said—"Your sermon on the corruption of the heart made me despair, and so I gave myself up to my old ways—attending dances, learning songs," &c. A knowledge of our guilt, and a sense of danger, will not of themselves keep us from falling; nay, these, if alone, may (as in the above case) thrust us down the slippery places. We are truly secure only when our eye is on Jesus, and our hand locked in his hand. So that the history of blackslidings, instead of leading us to doubt the reality of grace in believers, will only be found to teach us two great lessons, viz., the vast importance of pressing immediate salvation on awakened souls, and the reasonableness of standing in doubt of all, however deep their convictions, who have not truly fled to the hope set before them.

There was another ground of prejudice against the whole work, arising from the circumstance that the Lord had employed in it young men not long engaged in the work of the ministry, rather than the fathers in Israel. But herein it was that sovereign grace

shone forth the more conspicuously. Do such objectors suppose that God ever intends the honor of man in a work of Revival? Is it not the honor of his own name that he seeks? Had it been his wish to give the glory to man at all, then indeed it might have been asked, "Why does he pass by the older pastors, and call for the inexperienced youth?" But when sovereign grace was coming to bless a region in the way that would redound most to the glory of the Lord, can we conceive a wiser plan than to use the sling of David in bringing down the Philistine! If, however, there be some whose prejudice is from the root of envy, let such hear the remonstrance of Richard Baxter to the jealous ministers of his day. "What! malign Christ in gifts for which he should have the glory, and all because they seem to hinder our glory! Does not every man owe thanks to God for his brethren's gifts—not only as having himself part in them, as the foot has the benefit of the guidance of the eye, but also because his own ends may be attained by his brethren's gifts as well as by his own? . . . . . A fearful thing that any man, that hath the least of the fear of God, should so envy at God's gifts, that he would rather his carnal hearers were unconverted, and the drowsy not awakened, than that it should be done by another who may be preferred before them."*

The work of the Spirit went on, the stream flowing gently; for the heavy showers had fallen, and the overflowing of the waters had passed by. Mr. M'Cheyne became more than ever vigilant and discriminating in dealing with souls. Observing, also, that some were influenced more by feelings of strong attachment to their pastor personally, than by the power of the truths he preached, he became more reserved in his dealings with them, so that some thought there was a little coldness or repulsiveness in his manner. If there did appear anything of this nature to some, certainly it was no indication of diminished compassion; but, on the contrary proceeded from a scrupulous anxiety to guard others against the deceitful feelings of their own souls. A few notes of his work occur at this period.

"November 27, 1839.—A pleasant meeting in the Cross Church on Wednesday last, for the seamen. All that spoke seemed to honor the Saviour. I had to move thanksgiving to God for his mercies. This has been a real blessing to Dundee. It should not be forgotten in our prayers and thanksgivings."

"Nov. 28—Thursday evening.—Much comfort in speaking. There was often an awful stillness. Spoke on Jerem. vi. 14—'They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly,'" &c.

"December 1.—This evening came a tender Christian, so far as I can see; an exposition of that text, '*I will go softly*,' or of that other, '*Thou shalt not open thy mouth any more*.' A child

* Reformed Pastor, iv. 2.

of shame made one of honor. Her sister was awakened under Mr. Baxter's words in St. Peter's, of whom he asked, 'Would you like to be holy?' She replied, 'Indeed, I often wish I were dead that I might sin no more.'"

"Dec. 3.—Preached six times within these two days."

"Dec. 8.—Saw J. T. in fever. She seems really in Christ now; tells me how deeply my words sank into her soul when I was away. A. M. stayed to tell me her joy. J. B. walked home with me, telling me what God had done for his soul, when one day I had stopt at the quarry on account of a shower of rain, and took shelter with my pony in the engine-house." He had simply pointed to the fire of the furnace, and said, "What does that remind you of?" and the words had remained deep in the man's soul.

"Dec. 11.—A woman awakened that night I preached in J. D.'s green, about two years ago, on Ezek. xx. 43. For twenty years she had been out of church privileges, and now, for the first time, came trembling to ask restoration. Surely Immanuel is in this place, and even old sinners are flocking to him. I have got an account of about twenty prayer-meetings connected with my flock. Many open ones; many fellowship meetings; only one or two have any thing like exhortation superadded to the Word. These, I think, it must be our care to change, if possible, lest error and pride creep in. The only other difficulty is this. In two of the female meetings, originally fellowship-meetings, anxious female inquirers have been admitted. They do not pray, but only hear. In one, M. and J. had felt the rising of pride to a great degree; in the other, M. could not be persuaded that there was any danger of pride. This case will require prayerful deliberation. My mind at present is, that there is great danger from it, the praying members feeling themselves on a different level from the others, and any thing like female-teaching, as a public teacher, seems clearly condemned in the Word of God."

"Dec. 12.—Felt very feeble all day, and as if I could not do any more work in the vineyard. Evening—Felt more of the reality of Immanuel's intercession. The people also were evidently subdued by more than a human testimony. One soul waited, sobbing most piteously. She could give no more account of herself than that she was a sinner, and did not believe that God would be merciful to her. When I showed how I found mercy, her only answer was—'But you were not sic a sinner as me.'"

"Dec. 18.—Went to Glasgow along with A. B. Preached in St. George's to a full audience, in the cause of the Jews. Felt real help in time of need." This was one of his many journeys from place to place in behalf of Israel, relating the things seen and heard among the Jews of Palestine and other lands.

"Dec. 22.—Preached in Anderston Church, with a good deal of inward peace and comfort."

"Dec. 23.—Interesting meeting with the Jewish Committee. In the evening met a number of God's people. The horror of some good people in Glasgow at the Millenarian views is very great, while at the same time their objections appear very weak."

"Dec. 31.—Young communicants. Two have made application to be admitted under eleven years of age; four that are only fourteen; three who are fifteen or sixteen."

"January 1, 1840.—Awoke early by the kind providence of God, and had uncommon freedom and fervency in keeping the concert for prayer this morning before light. Very touching interview with M. P., who still refuses to be comforted. Was enabled to cry after a glorious Immanuel along with her. How I wish I had her bitter convictions of sin! Another called this evening, who says she was awakened and brought to Christ during the sermon on the morning of December 1st, on the 'Covenant with death.' Gave clear answers, but seems too unmoved for one really changed."

"Jan. 2.—Visited six families. Was refreshed and solemnized at each of them. Spoke of the Word made flesh, and of all the paths of the Lord being mercy and truth. Visited in the evening by some interesting souls: one a believing little boy; another complaining she cannot come to Christ for the hardness of her heart; another once awakened under my ministry, again thoroughly awakened and brought to Christ under Horace Bonar's sermon at the Communion. She is the only saved one in her family—awfully persecuted by father and mother. Lord, stand up for thine own! Make known, by their constancy under suffering the power and beauty of thy grace! Evening—Mr. Miller preached delightfully on 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' His account of the Protestants of France was very interesting—the work of God at Nismes, where it is said they are no more fishing with line, but dragging with the nets. Read a letter from Mr. Cumming, describing the work at Perth, and entreating the prayers of God's children."

This last reference is to the awakening which took place in St. Leonard's Church, Perth, on the last night of the year, when Mr. Burns, along with their pastor, Mr. Milne, was preaching. Mr. B. had intended to return to Dundee for the Sabbath, but was detained by the plain indications of the Lord's presence. At one meeting, the work was so glorious that one night about 150 persons at one time seemed bowed down under a sense of their guilt, and above 200 came next day to the Church in the forenoon to converse about their souls. This awakening was the commencement of a solid work of grace, both in that town and its neighborhood, much fruit of which is to be found there at this day in souls that are walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. And it was in the spring of this same year, that, in Col-

lace, at our weekly prayer-meeting, when two brethren were ministering, we received a blessed shower from the Lord.

His Journal proceeds:—

"Jan. 3.—An inquirer came, awakened under my ministry two years and a half ago."

"Jan. 5.—Two came; M. B. sorely wounded with the forenoon's discourse."

"Jan. 12.—Intimated a concert for prayer, that unworthy communicants might be kept back, the Lord's children prepared for the feast, and ministers furnished from on high."

"Jan. 13.—Kept concert of prayer this morning with my dear people. Did not find the same enlargement as usual."

"March 5—Thursday evening.—Preached on Zech. iii.—Joshua. Was led to speak searchingly about making Christ the minister of sin. One young woman cried aloud very bitterly. M. B. came to tell me that poor M. is like to have her life taken away by her parents. A young woman also, who is still concerned, and persecuted by her father. A young man came to tell me that he had found Christ. Roll on, thou river of life! visit every dwelling! save a multitude of souls. Come, Holy Spirit! come quickly."

"March 25.—Last night at Forfar speaking for Israel to a small band of friends of the Jews. Fearfully wicked place—the cry of it ascends up before God like that of Sodom."

"March 31.—Met with young communicants on Wednesday and Friday. On the latter night especially, very deep feeling, manifested in sobbings. Visits of several. One dear child nine years old. Sick bed."

"April 1.—Presbytery day. Passed the constitution of two new churches—blessed be God!—may He raise up faithful pastors for them both—Dudhope and Wallace-Feus. Proposal also for the Mariners' Church. A fast-day fixed for the present state of the Church."

"April 5, Sabbath evening.—Spoke to twenty-four young persons, one by one; almost all affected about their souls."

"April 6.—Lovely ride and meditation in a retired grove."

"April 7.—Impressed to-night with the complete necessity of preaching to my people in their own lanes and closes; in no other way will God's Word ever reach them. To-night spoke in St. Andrew's Church to a very crowded assembly in behalf of Israel. Was helped to speak plainly to their own consciences. Lord bless it! Shake this town!"

"April 13.—Spoke in private to nearly thirty young communicants, all in one room, going round each, and advising for the benefit of all."

"April 22.—Rode to Collessie (Fife) and Kirkaldy. Sweet time alone in Collessie woods."

"July 30.—One lad came to me in great distress wishing to

know if he should confess his little dishonesties to his master." About this time, he has noted down, "I was visiting the other day, and came to a locked door. What did this mean? 'Torment me not, torment me not.' Ah, Satan is mighty still"—referring to Mark v. 7.

A few of his Communion seasons are recorded. We could have desired a record of them all. The first of which he has detailed any particulars, is the one he enjoyed soon after returning home.

"January 19, 1840.—Stormy morning, with gushing torrents of rain, but cleared up in answer to prayer. Sweet union in prayer with Mr. Cumming, and afterwards with A. Bonar. Found God in secret. Asked especially that the very sight of the broken bread and poured out wine might be blessed to some souls, then pride will be hidden from man. Church well filled—many standing. Preached the action sermon on John xvii. 24, 'Father, I will,' &c. Had considerable nearness to God in prayer—more than usual—and also freedom in preaching, although I was ashamed of such poor views of Christ's glory. The people were in a very desirable frame of attention—hanging on the word. Felt great help in fencing the table, from Acts v. 3, 'Lying to the Holy Ghost.' Came down and served the first table, with much more calmness and collectedness than ever I remember to have enjoyed. Enjoyed a sweet season while A. B. served the next table. He dwelt chiefly on believing the words of Christ about his fulness, and the promise of the Father. There were six tables altogether. The people more and more moved to the end. At the last table, every head seemed bent like a bulrush while A. B. spoke of the ascension of Christ. Helped a little in the address, 'Now to him who is able to keep you,' &c., and in the concluding prayer.* One little boy, in retiring, said, 'This has been another bonnie day.' Many of the little ones seemed deeply attentive. Mr. Cumming and Mr. Burns preached in the school the most of the day. In the evening Mr. C. preached on the Pillar Cloud on every dwelling, Isaiah iv. 5, some very sweet, powerful words. Mr. Burns preached in the school-room. When the church emptied, a congregation formed in the lower school, and began to sing. Sang several psalms with them, and spoke on 'Behold I stand at the door.' Going home, A. L. said, 'Pray for me; I am quite happy, and so is H.' Altogether a day of the revelation of Christ—a sweet day to myself, and, I am persuaded, to many souls. Lord, make us meet for the table above."

Another of these Communion seasons recorded, is April, 1840. "Sabbath, 19.—Sweet and precious day. Preached action sermon on Zech. xii. 10; xiii. 1. A good deal assisted. Also in fencing the tables, on Psa. cxxxix., 'Search me, O God.' Less at serving the tables, on 'I will betroth thee,' and 'To him that overcometh;' though the thanksgiving was sweet. Communicated

* See the Remains, for some of that day's solemn words.

with calm joy. Old Mr. Burns served two tables; H. Bonar five. There was a very melting frame visible among the people. Helped a good deal in the address on 'My sheep hear my voice.' After seven before all was over. Met before eight. Old Mr. Burns preached on 'A word in season.' Gave three parting texts, and so concluded this blessed day. Many were filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"Monday, 20.—Mr. Grierson preached on, 'Ye are come to Mount Zion'—an instructive word. Pleasant walk with H. B. Evening sermon from him to the little children on the 'new heart'—truly delightful. Prayer-meeting after. I began; then old Mr. Burns; then Horace, in a very lively manner, on the 'woman of Samaria.' The people were brought into a very tender frame. After the blessing, a multitude remained. One (A. N.) was like a person struck through with a dart; she could neither stand nor go. Many were looking on her with faces of horror. Others were comforting her in a very kind manner, bidding her look to Jesus. Mr. Burns went to the desk, and told them of Kilsyth. Still they would not go away. Spoke a few words more to those around me, telling them of the loveliness of Christ, and the hardness of their hearts, that they could be so unmoved when one was so deeply wounded. The sobbing soon spread, till many heads were bent down, and the church was filled with sobbing. Many whom I did not know were now affected. After prayer, we dismissed, near midnight. Many followed us. One, in great agony, prayed that she might find Christ that very night. So ends this blessed season."

The prayer-meeting on the Monday evening following the Communion was generally enjoyed by all the Lord's people, and by the ministers who assisted, in a peculiar manner. Often all felt the last day of the feast to be the great day. Souls that had been enjoying the feast were then, at its conclusion, taking hold on the arm of the Beloved in the prospect of going up through the wilderness.

The only notice of this last Communion, January 1, 1843, is the following.—"Sabbath—A happy Communion season. Mr. W. Burns preached on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings—the first and last very solemn. Mr. Baxter (of Hilltown Church) on the Friday. A. Bonar on Saturday, on Rom. viii.—the spirit of adoption. I fainted on the Sabbath morning, but revived, and got grace and strength to preach on 1 Tim. i. 16—Paul's conversion a pattern. There were five tables. Many godly strangers, and a very desirable frame observable in the people. 'While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth out the smell thereof.' Much sin was covered. He restoreth my soul. Monday, 2.—Mr. Milne (of Perth) preached on, 'Hold fast that thou hast;' and in the evening, to the children, on Josh. xxiv. 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' Andrew and I

concluded with Rev. v. 'Thou hast redeemed us,' &c., and 1 Cor. xv. 'Be steadfast,' &c."

He dispensed the Lord's Supper to his flock every quarter; and though on this account his calls upon his brethren for help were frequent, yet never did a brother reckon it anything else than a blessed privilege to be with him. His first invitation to his friend Mr. Hamilton (then at Abernyte), will show the nature of the intercourse that subsisted between him and his brethren who gave their services on these occasions:—"My dear friend, will you excuse lack of ceremony, and come down to-morrow and preach to us the unsearchable riches of Christ? We have the Communion on Sabbath. We have no fast-day, but only a meeting in the evening at a quarter past seven. Come, my dear Sir, if you can, and refresh us with your company. Bring the fragrance of 'the bundle of myrrh' along with you, and may grace be poured into your lips. Yours ever." (Jan. 15, 1840.)

Soon after his return from his Mission to the Jews, a ministerial prayer-meeting was formed among some of the brethren in Dundee. Mr. M'Cheyne took part in it, along with Mr. Lewis of St. David's, Mr. Baxter of Hilltown, Mr. P. L. Miller, afterwards of Wallacetown, and others. Feeling deep concern for the salvation of the souls under their care, they met every Monday forenoon, to pray together for their flocks, and their own souls. The time of the meeting was limited to an hour and a half, in order that all who attended might form their pastoral arrangements for the day, without fear of being hindered; and, in addition to prayer, those present conversed on some selected topic, vitally connected with their duties as ministers of Christ. Mr. M'Cheyne was never absent from his prayer-meeting, unless through absolute necessity, and the brethren scarcely remember any occasion on which some important remark did not drop from his lips. He himself reaped great profit from it. He notes, December 8th—"This has been a deeply interesting week. On Monday our ministerial prayer-meeting was set agoing in St. David's vestry. The hearts of all seem really in earnest in it. The Lord answers prayer; may it be a great blessing to our souls and to our flocks." Another time—"Meeting in St. David's vestry. The subject of fasting was spoken upon. Felt exceedingly in my own spirit how little we feel real grief on account of sin before God, or we would often lose our appetite for food. When parents lose a child, they often do not taste a bit from morning to night, out of pure grief. Should we not mourn as for an only child? How little of the spirit of grace and supplication we have then!" On Dec. 30—"Pleasant meeting of ministers. Many delightful texts on 'Arguments to be used with God in prayer.' How little I have used these! Should we not study prayer more?"

Full as he was of affection and Christian kindness to all be-

lievers, he was specially so to the faithful brethren in the gospel of Christ. Perhaps there never was one who more carefully watched against the danger of undervaluing precious men, and detracting from a brother's character. Although naturally ambitious, grace so wrought in him, that he never sought to bring himself into view; and most cheerfully would he observe and take notice of the graces and gifts of others. Who is there of us that should ever feel otherwise? "For the body is not one member, but many." And "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

All with whom he was intimate still remember with gratitude how faithfully and anxiously he used to warn his friends of whatever he apprehended they were in danger from. To Mr. W. C. Burns he wrote, Dec. 31, 1839: "Now, the Lord be your strength, teacher. and guide. I charge you, be clothed with humility, or you will yet be a wandering star, for which is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. Let Christ increase; let man decrease. This is my constant prayer for myself and you. If you lead sinners to yourself, and not to Christ, Immanuel will cast the star out of his right hand into utter darkness. Remember what I said of preaching out of the Scriptures; honor the Word both in the matter and manner. Do not cease to pray for me." At another time (Nov. 3, 1841), he thus wrote to the same friend: "Now, remember Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of the spiritual life and of the ministry. O for closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but O for a holy ignorance of our shining. Pray for this; for you need it as well as I."

To another friend in the ministry who had written to him despondingly about his people and the times, his reply was, "I am sure there never was a time when the Spirit of God was more present in Scotland, and it does not become you to murmur in your tents, but rather to give thanks. Remember, we may grieve the Spirit as truly by not joyfully acknowledging his wonders as by not praying for him. There is the clearest evidence that God is saving souls in Kilsyth, Dundee, Perth, Collace, Blairgowrie, Strathbogie, Ross-shire, Breadalbane, Kelso, Jedburgh, Ancrum; and surely it becomes us to say, 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.' Forgive my presumption; but I fear least you hurt your own peace and usefulness in not praising God enough for the operation of his hands." To another: "I have told you that you needed trial, and now it is come. May you be exercised thereby, and come to that happy 'afterwards' of which the Apostle speaks." To the same again: "Remember the necessity of your own soul, and do not grow slack or lean in feeding others. 'Mine own vineyard have I not kept.' Ah, take heed of

that!" And in a similar tone of faithfulness at an after period "Remember the case of your own soul. 'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Remember how often Paul appeals to his holy, just, unblameable life. O that we may be able always to do the same!" "Remember the pruning-knife," he says to another, "and do not let your vine run to wood." And after a visit to Mr. Thornton of Milnathort, in whose parish there had been an awakening, he asks a brother, "Mr. Thornton is willing that others be blessed more than himself; do you think that you have that grace? I find that I am never so successful as when I can lie at Christ's feet, willing to be used or not as seemeth good in his sight. Do you remember David? 'If the Lord say I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I; let him do to me as seemeth good unto him:'" In his familiar letters, as in his life, there was the manifestation of a bright, cheerful soul, without the least tendency to levity. When his medical attendant had, on one occasion, declined any remuneration, Mr. M'Cheyne peremptorily opposed his purpose; and to overcome his reluctance, returned the inclosure in a letter, in which he used his poetical gifts with most pleasant humor.

To many it was a subject of wonder that he found time to write letters that always breathed the name of Jesus, amid his innumerable engagements. But the truth was, his letters cost him no expenditure of time; they were ever the fresh thoughts and feelings of his soul at the moment he took up the pen; his habitual frame of soul is what appears in them all. The calm, holy, tenderly-affectionate style of his letters reminds us of Samuel Rutherford, whose works he delighted to read—excepting only that his joy never seems to have risen to ecstasies. The selection of his letters which I have made for publication, may exhibit somewhat of his holy skill in dropping a word for his Master on all occasions. But what impressed many yet more, was his manner of introducing the truth, most naturally and strikingly, even in the shortest note he penned; and there was something so elegant, as well as solemn, in his few words at the close of some of his letters, that these remained deep in the receiver's heart. Writing to Mr. G. S. on July 28, 1841, he thus draws to a close: "Remember me to H. T. I pray he may be kept abiding in Christ. Kindest regards to his mother. Say to her from me, 'Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear, forasmuch as ye know ye were not redeemed with corruptible things such as silver and gold;' 1 Peter i. 17, 18. Keep your own heart, dear brother, 'in the love of God' (Jude 21), in his love to you, and that will draw your love to him. Kindest remembrances to your brother. Say to him, 'Be sober and hope to the end.' (1 Peter i. 13.) To your own dear mother say, 'He doth not afflict willingly.' Write me soon.—Ever yours, till time shall be no more." In a note to the members of his own family:—"The Tay is before me now

like a resplendent mirror, glistening in the morning sun. May the same sun shine sweetly on you, and may He that makes it shine, shine into your hearts to give you the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—In haste, your affectionate son and brother." There were often such last words as the following—"O for drops in the pastures of the wilderness! The smiles of Jesus be with you, and the breathings of the Holy Ghost. Ever yours." (To Rev. J. Milne.) "May we have gales passing from Perth to this, and from here to you, and from heaven to both. Ever yours." (To the same.) "The time is short; eternity is near; yea, the coming of Christ the second time is at hand. Make sure of being one with the Lord Jesus, that you may be glad when you see him. Commending you all to our father in heaven," &c. (To his own brother.) "I have a host of letters before me, and therefore can add no more. I give you a parting text, 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'" Another—"Farewell! yours till the day dawn." To the Rev. Hor. Bonar he says, at the close of a letter about some ministerial arrangements, "I am humbled and cheered by what you say of good done in Kelso. Roll on, roll on, river of God, that art full of water. A woman came to me, awakened under your sermon to the children in the Cross Church, very bitterly convinced of sin. Glory to the Divine Archer, who bringeth down the people!" He closes a letter to a student thus: "Grace be with you, and much of the knowledge of Jesus—much of his likeness. I thirst for the knowledge of the Word, but most of all of Jesus himself, the True Word. May he abide in you, and you in him! The fear of Isaac watch over you." In concluding a letter to Mr. Bonar of Larbert, in February, 1843, some weeks before his last illness, he writes—"My soul often goes out at the throne of grace in behalf of Larbert and Dunipace. May the disruption be more blessed to them than days of peace! How sweet to be in the ark when the deluge comes down. Ever yours in gospel bonds."

The Jewish Mission continued near his heart, "the nearest," said he to Mr. Edwards, who is now at Jassy, "of all missionary enterprises. Were it not for my own unfitness, and also the success the Lord has given me where I am, I would joyfully devote myself to it." In connection with this cause, he was invited to visit Ireland, and be present at the meeting of the Synod of our Presbyterian brethren in the summer of 1840. When preparing to set out, he notices the hand of his Master guiding him:—"July 2.—Expected to have been in Ireland this day. Detained by not being able to get supply for Sabbath, in the good providence of God, for this evening there was a considerable awakening in the Church while I was preaching upon Philip. iii. 18, 'Enemies of the cross of Christ.' When that part was expounded there was a loud and bitter weeping—probably thirty or forty seemed to

share in it; the rest deeply impressed—many secretly praying." On the Sabbath following, one person was so overcome as to be carried out of the church.

He set out for Ireland on the 7th, and on the 10th witnessed at Belfast the union between the Synod of Ulster and the Secession. He speaks of it as a most solemn scene—500 ministers and elders present. During his stay there, he pleaded the cause of the Jews in Mr. Morgan's Church, Mr. Wilson's, and some others; and also visited Mr. Kirkpatrick at Dublin. He preached the way of salvation to the Gentiles in all his pleadings for Israel. His visit was blessed to awaken a deep interest in the cause of the Jews, and his words sank into the consciences of some. His sermon on Ezekiel xxxiv. 16, was felt by some to be indescribably impressive; and when he preached on Rom. i. 16, 17, many ministers, as they came out, were heard saying, "How was it we never thought of the duty of remembering Israel before?" On another occasion, the people to whom he had preached entreated their minister to try and get him again, and if he could not preach to them, that at least he should pray once more with them.

He was not, however, long absent from home on this occasion. On the 25th, I find him recording—"Reached home; entirely unprepared for the evening. Spoke on Psalm li. 12, 13, 'Restore unto me the joy,' &c. There seemed much of the presence of God—first one crying out in extreme agony, then another. Many were deeply melted, and all solemnized. Felt a good deal of freedom in speaking of the glory of Christ's salvation. Coming down, I spoke quietly to some whom I knew to be under deep concern. They were soon heard together, weeping bitterly; many more joined them. Mr. Cumming spoke to them in a most touching strain, while I dealt privately with several in the vestry. Their cries were often very bitter and piercing, bitterest when the freeness of Christ was pressed upon them, and the lion's nearness. Several were offended; but I felt no hesitation as to our duty to declare the simple truth impressively, and leave God to work in their hearts in his own way. If he saves souls in a quiet way I shall be happy; if in the midst of cries and tears, still I will bless his name. One painful thing has occurred: a man who pretends to be a missionary for Israel, and who brings forward the Apocryphal book of Enoch, has been among my people, in my absence, and many have been led after him. How humbling is this to them and to me! Lord, what is man! This may be blessed, 1st, to discover chaff which we thought to be wheat; 2d, To lead some to greater distress of themselves, when their eyes are opened; 3d, to teach me the need of solidly instructing those who seem to have grace in their hearts."

The work of God went on, so much so at this time, that he gave it as his belief, in a letter to Mr. Purves of Jedburgh, that for some months about this period no minister of Christ had preached

in a lively manner, without being blessed to some soul among his flock.

In other places of Scotland also the Lord was then pouring out his spirit. Perth has been already mentioned, and its vicinity. Throughout Ross-shire, whole congregations were frequently moved as one man, and the voice of the minister drowned in the cries of anxious souls. At Kelso, where Mr. Horace Bonar labored, and at Jedburgh, where Mr. Purves was pastor, a more silent, but very solid work of conversion was advancing. At Ancrum (once the scene of John Livingston's labors), the whole parish, but especially the men of the place, were awakened to the most solemn concern. On Lochtay-side, where Mr. Burns was for a season laboring, there were marks of the Spirit everywhere; and the people crossing the lake in hundreds, to listen to the words of life on the hill-side, called to mind the people of Galilee in the days when the Gospel began to be preached. At Lawers, Mr. Campbell, their pastor (who has now fallen asleep in Jesus), spoke of the awakening as "like a resurrection," so great and sudden was the change from deadness to intense concern. On several occasions, the Spirit seemed to sweep over the congregations like wind over the fields which bends the heavy corn to the earth. It was evident to discerning minds, that the Lord was preparing Scotland for some crisis not far distant.

Several districts of Strathbogie had shared to some extent in a similar blessing. Faithful ministers were now everywhere on the watch for the shower, and were greatly strengthened to go forward boldly in seeking to cleanse the sanctuary. It was their fond hope that the Established Church of Scotland would soon become an example and pattern to the nations of a pure Church of Christ, acknowledged and upheld by the State, without being trammelled in any degree, far less controlled by civil interference. But Satan was stirring up adversaries on every side.

The Court of Session had adopted a line of procedure that was at once arbitrary and unconstitutional. And now that Court interdicted, under the penalty of fine or imprisonment, all the ministers of the Church of Scotland from administering ordinances or preaching the Word in any of the seven parishes of Strathbogie, whose former incumbents had been suspended from office by the General Assembly for ecclesiastical offences. The Church saw it to be her duty to refuse obedience to an interdict, which hindered the preaching of Jesus, and attempted to crush her constitutional liberties. Accordingly, ministers were sent to these districts, fearless of the result; and under their preaching the gross darkness of the region began to give way to the light of truth.

In the month of August, Mr. M'Cheyne was appointed, along with Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, to visit Huntly, and dispense the Lord's Supper there. As he set out he expressed the hope, that "the dews of the Spirit there might be turned into the pouring

rain." His own visit was blessed to many. Mr. Cumming preached the action sermon in the open air at the Meadow Well; but the tables were served within the building where the congregation usually met.. Mr. M'Cheyne preached in the evening to a vast multitude at the well; and about a hundred waited after sermon for prayer, many of them in deep anxiety.

He came to Edinburgh on the 11th, to attend the meeting of ministers and elders who had come together to sign the *Solemn Engagement* in defence of the liberties of Christ's Church. He nesitated not to put his hand to the Engagement. He then returned to Dundee; and scarcely had he returned, when he was laid aside by one of those attacks of illness with which he was so often tried. In this case, however, it soon passed away. "My health," he remarked, "has taken a gracious turn, which should make me look up." But again, on September 6th, an attack of fever laid him down for six days. On this occasion, just before the sickness came on, three persons had visited him, to tell him how they were brought to Christ under his ministry some years before. "Why," he noted in his journal, "Why has God brought these cases before me *this week?* Surely he is preparing me for some trial of faith." The result proved that his conjecture was just. And while his Master prepared him beforehand for these trials, he had ends to accomplish in his servant by means of them. There were other trials also, besides these, which were very heavy to him; but in all we could discern the husbandman pruning the branch, that it might bear more fruit. As he himself said one day in the church of Abernyte, when he was assisting Mr. Manson, "If we only saw the whole, we should see that the father is doing little else in the world but *training his vines.*"

His preaching became more and more to him a work of faith. Often I find him writing at the close or beginning of a sermon:— "Master, help," "Help, Lord, help," "Send showers," "Pardon, give the Spirit, and take the glory," "May the opening of my lips be right things." The piercing effects of the word preached on souls at this season may be judged of, from what one of the awakened, with whom he was conversing, said to him, "*I think hell would be some relief from an angry God.*"

His delight in preaching was very great. He himself used to say that he could scarcely ever resist an invitation to preach. And this did not arise from the natural excitement there is in commanding the attention of thousands; for he was equally ready to proclaim Christ to small country flocks. Nay, he was ready to travel far to visit and comfort even one soul. There was an occasion this year on which he rode far to give a cup of cold water to a disciple, and his remark was, "I observe how often Jesus went a long way for one soul, as for example the maniac, and the woman of Canaan."

In February, 1841, he visited Kelso and Jedburgh at the com-

munion season; and gladly complied with an invitation to Ancrum also, that he might witness the hand of the Lord. "Sweet are the spots," he wrote, "where Immanuel has ever shown his glorious power in the conviction and conversion of sinners. The world loves to muse on the scenes where battles were fought and victories won. Should not we love the spots where our great Captain has won his amazing victories? Is not the conversion of a soul more worthy to be spoken of than the taking of Acre?" At Kelso, some will long remember his remarks in visiting a little girl, to whom he said, "Christ gives last knocks. When your heart becomes hard and careless, then fear lest Christ may have given a *last knock*." At Jedburgh, the impression left was chiefly that there had been among them a man of peculiar holiness. Some felt, not so much his words, as his presence and holy solemnity, as if one spoke to them who was standing in the presence of God; and to others his prayers appeared like the breathings of one already within the vail.

I find him proposing to a minister who was going up to the General Assembly that year, "that the Assembly should draw out a *Confession of Sin*, for all its ministers." The state, also, of parishes under the direful influence of Moderatism, lay much upon his spirit. In his diary he writes—"Have been laying much to heart the absolute necessity laid upon the Church of sending the gospel to our dead parishes, during the life of the present incumbents. It is confessed that many of our ministers do not preach the gospel—alas! because they know it not. Yet they have complete control over their own pulpits, and may never suffer the truth to be heard there during their whole incumbency. And yet our Church consigns these parishes to their tender mercies for perhaps fifty years, without a sigh! Should not certain men be ordained as Evangelists, with full power to preach in every pulpit of their district—faithful, judicious, lively preachers, who may go from parish to parish, and thus carry life into many a dead corner?" This was a subject he often reverted to; and he eagerly held up the example of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, who made a proposal to this effect. From some of his later letters, it appears that he had sometimes seriously weighed the duty of giving up his fixed charge, if only the Church would ordain him as an Evangelist. So deep were his feelings on this matter, that a friend relates of him, that as they rode together through a parish where the pastor "clothed himself with the wool, but fed not the flock," he knit his brow and raised his hand with vehemence as he spoke of the people left to perish under such a minister.

He was invited to visit Ireland again this year, his former visit having been much valued by the Presbyterian brethren there. He did so in July. Many were greatly stirred up by his preaching, and by his details of God's work in Scotland. His sermon

on Song viii. 5, 6, is still spoken of by many. His prayerfulness and consistent holiness left enduring impressions on not a few; and it was during his visit that a memorial was presented to the Irish Assembly in behalf of a Jewish mission. His visit was in a great measure the means of setting that mission on foot.

Cordially entering into the proposal of the concert for prayer, he took part, in September of this year, in the preliminary meetings in which Christians of all denominations joined. "How sweet are the smallest approximations to unity," is his remark in his diary. Indeed, he so much longed for a scriptural unity, that some time after, when the General Assembly had repealed the statute of 1799, he embraced the opportunity of showing his sincere desire for unity, by inviting two dissenting brethren to his pulpit, and then writing in defence of his conduct when attacked. In reference to this matter, he observed, in a note to a friend—"I have been much delighted with the 25th and 26th chapters of the Confession of Faith. O for the grace of the Westminster divines to be poured out upon this generation of lesser men!"

As it was evident that his Master owned his labor abundantly, by giving him seals of his apostleship, there were attempts made occasionally by zealous friends to induce him to remove to other spheres. In all these cases, he looked simply at the apparent indications of the Lord's will. Worldly interest seemed scarcely ever to cross his mind in regard to such a matter, for he truly lived a disinterested life. His views may be judged of by one instance—a letter to Mr. Heriot of Ramornie, in reference to a charge which many were anxious to offer him.

"*Dundee, 24th September*, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—I have received a letter from my friend Mr. M'Farlane of Collessie, asking what I would do if the people of Kettle were to write desiring me to be their minister. He also desires me to send an answer to you. I have been asked to leave this place again and again, but have never seen my way clear to do so. I feel quite at the disposal of my Divine Master. I gave myself away to him when I began my ministry, and he has guided me as by the Pillar Cloud from the first day till now. I think I would leave this place to-morrow if he were to *bid* me; but as to *seeking removal*, I dare *not* and *could not*. If my ministry were unsuccessful—if God frowned upon the place and made my message void—then I would willingly go; for I would rather beg my bread than preach without success; but I have never wanted success. I do not think I can speak a month in this parish without winning some souls. This very week I think has been a fruitful one, more so than many for a long time, which perhaps was intended graciously to free me from all hesitation in declining your kind offer. I mention these things, not, I trust, boastfully, but only to show you the ground upon which I feel it to

be my duty not for a moment to entertain the proposal. I have 4000 souls here hanging on me. I have as much of this world's goods as I care for. I have full liberty to preach the Gospel night and day; and the Spirit of God is often with us. What can I desire more? 'I dwell among mine own people.' Hundreds look to me as a father; and I fear I would be a false shepherd if I were to leave them when the clouds of adversity are beginning to lower. I know the need of Kettle, and its importance; and also the dark prospect of your getting a godly minister. Still that is a future event in the hand of God. My duty is made plain and simple according to God's Word.

"Praying that the Lord Jesus may send you a star from his own right hand, believe me to be," &c.

It was during this year that the Sabbath question began to interest him so much. His tract "I love the Lord's Day," was published December 18th; but he had already exerted himself much in this cause, as Convener of the Committee of Presbytery on Sabbath Observance, and had written his well-known letter to one of the chief defenders of the Sabbath desecration. He continued unceasingly to use every effort in this holy cause. And is it not worth the prayers and self-denying efforts of every believing man? Is not that day set apart as a season wherein the Lord desires the refreshing rest of his own love to be offered to a fallen world? Is it not designed to be a day on which every other voice and sound is to be hushed, in order that the silver trumpets may proclaim atonement for sinners? Nay, it is understood to be a day wherein God himself stands before the altar and pleads with sinners to accept the Lamb slain, from morning to evening. Who is there that does not see the deep design of Satan in seeking to effect an inroad on this most merciful appointment of God our Saviour?

Mr. M'Cheyne's own conduct was in full accordance with his principles in regard to strict yet cheerful Sabbath observance. Considering it the summit of human privilege to be admitted to fellowship with God, his principle was that the Lord's Day was to be spent wholly in the enjoyment of that sweetest privilege. A letter, written at a later period, but bearing on this subject, will show how he felt this day to be better than a thousand. An individual near Inverness had consulted him on a point of Sabbatical casuistry: the question was, Whether or not it was sinful to spend time in registering meteorological observations on the Sabbath? His reply was the following, marked by a holy wisdom, and discovering the place which the Lord held in his inmost soul:—

"*December* 7, 1842.

"Dear Friend,—You ask me a hard question. Had you asked me *what I would do in the case*, I could easily tell you. I love the Lord's Day too well to be marking down the height of

the thermometer and barometer every hour. I have other work to do, higher and better, and more like that of angels above. The more entirely I can give my Sabbaths to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb, with my harp of gold, the happier am I, and I feel it my duty to be as happy as I can be, and as God intended me to be. The joy of the Lord is my strength. But whether another Christian can spend the Sabbath in his service, and mark down degrees of heat and atmospherical pressure, without letting down the warmth of his affections, or losing the atmosphere of heaven, I cannot tell. My conscience is not the rule of another man. One thing we may learn from these men of science, namely, to be as careful in marking the changes and progress of our own spirit, as they are in marking the changes of the weather. An hour should never pass without our looking up to God for forgiveness and peace. This is the noblest science, to know how to live in hourly communion with God in Christ. May you and I know more of this, and thank God that we are not among the wise and prudent from whom these things are hid!—The grace of the Lord of the Sabbath be with you," &c.

Up till this period, the *Narrative of our Mission to Israel* had not been given to the public. Interruptions, arising from multiplicity of labors and constant calls of duty, had from time to time come in our way. Mr. M'Cheyne found it exceedingly difficult to spare a day or two at a time in order to take part. "I find it hard work to carry on the work of a diligent pastor and that of an author at the same time. How John Calvin would have smiled at my difficulties!" At length, however, in the month of March, 1842, we resolved to gain time by exchanging each other's pastoral duties for a month. Accordingly, during four or five weeks, he remained in Collace, my flock enjoying his Sabbath-day services and his occasional visits, while he was set free from what would have been the never-ceasing interruptions of his own town.

Many a pleasant remembrance remains of these days, as sheet after sheet passed under the eyes of our mutual criticism. Though intent on accomplishing his work, he kept by his rule, "that he must first see the face of God before he could undertake any duty." Often would he wander in the mornings among the pleasant woods of Dunsinnan, till he had drunk in refreshment to his soul by meditation on the Word of God; and then he took up the pen. And to a brother in the ministry, who had one day broken in upon his close occupation, he afterwards wrote—"You know you stole away my day; yet I trust all was not lost. I think I have had more grace ever since that prayer among the fir-trees. O, to be *like* Jesus, and *with* him to all eternity" Occasionally, during the same period, he wrote some pieces for the

"Christian's Daily Companion." The Narrative was finished in May, and the Lord has made it acceptable to the brethren.

When this work was finished the Lord had other employment ready for him in his own parish. His diary has this entry: "May 22d—I have seen some very evident awakenings of late. J. G. awakened partly through the Word preached, and partly through the faithful warnings of her fellow-servant. A. R., who has been for about a year in the deepest distress, seeking rest, but finding none. B. M. converted last winter at the Tuesday meeting in Annfield. She was brought very rapidly to peace with God, and to a calm, sedate, prayerful state of mind. I was surprised at the quickness of the work in this case, and pleased with the clear tokens of grace; and now I see God's gracious end in it. She was to be admitted at last communion, but caught fever before the Sabbath. On Tuesday last she died in great peace and joy. When she felt death coming on, she said, 'O death, death, come! let us sing!' Many that knew her have been a good deal moved homeward by this solemn providence. This evening, I invited those to come who are leaving the parish at this term. About twenty came to whom I gave tracts and words of warning. *I feel persuaded that if I could follow the Lord more fully myself, my ministry would be used to make a deeper impression than it has yet done.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LATTER DAYS OF HIS MINISTRY.

'My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."—John iv. 34.

During the summer of 1842, he was exposed to several attacks of illness, experienced some severe personal trials, and felt the assaults of sore temptation. His own words will best express his state. "July 17th—I am myself much tempted, and have no hope, but as a worm on the arm of Jesus." "August 4th—Often, often, would I have been glad to depart, and be with Christ. I am now much better in body and mind, having a little of the presence of my beloved, whose absence is death to me." The same month—"I have been carried through deep waters, bodily and spiritual, since last we met." It was his own persuasion that few had more to struggle with in the inner man. Who can tell what wars go on within?

During this season of trial, he was invited to form one of a number of ministers from Scotland, who were to visit the north

of England, with no other purpose than to preach the glad tidings. This scheme was planned by a Christian gentleman, who has done much for Christ in his generation. When the invitation reached him he was in the heat of his furnace. He mentioned this to the brother who corresponded with him on the subject, Mr. Purves of Jedburgh, whose reply was balm to his spirit. . . . . "I have a fellow-feeling with you in your present infirmity, and you know for your consolation that another has, who is a brother indeed. In all our afflictions, he is afflicted. He is, we may say, the common heart of his people; for they are one body, and an infirmity in the very remotest and meanest member is felt *there* and borne *there*. Let us console, solace, yea, satiate ourselves in him, as, amid afflictions especially, brother does in brother. It is blessed to be like him in everything, even in suffering. There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance. All the wounds of Christ send out sweetness—all the sorrows of Christians do the same. Commend me to a bruised brother, a broken reed—one like the Son of Man. The Man of Sorrows is never far from him. To me there is something sacred and sweet in all suffering; it is so much akin to the Man of Sorrows." It was thus he suffered, and thus that he was comforted. He wrote back, agreeing to go, and added, "Remember me especially, who am heavy laden oftentimes. My heart is all of sin; but Jesus lives."

They set out for England. Mr. Purves, Mr. Somerville of Anderston, Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, and Mr. Bonar of Kelso, formed the company. Their chief station was Newcastle, where Mr. Burns had been recently laboring with some success, and where he had seen "a town giving itself up to utter ungodliness —a town where Satan's trenches were deep and wide, his wall strong and high, his garrison great and fearless, and where all that man could do seemed but as arrows shot against a tower of brass." But those who went knew that the Spirit of God was omnipotent, and that he could take the prey from the mighty.

They preached both in the open air and in the places of worship belonging to the Presbyterian and to the Wesleyan Methodists. The defenders of the Sabbath cause were specially prepared to welcome Mr. M'Cheyne, whose tract on the Lord's Day had been widely circulated and blessed. Many were attracted to hear; interesting congregations assembled in the market-place, and there is reason to believe many were impressed. A person in the town describes Mr. M'Cheyne's last address as being peculiarly awakening. He preached in the open air, in a space of ground between the cloth-market and St. Nicholas' Church. Above a thousand souls were present, and the service continued till ten, without one person moving from the ground. The moon shone brightly, and the sky was spangled with stars. His subject was

"The Great White Throne," (Rev. xx. 11.) In concluding his address, he told them, "that they would never meet again till they all met at the Judgment-seat of Christ; but the glorious heavens over their head, and the bright moon that shone upon them, and the old venerable church behind them, were his witnesses that he had set before them life and death." Some will have cause to remember that night through eternity.*

His preaching at Gilsland also was not without effect; and he had good cause to bless the Lord for bringing him through Dumfries-shire in his way homeward. He returned to his people in the beginning of September, full of peace and joy. "I have returned much stronger, indeed quite well. I think I have got some precious souls for my hire on my way home. I earnestly long for more grace and personal holiness, and more usefulness."

The sunsets during that autumn were peculiarly beautiful. Scarcely a day past but he gazed upon the glowing west after dinner; and as he gazed he would speak of the Sun of Righteousness, or the joy of angels in his presence, or the blessedness of those whose sun can go no more down, till his face shone with gladness as he spoke. And during the winter, he was observed to be peculiarly joyful, being strong in body, and feeling the near presence of Jesus in his soul. He lived in the blessed consciousness that he was a child of God, humble and meek, just because he was fully assured that Jehovah was his God and Father. Many often felt that in prayer the name "Holy Father" was breathed with peculiar tenderness and solemnity from his lips.

His flock in St. Peter's began to murmur at his absence when again he left them for ten days in November, to assist Mr. Hamilton of Regent Square, London, at his communion. But it was his desire for souls that thus led him from place to place, combined with a growing feeling that the Lord was calling him to evangelistic more than to pastoral labors. This visit was a blessed one, and the growth of his soul in holiness was visible to many. During the days of his visit to Mr. Hamilton, he read through the Song of Solomon at the time of family worship, commenting briefly on it with rare gracefulness and poetic taste, and yet rarer manifestation of soul-filling love to the Saviour's person. The sanctified affections of his soul, and his insight into the mind of Jesus, seemed to have much affected his friends on these occasions.

Receiving while here an invitation to return by the way of Kelso, he replied:—

"London, *Nov.* 5, 1842.

"My dear Horatius,—Our friends here will not let me away till the Friday morning, so that it will require all my diligence to reach

* He afterwards preached the same subject with equal impressiveness in the Meadows at Dundee. It was in the open air, and the rain fell heavy, yet the dense crowd stood still to the last.

Dundee before the Sabbath. I will thus be disappointed of the joy of seeing you, and ministering a word to your dear flock. O that my soul were new moulded, and I were effectually called a second time, and made a vessel full of the Spirit, to tell only of Jesus and his love. I fear I shall never be in this world what I desire. I have preached three times here; a few tears also have been shed. O for Whitfield's week in London, when a thousand letters came! The same Jesus reigns; the same Spirit is able. Why is he restrained? Is the sin ours? Are we the bottle-stoppers of these heavenly dews? Ever yours till glory."

"P. S.—We shall meet, God willing, at the Convocation."

The memorable Convocation met at Edinburgh on November 17th. There were five hundred ministers present from all parts of Scotland. The encroachment of the civil courts upon the prerogatives of Christ, the only Head acknowledged by our Church, and the negligent treatment hitherto given by the legislature of the country to every remonstrance on the part of the Church, had brought on a crisis. The Church of Scotland had maintained from the days of the Reformation that her connection with the State was understood to imply no surrender whatsoever of complete independence in regulating all spiritual matters; and to have allowed any civil authority to control her in doctrine, discipline, or any spiritual act, would have been a daring and flagrant act of treachery to her Lord and King. The deliberations of the Convocation continued during eight days, and the momentous results are well known in this land.

Mr. M'Cheyne was never absent from any of the diets of this solemn assembly. He felt the deepest interest in every matter that came before them, got great light as to the path of duty in the course of the consultations, and put his name to all the resolutions, heartily sympathizing in the decided determination that, as a Church of Christ, we must abandon our connection with the State, if our "Claim of Rights" were rejected. These eight days were times of remarkable union and prayerfulness. The proceedings, from time to time, were suspended till the brethren had again asked counsel of the Lord by prayer; and none present will forget the affecting solemnity with which, on one occasion, Mr. M'Cheyne poured out our wants before the Lord.

He had a decided abhorrence of Erastianism. When the question was put to him, "Is it our duty to refuse ordination to any one who holds the views of Erastianism?" He replied—"Certainly, whatever be his other qualifications." He was ever a thorough Presbyterian, and used to maintain the necessity of abolishing lay patronage, because, 1. It was not to be found in the Word of God; 2. It destroyed the duty of "trying the spirits;" 3. It meddled with the headship of Christ, coming in between him and his people, saying, "I will place the stars." But still

more decided was he in regard to the spiritual independence of the Church. This he reckoned a vital question; and in prospect of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, if it were denied, he stated at a public meeting—1st, That it was to be deplored in some respects, viz., because of the sufferings of God's faithful servants, the degradation of those who remained behind, the alienation of the aristocracy, the perdition of the ungodly, and the sin of the nation. But, 2d, It was to be hailed for other reasons—viz., Christ's kingly office would be better known, the truth would be spread into desolate parishes, and faithful ministers would be refined. And when, on March 7th of the following year, the cause of the Church was finally to be pleaded at the bar of the House of Commons, I find him writing—"Eventful night this in the British Parliament! Once more King Jesus stands at an earthly tribunal, and they know him not!"

An interesting anecdote is related of him by a co-presbyter, who returned with him to Dundee after the Convocation. This co-presbyter, Mr. Stewart, was conversing with him as to what might be their duty to do in the event of the disruption, and where they might be scattered. Mr. Stewart said he could preach Gaelic, and might go to the Highlanders in Canada, if it were needful. Mr. M'Cheyne said—"I think of going to the many thousand convicts that are transported beyond seas, for no man careth for their souls."

We have not many records of his public work after this date. Almost the last note in his diary is dated December 25. "This day ordained four elders, and admitted a fifth, who will all, I trust, be a blessing in this place when I am gone. Was graciously awakened a great while before day, and had two hours alone with God. Preached with much comfort on 1 Tim. v. 17, 'Let the elders that rule well,' &c. At the end of the sermon and prayer, proposed the regular questions; then made the congregation sing standing; during which time I came down from the pulpit and stood over the four men, then prayed, and all the elders gave the right hand of fellowship, during which I returned to the pulpit, and addressed them and the congregation on their relative duties. Altogether a solemn scene."

The last recorded cases of awakening, and the last entry in his diary, is dated January 6, 1843, "Heard of an awakened soul finding rest—true rest, I trust. Two new cases of awakening; both very deep and touching. At the very time when I was beginning to give up in despair, God gives me tokens of his presence returning."

He here speaks of discouragement, when God for a few months or weeks seemed to be withholding his hand from saving souls. If he was not right in thus hastily forgetting the past for a little, still this feature of his ministry is to be well considered. He entertained so full a persuasion that a faithful minister has

every reason to expect to see souls converted under him, that when this was withheld, he began to fear that some hidden evil was provoking the Lord and grieving the Spirit. And ought it not to be so with all of us? Ought we not to suspect, either that we are not living near to God, or that our message is not a true transcript of the glad tidings, in both matter and manner, when we see no souls brought to Jesus? God may certainly hide from our knowledge much of what he accomplishes by our means, but as certainly will he bring to our view some seals of our ministry, in order that our persuasion of being thus sent by him may solemnize and overawe us, as well as lead us on to unwearied labor. Ought it not to be the inscription over the doors of our Assembly and college-halls:—"*Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place;*" 2 Corinthians ii. 14.

About this time, in one of his MSS., there occurs this sentence —"As I was walking in the fields, the thought came over me with almost overwhelming power, that every one of my flock must soon be in heaven or hell. O how I wished that I had a tongue like thunder, that I might make all hear; or that I had a frame like iron, that I might visit every one, and say, 'Escape for thy life!' Ah, sinners! you little know how I fear that you will lay the blame of your damnation at my door."

He was never satisfied with his own attainments in holiness; he was ever ready to learn, and quick to apply, any suggestion that might tend to his greater usefulness. About this period, he used to sing a psalm or hymn every day after dinner. It was often, "The Lord's my Shepherd," &c.; or, "O may we stand before the Lamb," &c. Sometimes it was that hymn, "O for a closer walk with God;" and sometimes the psalm, "O that I like a dove had wings," &c. A friend said of him, "I have sometimes compared him to the silver and graceful ash, with its pensile branches, and leaves of gentle green, reflecting gleams of happy sunshine. The fall of its leaf, too, is like the fall of his—it is green to-night, and gone to-morrow—it does not sere, nor wither."

An experienced servant of God has said, that, while popularity is a snare that few are not caught by, a more subtile and dangerous snare is to be *famed for holiness*. The fame of being a godly man is as great a snare as the fame of being learned or eloquent. It is possible to attend with scrupulous anxiety even to secret habits of devotion, in order to get a name for holiness.* If any were exposed to this snare in his day, Mr. M'Cheyne was the

* How true, yet awful, is the language of Dr. Owen (quoted in Bridge's Christian Ministry, p. 168), "He that would go down to the pit in peace, let him obtain a great repute for religion; let him preach and labor to make others better than he is himself, and, in the meantime, neglect to humble his heart, to walk with God in manifest holiness and usefulness, and he will not fail of his end."

person. Yet nothing is more certain than that, to the very last, he was ever discovering, and successfully resisting, the deceitful tendencies of his own heart, and a tempting devil. Two things he seems never to have ceased from—the cultivation of personal holiness, and the most anxious efforts to save souls.

About this time he wrote down, for his own use, an examination into things that ought to be amended and changed. I subjoin it entire. How singularly close and impartial are these researches into his soul! How acute is he in discovering his variations from the holy law of God! O that we all were taught by the same spirit thus to try our reins! It is only when we are thus thoroughly experiencing our helplessness, and discovering the thousand forms of indwelling sin, that we really sit as disciples at Christ's feet, and gladly receive him as all in all! And at each such moment we feel in the spirit of Ignatius, "*Νῦν γὰρ ἀρχὴν ἔχω του μαθητέυεσθαι*"—"It is only now that I begin to be a disciple."

Mr. M'Cheyne entitles the examination of his heart and life "*Reformation*," and it commences thus—

"It is the duty of ministers in this day to begin the reformation of religion and manners with themselves, families, &c., with confession of past sin, earnest prayer for direction, grace, and full purpose of heart. Mal. iii. 3: 'He shall purify the sons of Levi.' Ministers are probably laid aside for a time for this very purpose.

"1. *Personal Reformation.*

"I am persuaded that I shall obtain the highest amount of present happiness, I shall do most for God's glory and the good of man, and I shall have the fullest reward in eternity, by maintaining a conscience always washed in Christ's blood, by being filled with the Holy Spirit at all times, and by attaining the most entire likeness to Christ in mind, will, and heart, that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to attain to in this world.

"I am persuaded that whenever any one from without, or my own heart from within, at any moment, or in any circumstances, contradict this—if any one shall insinuate that it is not for my present and eternal happines, and for God's glory, and my usefulness, to maintain a blood-washed conscience, to be entirely filled with the spirit, and to be fully conformed to the image of Christ in all things—that is the voice of the devil, God's enemy, the enemy of my soul, and of all good—the most foolish, wicked and miserable of all the creatures. See Proverbs ix. 17. 'Stolen waters are sweet.'

"1. *To maintain a conscience void of offence* I am persuaded that I ought to confess my sins more. I think I ought to confess sin the moment I see it to be sin; whether I am in company or in study, or even preaching, the soul ought to cast a glance of ab-

horrence at the sin. If I go on with the duty, leaving the sin unconfessed, I go on with a burdened conscience, and add sin to sin. I think I ought at certain times of the day—my best times—say, after breakfast and after tea—to confess solemnly the sins of the previous hours, and to seek their complete remission.

"I find that the devil often makes use of the confession of sin to stir up again the very sin confessed into new exercise, so that I am afraid to dwell upon the confession. I must ask experienced Christians about this. For the present, I think I should strive against this awful abuse of the confession, whereby the devil seeks to frighten me away from confession. I ought to take all methods for seeing the vileness of my sins. I ought to regard myself as a condemned branch of Adam—as partaker of a nature opposite to God from the womb, Psa. li.—as having a heart full of all wickedness, which pollutes every thought, word, and action, during my whole life, from birth to death. I ought to confess often the sins of my youth, like David and Paul—my sins before conversion, my sins since conversion—sins against light and knowledge—against love and grace—against each person of the Godhead. I ought to look at my sins in the light of the Holy Law—in the light of God's countenance—in the light of the Cross—in the light of the Judgment-seat—in the light of hell—in the light of eternity. I ought to examine my dreams, my floating thoughts—my predilections—my often recurring actions—my habits of thought, feeling, speech and action—the slanders of my enemies—and the reproofs, and even banterings, of my friends—to find out traces of my prevailing sin—matter for confession. I ought to have a stated day of confession, with fasting—say, once a-month. I ought to have a number of scriptures marked to bring sin to remembrance. I ought to make use of all bodily affliction, domestic trial, frowns of Providence on myself, house, parish, church, or country, as calls from God to confess sin. The sins and afflictions of other men should call me to the same. I ought, on Sabbath evenings, and on Communion Sabbath evenings, to be especially careful to confess the sins of holy things. I ought to confess the sins of my confessions—their imperfections, sinful aims, self-righteous tendency, &c.—and to look to Christ as having confessed my sins perfectly over his own sacrifice.

"I ought to go to Christ for the forgiveness of each sin. In washing my body, I go over every spot, and wash it out: Should I be less careful in washing my soul? I ought to see the stripe that was made on the back of Jesus by each of my sins. I ought to see the infinite pang thrill through the soul of Jesus equal to an eternity of my hell for my sins, and for all of them. I ought to see that in Christ's bloodshedding there is an infinite overpayment for all my sins. Although Christ did not suffer more than infinite justice demanded, yet he could not suffer at all without laying down an infinite ransom.

"I feel, when I have sinned, an immediate reluctance to go to Christ. I am ashamed to go. I feel as if it would do no good to go—as if it were making Christ a minister of sin, to go straight from the swine-trough to the best robe—and a thousand other excuses; but I am persuaded they are all lies, direct from hell. John argues the opposite way—'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father;' Jeremiah iii. 1, and a thousand other scriptures are against it. I am sure there is neither peace nor safety from deeper sin, but in going directly to the Lord Jesus Christ. This is God's way of peace and holiness. It is folly to the world and the beclouded heart, but it is *the way*.

"I must never think a sin too small to need immediate application to the blood of Christ. If I put away a good conscience, concerning faith, I make shipwreck. I must never think my sins too great, too aggravated, too presumptuous—as when done on my knees, or in preaching, or by a dying bed, or during dangerous illness—to hinder me from fleeing to Christ. The weight of my sins should act like the weight of a clock; the heavier it is, it makes it go the faster.

"I must not only wash in Christ's blood, but clothe me in Christ's obedience. For every sin of omission in self, I may find a divinely perfect obedience ready for me in Christ. For every sin of commission in self, I may find not only a stripe or a wound in Christ, but also a perfect rendering of the opposite obedience in my place, so that the law is magnified—its curse more than carried—its demand more than answered.

"Often the doctrine of *Christ for me* appears common, well known, having nothing new in it; and I am tempted to pass it by and go to some scripture more taking. This is the devil again—a red-hot lie. *Christ for us* is ever new, ever glorious. 'Unsearchable riches of Christ'—an infinite object, and the only one for a guilty soul. I ought to have a number of Scriptures ready, which lead my blind soul directly to Christ, such as Isaiah xlv., Romans iii.

"2. *To be filled with the Holy Spirit*, I am persuaded that I ought to study more my own weakness. I ought to have a number of Scriptures ready to be meditated on, such as Romans vii., John xv., to convince me that I am a helpless worm.

"I am tempted to think that I am now an established Christian—that I have overcome this or that lust so long—that I have got into the habit of the opposite grace—so that there is no fear; I may venture very near the temptation—nearer than other men. This is a lie of Satan. I might as well speak of gunpowder getting by habit a power of resisting fire, so as not to catch the spark. As long as powder is wet it resists the spark; but when it becomes dry it is ready to explode at the first touch. As long as the Spirit dwells in my heart he deadens me to sin, so that, if lawfully called through temptation, I may reckon upon God carrying me

through. But when the Spirit leaves me I am like dry gunpowder. O for a sense of this!

"I am tempted to think that there are some sins for which I have no natural taste, such as strong drink, profane language, &c., so that I need not fear temptation to such sins. This is a lie—a proud, presumptuous lie. The seeds of all sins are in my heart, and perhaps all the more dangerously that I do not see them.

"I ought to pray and labor for the deepest sense of my utter weakness and helplessness that ever a sinner was brought to feel. I am helpless in respect of every lust that ever was, or ever will be, in the human heart. I am a worm—a beast—before God. I often tremble to think that this is true. I feel as if it would not be safe for me to renounce all indwelling strength, as if it would be dangerous for me to feel (what is the truth) that there is nothing in me keeping me back from the grossest and vilest sin. This is a delusion of the devil. My only safety is to know, feel, and confess my helplessness, that I may hang upon the arm of Omnipotence. . . . . I daily wish that sin had been rooted out of my heart. I say, 'Why did God leave the roots of lasciviousness, pride, anger, &c., in my bosom. He hates sin, and I hate it; why did he not take it clean away?' I know many answers to this which completely satisfy my judgment, but still I do not *feel* satisfied. This is wrong. It is right to be weary of the being of sin, but not right to quarrel with my present 'good fight of faith.' . . . . . The falls of professors into sin make me tremble. I have been driven away from prayer, and burdened in a fearful manner by hearing or seeing their sin. This is wrong. It is right to tremble, and to make every sin of every professor a lesson of my own helplessness, but it should lead me the more to Christ. . . . . If I were more deeply convinced of my utter helplessness, I think I would not be so alarmed when I hear of the falls of other men. . . . . I should study those sins in which I am most helpless, in which passion becomes like a whirlwind and I like a straw. No figure of speech can represent my utter want of power to resist the torrent of sin. . . . . I ought to study Christ's omnipotence more; Heb. vii. 25; 1 Thess. v. 23; Rom. vi. 14; Rom. v. 9, 10; and such Scriptures should be ever before me. . . . . Paul's thorn, 2 Cor. xii., is the experience of the greater part of my life. It should be ever before me. . . . . There are many subsidiary methods of seeking deliverance from sins, which must not be neglected—thus, marriage, 1 Cor. vii. 2; fleeing, 1 Tim. vi. 11, 1 Cor. vi. 18; watch and pray, Matt. xxvi. 41; the Word, 'It is written, it is written.' So Christ defended himself; Matt. iv. . . . . But the main defence is casting myself into the arms of Christ like a helpless child, and beseeching him to fill me with the Holy Spirit; 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith,' 1 John v. 4, 5—a wonderful passage.

"I ought to study Christ as a living Saviour more—as a Shepherd, carrying the sheep he finds—as a King, reigning in and over the souls he has redeemed—as a Captain, fighting with those who fight with me, Ps. xxxv.—as one who has engaged to bring me through all temptations and trials, however impossible to flesh and blood.

"I am often tempted to say, How can this man save us? How can Christ in heaven deliver me from lusts which I feel raging in me, and nets I feel enclosing me? This is the father of lies again! 'He is able to save unto the uttermost.'

"I ought to study Christ as an Intercessor. He prayed most for Peter who was to be most tempted. I am on his breastplate. If I could hear Christ praying for me in the next room, I would not fear a million of enemies. Yet the distance makes no difference; he is praying for me.

"I ought to study the Comforter more—his Godhead, his love, his almightiness. I have found by experience that nothing sanctifies me so much as meditating on the Comforter, as John xiv. 16. And yet how seldom I do this! Satan keeps me from it. I am often like those men who said, They knew not if there be any Holy Ghost. . . . . I ought never to forget that my body is dwelt in by the Third Person of the Godhead. The very thought of this should make me tremble to sin; 1 Cor. vi. . . . . I ought never to forget that sin grieves the Holy Spirit—vexes and quenches him. . . . . If I would be filled with the Spirit, I feel I must read the Bible more, pray more, and watch more.

"3. *To gain entire likeness to Christ*, I ought to get a high esteem of the happiness of it. I am persuaded that God's happiness is inseparably linked in with his holiness. Holiness and happiness are light and heat. God never tasted one of the pleasures of sin.

"Christ had a body such as I have, yet he never tasted one of the pleasures of sin. The redeemed, through all eternity, will never taste one of the pleasures of sin; yet their happiness is complete. It would be my greatest happiness to be from this moment entirely like them. Every sin is something away from my greatest enjoyment. . . . The devil strives night and day to make me forget this or disbelieve it. He says, Why should you not enjoy this pleasure as much as Solomon or David? You may go to heaven also. I am persuaded that this is a lie—that my true happiness is to go and sin no more.

"I ought not to delay parting with sins. Now is God's time. 'I made haste and delayed not.' . . . I ought not to spare sins, because I have long allowed them as infirmities; and others would think it odd if I were to change all at once. What a wretched delusion of Satan that is!

"Whatever I see to be sin, I ought from this hour to set my

whole soul against it, using all scriptural methods to mortify it—as, the Scriptures, special prayer for the Spirit, fasting, watching.

"I ought to mark strictly the occasions when I have fallen, and avoid the occasion as much as the sin itself.

"Satan often tempts me to go as near to temptation as possible, without committing the sin. This is fearful—tempting God and grieving the Holy Ghost. It is a deep-laid plot of Satan.

"I ought to flee all temptation, according to Prov. iv. 15—'Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.' . . . . . I ought constantly to pour out my heart to God, praying for entire conformity to Christ—for the whole law to be written on my heart. . . . . I ought statedly and solemnly to give my heart to God—to surrender my all into his everlasting arms, according to the prayer—Ps. xxxi., 'Into thine hand I commit my spirit'—beseeching him not to let any iniquity, secret or presumptuous, have dominion over me, and to fill me with every grace that is in Christ in the highest degree that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to receive it, and at all times, till death.

"I ought to meditate often on heaven as a world of holiness—where all are holy, where the joy is holy joy, the work holy work; so that, without personal holiness, I never can be there. . . . . I ought to avoid the appearance of evil. God commands me; and I find that Satan has a singular art in linking the appearance and reality together.

"I find that speaking of some sin defiles my mind and leads me into temptation; and I find that God forbids even saints to speak of the things that are done of them in secret. I ought to avoid this.

"Eve, Achan, David, all fell through the lust of the eye. I should make a covenant with mine, and pray, 'Turn away mine eyes from viewing vanity.' . . . . Satan makes unconverted men like the deaf adder to the sound of the gospel. I should pray to be made deaf by the Holy Spirit to all that would tempt me to sin.

"One of my most frequent occasions of being led into temptation is this—I say it is needful to my office that I listen to this, or look into this, or speak of this. So far this is true; yet I am sure Satan has his part in this argument. I should seek divine direction to settle how far it will be good for my ministry, and how far evil for my soul, that I may avoid the latter.

"I am persuaded that nothing is thriving in my soul unless it is growing. 'Grow in grace.' 'Lord, increase our faith.' 'Forgetting the things that are behind.' . . . . . I am persuaded that I ought to be enquiring at God and man what grace I want, and how I may become more like Christ. . . . . I ought to strive for more purity, humility, meekness, patience under suffering, love. 'Make me Christ-like in all things,' should be my constant prayer. 'Fill me with the Holy Spirit.'

"2. *Reformation in Secret Prayer.*

"I ought not to omit any of the parts of prayer—confession, adoration, thanksgiving, petition, and intercession.

"There is a fearful tendency to omit *confession*, proceeding from low views of God and his law—slight views of my heart and the sins of my past life. This must be resisted. There is a constant tendency to omit *adoration*, when I forget to whom I am speaking—when I rush heedlessly into the presence of Jehovah, without remembering his awful name and character—when I have little eyesight for his glory, and little admiration of his wonders. 'Where are the wise?' I have the native tendency of the heart to omit *giving thanks*. And yet it is specially commanded, Phil. iv. 6. Often when the heart is selfish—dead to the salvation of others—I omit *intercession*. And yet it especially is the spirit of the Great Advocate, who has the name of Israel always on his heart.

"Perhaps every prayer need not have all these; but surely a day should not pass without some space being devoted to each.

"I ought to pray before seeing any one. Often when I sleep long, or meet with others early, and then have family prayer, and breakfast, and forenoon callers, often it is eleven or twelve o'clock before I begin secret prayer. This is a wretched system. It is unscriptural. Christ rose before day, and went into a solitary place. David says, 'Early will I seek thee; thou shalt early hear my voice.' Mary Magdalene came to the sepulchre while it was yet dark. Family prayer loses much of its power and sweetness; and I can do no good to those who come to seek from me. The conscience feels guilty, the soul unfed, the lamp not trimmed. Then, when secret prayer comes, the soul is often out of tune. I feel it is far better to begin with God—to see his face first—to get my soul near him before it is near another. 'When I awake I am still with thee.'

"If I have slept too long, or am going an early journey, or my time is any way shortened, it is best to dress hurriedly, and have a few minutes alone with God, than to give it up for lost.

"But, in general, it is best to have at least one hour *alone with God*, before engaging in any thing else. At the same time, I must be careful not to reckon communion with God by minutes or hours, or by solitude. I have pored over my Bible, and on my knees for hours, with little or no communion; and my times of solitude have been often times of greatest temptation.

"As to *intercession*, I ought daily to intercede for my own family, connections, relatives, and friends; also for my flock—the believers, the awakened, the careless; the sick, the bereaved; the poor, the rich; my elders, Sabbath-school teachers, day-school teachers, children, tract-distributors—that all means may be blessed. Sabbath-day preaching and teaching; visiting of the

sick, visiting from house to house; providences, sacraments. I ought daily to intercede briefly for the whole town, the Church of Scotland, all faithful ministers; for vacant congregations, students of divinity, &c.; for dear brethren by name; for missiona ries to Jews and Gentiles; and for this end I must read missionary intelligence regularly, and get acquainted with all that is doing throughout the world. It would stir me up to pray with the map before me. I must have a scheme of prayer, also the names of missionaries marked on the map. I ought to intercede at large for the above on Saturday morning and evening from seven to eight. Perhaps also I might take different parts for different days; only I ought daily to plead for my family and flock. I ought to pray in every thing. 'Be careful for nothing, but in *every thing* . . . . . by prayer and supplication, make your requests known unto God.' Often I receive a letter asking to preach, or some such request. I find myself answering before having asked counsel of God. Still oftener a person calls and asks me something, and I do not ask direction. Often I go out to visit a sick person in a hurry, without asking His blessing, which alone can make the visit of any use. I am persuaded that I ought never to do any thing without prayer, and, if possible, special, secret prayer.

"In reading the history of the Church of Scotland, I see how much her troubles and trials have been connected with the salvation of souls and the glory of Christ. I ought to pray far more for our Church, for our leading ministers by name, and for my own clear guidance in the right way, that I may not be led aside, or driven aside, from following Christ. Many difficult questions may be forced on us for which I am not fully prepared, such as the lawfulness of Covenants. I should pray much more in peaceful days, that I may be guided rightly when days of trial come.

"I ought to spend the best hours of the day in communion with God. It is my noblest and most fruitful employment, and is not to be thrust into any corner. The morning hours, from six to eight, are the most uninterrupted, and should be thus employed, if I can prevent drowsiness. A little time after breakfast might be given to intercession. After tea is my best hour, and that should be solemnly dedicated to God, if possible.

"I ought not to give up the good old habit of prayer before going to bed; but guard must be kept against sleep; planning what things I am to ask is the best remedy. When I awake in the night, I ought to rise and pray, as David and as John Welsh did.

"I ought to read three chapters of the Bible in secret every day, at least.

"I ought on Sabbath morning to look over all the chapters read through the week, and especially the verses marked. I ought to

read in three different places; I ought also to read according to subjects, lives," &c.

He has evidently left this unfinished, and now he knows even as he is known.

Toward the end of his ministry, he became peculiarly jealous of becoming an idol to his people; for he was loved and revered by many who gave no evidence of love to Christ. This often pained him much. It is indeed right in a people to regard their pastor with no common love, 2 Cor. ix. 14. but there is ever a danger ready to arise. He used to say, "Ministers are but the pole; it is to the brazen serpent you are to look."

The state of his health would not permit him to be laborious in going from house to house, whereas preaching and evangelistic work in general was less exhausting; but of course, while he was thus engaged, many concerns of the parish would be unattended to; accordingly his Session offered him a stated assistant to help him in his parochial duty. With this proposal he at once concurred. Mr. Gatherer, then at Caraldstone, was chosen, and continued to labor faithfully with him during the remaining days of his ministry.

In the beginning of the year he published his "*Daily Bread*," an arrangement of Scripture, that the Bible might be read through in the course of a year. He sought to induce his people to meditate much on the written word in all its breadth. His last publication was, "*Another Lily Gathered*," or the account of James Laing, a little boy in his flock, brought to Christ early, and carried soon to glory.

In the middle of January, 1843, he visited Collace, and preached on 1 Cor. ix. 27, "A Castaway"—a sermon so solemn that one said it was like a blast of the trumpet that would awaken the dead. Next day he rode on to Lintrathen, where the people were willing to give up their work at mid-day, if he would come and preach to them. All this month he was breathing after glory. In his letters there are such expressions as these: "I often pray, Lord, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made." "Often, often I would like to depart and be with Christ—to mount the Pisgah-top and take a farewell look of the Church below, and leave my body and be present with the Lord. Ah, it is far better!" Again: "I do not expect to live long. I expect a sudden call some day—perhaps soon—and therefore I speak very plainly." But, indeed, he had long been persuaded that his course would be brief. His hearers remember well how often he would speak in such language as that with which he one day closed his sermon. "Changes are coming; every eye before me shall soon be dim in death. Another pastor shall feed this flock; another singer lead the psalm; another flock shall fill this fold."

In the beginning of February, by appointment of the Committee

of the Convocation, he accompanied Mr. Alexander of Kirkaldy to visit the districts of Deer and Ellon—districts over which he yearned, for Moderatism had held undisputed sway over them for generations. It was to be his last evangelistic tour. He exemplified his own remark, "The oil of the lamp in the temple burnt away in giving light; so should we."

He set out, says one that saw him leave town, as unclouded and happy as the sky that was above his head that bright morning. During the space of three weeks, he preached or spoke at meetings in four-and-twenty places, sometimes more than once in the same place. Great impression was made upon the people of the district. One who tracked his footsteps a month after his death states, that sympathy with the principles of our suffering Church was awakened in many places; but above all, a thirst was excited for the pure Word of Life. His eminently holy walk and conversation, combined with the deep solemnity of his preaching, was specially felt. The people loved to speak of him. In one place, where a meeting had been intimated, the people assembled, resolving to cast stones at him as soon as he should begin to speak; but no sooner had he begun, than his manner, his look, his words, rivetted them all, and they listened with intense earnestness; and before he left the place, the people gathered round him, entreating him to stay and preach to them. One man, who had cast mud at him, was afterwards moved to tears on hearing of his death.

He wrote to Mr. Gatherer, February 14th, "I had a nice opportunity of preaching in Aberdeen; and in Peterhead our meeting was truly successful. The minister of St. Fergus I found to be what you described. We had a solemn meeting in his Church. In Strichen, we had a meeting in the Independent Meeting-house. On Friday evening, we had two delightful meetings, in a mill at Crechie, and in the church of Clola. The people were evidently much impressed, some weeping. On Saturday evening we met in the Brucklay barn. I preached on Sabbath, at New Deer in the morning, and at Fraserburgh in the evening—both interesting meetings. To-night, we meet in Pitsligo church. To-morrow, we trust to be in Aberdour; and then we leave for the Presbytery of Ellon. The weather has been delightful till now. To-day, the snow is beginning to drift. But God is with us, and he will carry us to the very end. I am quite well, though a little fatigued sometimes." On the 24th, he writes to another friend, "To-day is the first we have rested since leaving home, so that I am almost overcome with fatigue. Do not be idle; improve in all useful knowledge. You know what an enemy I am to idleness."

Never was it more felt that God was with him than in this journey. The Lord seemed to show in him the meaning of the text, "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John vii. 38.

Even when silent, the near intercourse he held with God left its impression on those around. His *constant holiness* touched the conscience of many.

Returning to his beloved flock on March 1st, in good health, but much exhausted, he related next evening at his prayer-meeting, what things he had seen and heard. During the next twelve days, he was to be found going out and in among his people, filling up, as his manner was, every inch of time. But he had been much weakened by his unceasing exertions when in the north, and so was more than ordinarily exposed to the typhus fever that was then prevailing in his parish, several cases of which he visited in his enfeebled state.

On Sabbath the 5th, he preached three times; and two days after, I find him writing to his father: "All domestic matters go on like a placid stream—I trust not without its fertilizing influence. Nothing is more improving than the domestic altar, when we come to it for a daily supply of soul nourishment." To the last we get glances into his soul's growth. His family devotions were full of life and full of gladness to the end. Indeed, his very manner in reading the chapter reminded you of a man pouring into the sands for pieces of fine gold, and from time to time holding up to you what he delighted to have found.

On Sabbath the 12th, he preached upon Heb. ix. 15, in the forenoon, and Rom. ix. 22, 23, in the afternoon, with uncommon solemnity; and it was observed, both then and on other late occasions, he spoke with peculiar strength upon the sovereignty of God. These were his last discourses to his people in St. Peter's. That same evening, he went down to Broughty Ferry, and preached upon Isaiah lx. 1, "Arise, shine," &c. It was the last time he was to be engaged directly in proclaiming Christ to sinners; and as he began his ministry with souls for his hire, so it appears that his last discourse had in it saving power to some, and that rather from the holiness it breathed than from the wisdom of its words. After his death, a note was found unopened, which had been sent to him in the course of the following week, when he lay in the fever. It ran thus: "I hope you will pardon a stranger for addressing to you a few lines. I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you said, as your manner of speaking, that struck me. I saw in you a beauty in holiness that I never saw before. You also said something in your prayer that struck me very much. It was, '*Thou knowest that we love thee.*' O Sir, what would I give that I could say to my blessed Saviour, 'Thou knowest that I love thee.'"

Next evening he held a meeting in St. Peter's with the view of organizing his people for collecting in behalf of the Free Protesting Church—the disruption of the Establishment being now inevitable. He spoke very fervently; and after the meeting felt

chilled and unwell. Next morning he felt that he was ill: but went out in the afternoon to the marriage of two of his flock. He seemed, however, to anticipate a serious attack, for, on his way home, he made some arrangements connected with his ministerial work, and left a message at Dr. Gibson's house, asking him to come and see him. He believed that he had taken the fever, and it was so. That night he lay down upon the bed from which he was never to rise. He spoke little; but intimated that he apprehended danger.

On Wednesday, he said he thought that he would never have seen the morning, he felt so sore broken, and had got no sleep; but afterwards added, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also?" He seemed clouded in spirit, often repeating such passages as—"My moisture is turned into the drought of summer;" "My bones wax old, through my roaring all day long." It was with difficulty that he was able to speak a few words with his assistant, Mr. Gatherer. In the forenoon, Mr. Miller of Wallacetown found him oppressed with extreme pain in his head. Amongst other things they conversed upon Psalm cxxvi. On coming to the 6th verse, Mr. M'Cheyne said he would give him a division of it. 1. *What is sowed*—"Precious seed." 2. *The manner of sowing it*—"Goeth forth and weepeth." He dwelt upon "*weepeth*," and then said, "Ministers should go forth at all times." 3. *The fruit*—"Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing." Mr. Miller pointed to the *certainty* of it; Mr. M'Cheyne assented, "Yes—*doubtless*." After praying with him, Mr. Miller repeated Matthew xi. 28, upon which Mr. M'Cheyne clasped his hands with great earnestness. As he became worse his medical attendants forbade him to be visited. Once or twice he asked for me, and was heard to speak of "*Smyrna*," as if the associations of his illness there, were recalled by his burning fever now. I was not at that time aware of his danger; even the rumor of it had not reached us.

Next day, he continued sunk in body and mind, till about the time when his people met for their usual evening prayer-meeting, when he requested to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant entered the room again, he exclaimed with a joyful voice, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am escaped." His countenance, as he said this, bespoke inward peace. Ever after he was observed to be happy; and at supper-time that evening, when taking a little refreshment, he gave thanks, "For strength in the time of weakness—for light in the time of darkness—for joy in the time of sorrow—for comforting us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort those that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

On Sabbath, when one expressed a wish that he had been able to go forth as usual to preach, he replied, "My thoughts are not

your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord;" and added, "I am preaching the sermon that God would have me to do."

On Tuesday (the 21st) his sister read to him several hymns. The last words he heard, and the last he seemed to understand, were those of Cowper's hymn, "Sometimes the light surprises the Christian as he sings." And then the delirium came on.

At one time, during the delirium, he said to his attendant, "Mind the text, 1 Corinth. xv. 58. Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," dwelling with much emphasis on the last clause, "*forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*" At another time, he seemed to feel himself among his brethren, and said, "I don't think much of policy in church courts; no, I hate it; but I'll tell you what I like, faithfulness to God, and a holy walk." His voice, which had been weak before, became very strong now; and often was he heard speaking to, or praying for his people. "You must be awakened in time, or you will be awakened in everlasting torment, to your eternal confusion!" "You may soon get me away, but that will not save your souls!" Then he prayed, "This parish, Lord, this people, this whole place!" At another time, "Do it thyself, Lord, for thy weak servant!" And again, as if praying for the saints, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me!"

Thus he continued most generally engaged, while the delirium lasted, either in prayer or in preaching to his people, and always apparently in happy frame, till the morning of Saturday the 25th. On that morning, while his kind medical attendant, Dr. Gibson, stood by, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and then sank down. Not a groan or a sigh, but only a quiver of the lip, and his soul was at rest.

As he was subject to frequent sickness, it was not till within some days of his death that serious alarm was generally felt, and hence the stroke came with awful suddenness upon us all. That same afternoon, while preparing for Sabbath duties, the tidings reached me. I hastened down, though scarce knowing why I went. His people were that evening met together in the church, and such a scene of sorrow has not often been witnessed in Scotland. It was like the weeping of King Josiah. Hundreds were there; the lower part of the church was full: and none among them seemed able to contain their sorrow. Every heart seemed bursting with grief, so that the weeping and the cries could be heard afar off. The Lord has most severely wounded the people whom he had before so peculiarly favored; and now, by this awful stroke of his hand, was fixing deeper in their souls all that his servant had spoken in the days of his peculiar ministry.

Wherever the news of his departure came, every Christian countenance was darkened with sadness. Perhaps, never was

the death of one, whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting gospel, more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland. Not a few also of our Presbyterian brethren in Ireland felt the blow to the very heart. He used himself to say, "Live so as to be missed;" and none that saw the tears that were shed over his death would have doubted that his own life had been what he recommended to others. He had not completed more than twenty-nine years when God took him.

On the day of his burial, business was quite suspended in the parish. The streets, and every window, from the house to the grave, were crowded with those who felt that a Prince in Israel had fallen; and many a careless man felt a secret awe creep over his hardened soul as he cast his eye on the solemn spectacle.

His tomb may be seen on the pathway at the north-west corner of St. Peter's burying ground. He has gone to the "mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, till the day break and the shadows flee away." His work was finished! His heavenly Father had not another plant for him to water, nor another vine for him to train; and the Saviour who so loved him was waiting to greet him with his own welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But what is the voice to us? Has this been sent as the stroke of wrath, or the rebuke of love? "His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known." Only this much we can clearly see, that nothing was more fitted to leave his character and example impressed on our remembrance forever than his early death. There might be envy while he lived; there is none now. There might have been some of the youthful attractiveness of his graces lost had he lived many years; this cannot be impaired now. It seems as if the Lord had struck the flower from its stem, ere any of the colors had lost their bright hue, or any leaf its fragrance.

Well may the flock of St. Peter's lay it to heart. They have had days of visitation. Ye have seen the right hand of the Lord plucked out of his bosom! What shall the unsaved among you do in the day of the Lord's anger! "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!"

It has been more than once the lot of Scotland (as was said in the days of Durham) to enjoy so much of the Lord's kindness, as to have men to lose whose loss has been felt to the very heart—witnesses for Christ, who saw the king's face and testified of his beauty. We cannot weep them back; but shall we not call upon Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit, that ere the Lord come, he would raise up men, like Enoch or like Paul, who shall reach nearer the stature of the perfect man, and bear witness with more power to all nations? Are there not (as he who has

left us used to hope) "better ministers in store for Scotland than any that have yet arisen?"

Ministers of Christ, does not the Lord call upon us especially? Many of us are like the angel of the Church of Ephesus: we have "works, and labor, and patience, and cannot bear them that are evil, and we have borne, and for his name's sake we labor, and have not fainted;" but we want the fervor of "first love." O how seldom now do we hear of fresh supplies of holiness arriving from the heavenly places (Eph. i. 3)—new grace appearing among the saints, and in living ministers! We get contented with our old measure and kind, as if the windows of heaven were never to be opened. Few among us see the lower depths of the horrible pit; few ever enter the inner chambers of the house of David.

But there has been one among us who, ere he had reached the age at which a priest in Israel would have been entering on his course, dwelt at the Mercy-seat as if it were his house—preached the certainties of eternal life with an undoubting mind—and spent his nights and days in ceaseless breathings after holiness, and the salvation of sinners. Hundreds of souls were his reward from the Lord, ere he left us; and in him have we been taught how much one man may do who will only press farther into the presence of his God, and handle more skillfully the unsearchable riches of Christ, and speak more boldly for his God. We speak much against unfaithful ministers, while we ourselves are awfully unfaithful! Are we never afraid that the cries of souls whom we have betrayed to perdition through our want of personal holiness, and our defective preaching of Christ crucified, may ring in our ears forever? Our Lord is at the door. In the twinkling of an eye our work will be done. "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord, awake as in the ancient days," till every one of thy pastors be willing to impart to the flock, over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer, not the Gospel of God only, but also his own soul. And O that each one were able, as he stands in the pastures feeding thy sheep and lambs, to look up and appeal to thee—"*Lord, thou knowest all things! thou knowest that I love thee!*"

# LETTERS.

TO R. MACDONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Written when first laid aside by that illness which afterwards led to the Jewish Mission.

EDINEURGH, *January* 12, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND—The very day I received your kind letter, I intended to have written you that you might provide some one to stand in my place on Monday evening next. I am ashamed at not having answered your kind enquiries sooner, but am not very good at the use of the pen, and I have had some necessary letters to write. However, now I come to you. This is Saturday, when you will be busy preparing to feed the flock of God with food convenient. Happy man! It is a glorious thing to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. We do not value it aright till we are deprived of it; and then Philip Henry's saying is felt to be true—that he would beg all the week in order to be allowed to preach on the Sabbath-day.

I have been far from alarmingly ill—my complaint is all unseen, and sometimes unfelt. My heart beats by night and day; but especially by night, too loud and too strong. My medical friends have tried several ways of removing it—hitherto without complete success. As long as it lasts, I fear I shall be unfit for the work of the ministry; but I do hope that God has something more for me to do in the vineyard, and that a little patient rest, accompanied by his blessing, may quiet and restore me. Oh! my dear friend, I need it all to keep this proud spirit under. Andrew Bonar was noticing the providence of "Elijah in the wilderness" being my allotted part at our next meeting.* I read it in the congregation the Sabbath after, with an envious feeling in my own heart, though I did not like to express it, that I would not be sent a like day's journey to learn the same lessons as the Prophet—that it is not the tempest, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but the still small voice of the Spirit that carries on the glorious work of saving souls.

Andrew will be with you on Monday, and I am almost tempted to send this to-night to the Post-office; but it is not right to encourage the Sabbath mail, so will defer it till Monday. May you have a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord! May

* See Memoir, chap. iii.

He be the third with you who joined the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, and made their hearts burn by opening to them the Scriptures concerning himself! I hope your evening meeting may be as delightful as the last. May your mind be solemnized, my dear friend, by the thought that we are ministers but for a time, that the Master may summon us to retire into silence, or may call us to the temple above; or the midnight cry of the Great Bridegroom may break suddenly on our ears, Blessed is the servant that is found waiting! Make all your services tell for eternity; speak what you can look back upon with comfort when you must be silent.

I am persuaded that I have been brought into retirement to teach me the value and need of prayer. Alas! I have not estimated aright the value of near access unto God. It is not the mere daily routine of praying for certain things that will obtain the blessing. But there must be the need within—the real filial asking of God the things which we need, and which he delights to give. We must study prayer more. Be instant in prayer. You will be thinking my affliction is teaching me much, by my saying these things. Oh! I wish it were so. Nobody ever made less use of affliction than I do. I feel the assaults of Satan most when I am removed into a corner; every evil thought and purpose rushes over my soul, and it is only at times that I can find Him whom my soul loveth.

*Monday, January* 14, 1839.—I now sit down to finish this, and and send it away. I am much in my usual to-day, perhaps, if anything, a little better. Still I have no hope at present of resuming my labors. Will you give me a Sabbath day's labor? I had no intention of asking you when I began this; but I feel that I had better not close it without asking this favor. I would fain be back, but I do not feel that I would be justified in so doing. When I give a short prayer in the family, it often quite knocks me up. I heard of my people to-day: they are going on as well as can be expected. Death is busy among them, and Satan too. I try to lean them all on Him who entrusted them to me. I did hear of your brother's illness, and sympathized with you in it, though I heard no particulars. Write me particularly how he is. I hope and believe that he has an anchor within the vail, and therefore we need not fear for him whatever storms may blow. Remember me to him when you write him or see him. May we both be made better men, and holier, by our affliction.

Take care of your health. Redeem the time, because the days are evil. Does the work of God still go on among your people? There is a decided improvement in the ministers here—more prayer, and faith, and hope. There are marks of God's Spirit not having left us. Remember me to Gillies and Smith, your fellow-laborers. May their names be in the Book of Life. Yours ever.

Robt. Murray M'Cheyne.

### TO MRS. TRAIN, HEATHPARK.

During the continuance of the same illness.

EDINBURGH, *February* 9, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. THAIN—I am happy to receive your and Mr. Thain's kind letter. It is very cheering to me, in my exile from my flock, to hear of them. I send you a short line, as I am not good at writing. I am glad you are keeping pretty well, and still more that your spiritual health seems to prosper. The spring is advancing—I feel already the softness of the wind—so that we may hope the winter is past, the rain over and gone. I know the summer revives you, and the doctor gives me good hope that it will revive me. In spiritual things, this world is all winter time so long as the Saviour is away. To them that are in Christ there are some sweet glistenings of his countenance, there are meltings of his love, and the sweet song of the turtle dove when his Holy Spirit dwells in the bosom ; still it is but winter time till our Lord shall come. But then, "to you that fear his name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." And if before he comes we should go away to be where he is, still we shall enter into a world of perpetual summer—we shall behold his glory which the Father gave him.

I feel much better than usual to-day, but I have returns of my beating heart occasionally. Jesus stands at the door and knocks, and sometimes I think the door will give way before his gentle hand. I am bid to try the sea-water hot-bath, which I hope will do me good. I have good hope of being restored to my people again, and only hope that I may come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, that this time of silent musing may not be lost.

I am thankful indeed at the appointment of Mr. Lewis. I hope he has been given in answer to prayer, and then he will be a blessing. We must pray that he may be furnished from on high for his arduous work. I have great hope that he will be the means of raising many more churches and schools in our poor town—I mean poor in spiritual things.

I hope Mr. Macdonald was happy, and made others so. "Apollos watered." May great grace be upon you all.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.

Before going forth on the mission to Israel.

EDINBURGH, *March* 15, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. THAIN—You will think me very unkind in breaking my word to Mr. Thain in not writing you in answer to

your kind letter by him. But I did too much the week he was in Edinburgh, and fairly knocked myself up, so that I had just to lay aside my pen and suffer quietly. My friendly monitor is seldom far away from me, and when I do anything too much he soon checks me. However, I feel thankful that I am better again this week, and was thinking I would preach again. This is always the way with me. When my heart afflicts me, I say to myself—Farewell, blessed work of the gospel ministry! happy days of preaching Christ and him crucified! winning jewels for an eternal crown! And then again, when it has abated, I feel as if I would stand up once more to tell all the world what the Lord of Glory has done for sinners.

You have sent me a pocket companion (a Bible) for Immanuel's Land. I shall indeed be very happy to take it with me, to remind me of you and your kind family, at the time when I am meditating on the things that concern our everlasting peace. All my ideas of peace and joy are linked in with my Bible; and I would not give the hours of secret converse with it for all the other hours I spend in this world.

Mr. M—— is the bearer of this, and I have told him he is to call on you with it. He is one much taught of God, and though with much inward corruption to fight against, he still holds on the divine way a burning and shining lamp.

I knew you would be surprised at the thought of my going so far away; and, indeed, who could have foreseen all that has happened? I feel very plainly that it is the Lord's doing, and this has taken away the edge of the pain. How many purposes God has in view of which we know nothing! Perhaps we do not see the hundredth part of his intentions towards us in sending me away. I am contented to be led blindfold, for I know that all will redound, through the thanksgiving of many, to the glory of our heavenly Father. I feel very plainly that towards many among my people this separation has been a most faithful chastisement. To those that liked the man but not the message—who were pleased with the vessel but not with the treasure—it will reveal the vanity of what they thought their good estate. To some, I hope, it has been sent in mercy. To some, I fear, it has been sent in judgment. Above all, none had more need of it than myself; for I am naturally so prone to make an ill use of the attachment of my people, that I need to be humbled in the dust, and to see that it is a very nothing. I need to be made willing to be forgotten. Oh! I wish that my heart were quite refined from all self-seeking. I am quite sure that our truest happiness is not to seek our own—just to forget ourselves—and to fill up the little space that remains seeking only, and above all, that our God may be glorified. But when I would do good, evil is present with me.

I am not yet sure of the day of my going away. There is to

be a meeting on Monday to arrange matters. Andrew Bonar and Dr. Black can hardly get away till the first week of April; but I may probably go before to London next week. I know you will pray for me in secret and in the family, that I may be kept from evil, and may do good. Our desire is to save sinners—to gather souls, Jew or Gentile, before the Lord come. Oh is it not wonderful how God is making people take an interest in the Jews! Surely the way of these Kings of the East will be soon prepared.

I shall be quite delighted if J—— is able to take a small part in the Sabbath school. She knows it is what I always told her, not to be a hearer of the Word only, but a doer. It is but a little time, and we shall work no more here for him. Oh that we might glorify him on the earth! I believe there are better ministers in store for Scotland than any that have yet appeared. Tell J—— to stay herself upon God. Jesus continueth ever, he hath an unchangeable priesthood. Others are not suffered to continue by reason of death.

You expected me in Dundee before I go; but I dare not. You remember Paul sailed past Ephesus—he dared not encounter the meeting with his people. Indeed, I do not dare to think too much on my going away, for it often brings sadness over my spirit, which I can ill bear just now. But the will of the Lord be done.

Kindest regards to you all. Christ's peace be left with you. I shall remember you all, and be glad to write you a word when I am far away. Yours ever, &c.

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### TO MISS COLLIER, DUNDEE.

How his silence may be useful to his people and himself.

EDINBURGH, *March* 14, 1839.

MY DEAR MISS COLLIER—I feel it very kind your writing to me, and rejoice in sending you a word in answer by my excellent friend Mr. Moody. Indeed, I was just going to write to you when I received yours, for I heard you had been rather poorly, and I was going to entreat of you to take care of yourself, for you do not know how much my life is bound up in your life, and in the life of those around you who are like minded. I feel it quite true that my absence should be regarded by my flock as a mark that God is chastening them; and though I know well that I am but a dim light in the hand of Jesus, yet there is always something terrible where Jesus withdraws the meanest light in such a dark world. I feel that to many this trial has been absolutely needful. Many liked their minister naturally, who had but little real relish for the message he carried. God now sifts these souls, and wants to show them that it is a looking to Jesus that

saves, and not a looking to man. I think I could name many to whom this trial should be blessed. Some also who were really on the true foundation, but were building wood, hay, and stubble upon it, may be brought to see that nothing will truly comfort in the day of the Lord but what can stand the hour of trial. You yourself, my dear friend, may be brought to cleave much more simply to the Lord Jesus. You may be made to feel that Christ continueth ever, and hath an unchangeable priesthood, that his work is perfect, and that infinitely; and poor and naked as we are, we can appear only in him—only in him. But if the trial was needed by my people, it was still more needed by *me*. None but God knows what an abyss of corruption is in my heart. He knows and covers all in the blood of the Lamb. In faithfulness thou hast afflicted me. It is perfectly wonderful that ever God could bless such a ministry. And now, when I go over all the faults of it, it appears almost impossible that I can ever preach again. But then I think again who can preach so well as a sinner—who is forgiven so much, and daily upheld by the Spirit with such a heart within! I can truly say that the fruit of my long exile has been, that I am come nearer to God, and long more for perfect holiness, and for the world where the people shall be all righteous. I do long to be free from self, from pride, and ungodliness, and I know where to go, "for all the promises of God in Christ are yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Christ is my armory, and I go to him to get the whole armor of God—the armor of light. My sword and buckler, my arrows, my sling and stone, all are laid up in Jesus. I know you find it so. Evermore grow in this truly practical wisdom. You have a shepherd; you shall never want. What effect my long absence may have on the mass of unconverted souls I do not know. I cannot yet see God's purposes toward them; perhaps it may be judgment, as in the case of Ephesus, Rev. ii. 5; perhaps it may be in mercy, as in the case of Laodicea, Rev. iii. 19; or perhaps there are some who would not bend under my ministry, who are to flow down as wax before the fire under the ministry of the precious fellow-laborer who is to succeed me. William Burns, son of the minister of Kilsyth, has for the present agreed to supply my place; and though there is a proposal of his being sent to Ceylon, I do hope he may be kept for us. He is one truly taught of God—young, but Christ lives in him. You know he comes of a good kind by the flesh.

Another reason of our trial, I hope, has been God's mercy to Israel. There is something so wonderful about the way in which all difficulties have been overcome, and the way opened up, that I cannot doubt the hand of Jehovah has been in it. This gives me, and should give you, who love Israel, a cheering view of this trial. The Lord meant it for great good. If God be glorified, is not this our utmost desire. Oh, it is sweet, when in prayer we can lay ourselves and all our interests along with Zion, in the

nands of *Him* whom we feel to be *Abba?* And if we are thus tied ourselves in the same bundle with Zion, we must resign all right to ourselves, and to our wishes. May the Lord open up a way to his name being widely glorified on the earth even before we die! I know you will pray for us on our way, that our feet may be beautiful on the mountains of Israel, and that we may say to Zion, "Thy God reigneth." Pray that your poor friend may be supplied out of His riches in glory, that he may not shrink in hours of trial, but endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I will remember you when far away, and pray God to keep you safe under the shadow of the Redeemer's wings till I come again in peace, if it be his holy will. Dr. Black and Andrew Bonar have both consented to go. I shall probably be sent before to London, next week, to open the way. I am not very strong yet; often revisited by my warning friend, to tell me that I may see the New Jerusalem before I see the Jerusalem beneath. However, I have the sentence of death in myself, and do not trust in myself, but in God who raises the dead.

I saw Mrs. Coutts yesterday, in good health, and full of spirit. She almost offered to go with us to Immanuel's Land. I fear the Pastoral Letters are not worth printing; but I shall ask others what they think. Farewell for the present. The Lord give you all grace and peace. Your affectionate pastor, &c.

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### TO THE REV. W. C. BURNS.

On his agreeing to undertake the charge of St. Peter's, during Mr. M'C.'s absence in Palestine.

EDINBURGH, *Hill Street, March* 22, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND—for I trust I may now reckon you among the number in the truest sense—I haste to send you a line in answer to your last. I am glad you have made up your mind to begin your spiritual charge over my flock on the first week of April. The committee have resolved that I leave this on Wednesday next, so that you will not hear from me again till I am away. Take heed to *thyself.* Your own soul is your first and greatest care. You know a sound body alone can work with power; much more a *healthy soul.* Keep a clear conscience, through the blood of the Lamb. Keep up close communion with God. Study likeness to him in all things. Read the Bible for your own growth first, then for your people. Expound much; it is through *the truth* that souls are to be sanctified, not through *essays upon the truth.* Be easy of access, apt to teach, and the Lord teach you and bless you in all you do and say. You will not find many companions. Be the more with God. My dear people are anxiously waiting for you. The prayerful are praying for you. Be of good courage, there remaineth much of the

land to be possessed. Be not dismayed, for Christ shall be with thee to deliver thee. Study Isaiah vi., and Jeremiah i., and the sending of Moses, and Psalm li. 12, 13, and John xv. 26, 27, and the connection in Luke i. 15, 16.

I shall hope to hear from you when I am away. Your accounts of my people will be a good word to make my heart glad. I am often sore cast down; but the eternal God is my refuge. Now farewell; the Lord make you a faithful steward. Ever yours, &c.

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## PASTORAL LETTERS TO THE FLOCK OF ST. PETER'S.

### FIRST PASTORAL LETTER.

View of what God has done—how it should affect them.

EDINBURGH, *January* 30, 1839.

To all of you, my dear friends and people, who are beloved of God, and faithful in Christ Jesus, your pastor wishes grace and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord.*

As several of you have expressed a desire to hear from me, and as he who at first sent me to you to bear witness of the Lord Jesus, has for many weeks withdrawn me, and still lays his afflicting but gentle hand on me, it has seemed good to me, not without prayer, to write to you from week to week a short word of exhortation. May the Holy Spirit guide the pen, that what is written may be blessed to your comfort and growth in grace!

God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ; and the walls of my chamber can bear witness how often the silent watches of the night have been filled up with entreaties to the Lord for you all. I can truly say with John, "that I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth;" and though many of you were in Christ before me, and were living branches of the true vine before I was sent into the vineyard, yet believe me it is true of you also, I have no greater joy than to know, that you are more and more filled with the Holy Ghost, and bear more and more fruit to the glory of God the Father. "Herein is the Father glorified that you bear much fruit." You remember what Paul, when he was a prisoner of the Lord, wrote to the Philippians, (i. 12,) "I would that ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel." I am very anxious that you and I should understand the

* He had begun to correct a copy of these Pastoral Letters for publication at the earnest request of some of his friends. The few corrections made are all inserted. The chief alterations are in the fourth of the Pastoral Letters. He had got no farther than the seventh.

very same, in the things which have happened unto me, that we may vindicate God in all his dealings with us, and "not despise the chastening of the Lord." I know too well that there are many amongst you who would feel it no grievance if all the Lord's ministers were taken out of the way. Ah! how many are there who would rejoice if they were forever left to sin unreproved, and to do what is right in their own eyes. Still I am quite sure that to you, "who have obtained like precious faith with us"—to you, who are the Lord's people, the present is a season of affliction, and you feel, as Naomi felt, that the hand of the Lord is gone out against us. My present object in writing you is shortly to persuade you, that "it is well"—"the Lord doeth all things well"—and that it may be really for the furtherance of the gospel among you. In many ways may this be the case.

*First*, With respect to myself. It does not become me here to show what benefit it may be to me. Suffice it to say, that it has been a precious opportunity in which to reflect on the sins and imperfections of my ministry among you. A calm hour with God is worth a whole lifetime with man. Let it be your prayer that I may come out like gold, that the tin may be taken away, and that I may come back to you, if that be the will of God, a better man, and a more devoted minister. I have much to learn, and these words of David have been often in my heart and on my lips, "I know that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Psalm cxix. 75. Ministers are God's tools for building up the Gospel Temple. Now you know well that every wise workman takes his tools away from the work from time to time, that they may be ground and sharpened; so does the only-wise Jehovah take his ministers oftentimes away into darkness and loneliness and trouble, that he may sharpen and prepare them for harder work in his service. Pray that it may be so with your own pastor.

*Second*, With regard to you, my dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, this time of trial is for your furtherance. Does not God teach you, by means of it, to look beyond man to the Saviour, who abideth ever? Is not God showing you that ministers are earthen vessels, easily broken, and fit only to be cast aside like a broken pitcher out of mind? Is he not bidding you look more to the treasure which was in them, and which flows in all its fulness from Christ? It is a sad error into which I see many Christians falling, that of leaning upon man, mistaking friendship toward a minister for *faith* on the Son of God.

Remember that before Moses was sent to deliver Israel, his hand was made leprous, as white as snow, to teach them that it was not the might of that hand that could deliver Israel. Exod. iv. 6, 7. It has been the fault of some of you to lean too much on man. Now God is teaching you that, though the *cistern* may break, the *fountain* abides as open and full and free as ever—that

it is not from sitting under any particular ministry that you are to get nourishment, but from being vitally united to Christ. Ministers "are not suffered to continue by reason of death, but *Christ*, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood." Hebrews vii. 23.

*Third*, With regard to those among you who are almost, but not *altogether*, persuaded to be Christians, does not this providence teach you to make sure of an interest in Christ without delay? You thought you would have the Saviour held up to you for an indefinite number of Sabbaths, little thinking that your Sabbaths and mine are all numbered. Many a time you have said to me in your heart, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." You did not think that a time might come when you may call for your teachers, and they be silent as the grave.

I find many godly people here are looking forward to a time when God's faithful witnesses shall be put to silence, and anxious souls shall wander from sea to sea, seeking the Word of God, and shall not find it. Be entreated, O wavering souls, to settle the question of your salvation *now*. Why halt ye between two opinions? It is most unreasonable to be undecided about the things of an endless eternity, in such a world as this, with such frail bodies, with such a Saviour stretching out his hand, and such a spirit of love striving with you. Remember you are flesh—you will soon hear your last sermon. "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have put before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live." Deut. xxx. 19.

*Fourth*, There is another class who are not of you, and yet are on every hand of you, "of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose God is their belly, who glory in their shame, who mind earthly things." Ah! you would not believe if I were to tell you the great heaviness and continual sorrow that I have in my heart for you; and yet I hope my absence may be blessed even to you. Just think for a moment if God were to remove your teachers one by one—if he were to suffer the Church of our covenanted fathers to fall before the hands of her enemies—if he were to suffer Popery again to spread its dark and deadly shade over the land, where would you be?—you that despise the Sabbath, that care little for the preached word—you that have no prayer in your families, and seldom in your closets—you that are lovers of pleasure—you that wallow in sin! You would have your wish then—you would have your silent Sabbaths indeed—no warning voice to cry after you—no praying people to pray for you—none to check you in your career of wickedness—none to beseech you not to perish. Learn from so small a circumstance as the absence of your stated minister what may be in store for

you, and flee now from the wrath to come. "It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." Zeph. ii. 3.

*Finally*, My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, abide all the more in Christ because of my absence, and maintain a closer walk with God, that when I return, as God gives me good hopes now of doing, I may rejoice to see what great things God has done for your souls. God feeds the wild flowers on the lonely mountain side, without the help of man, and they are as fresh and lovely as those that are daily watched over in our gardens. So God can feed his own planted ones without the help of man, by the sweetly falling dew of his Spirit. How I long to see you walking in holy communion with God, in love to the brethren, and burning zeal for the cause of God in the world! I will never rest, nor give God rest, till He make you a lamp that burneth—a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Now strive together with me, in your prayers to God for me, that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus. Amen.

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## SECOND PASTORAL LETTER.

Past times of privileges reviewed—privileges still remaining.

EDINBURGH, *February* 6, 1839.

To all of you, my dear flock, who have chosen the good part which cannot be taken away, your pastor wishes grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The sweet singer of Israel begins one of his psalms with these remarkable words—"I will sing with mercy and judgment; unto thee, O God, will I sing." This is the experience of all God's servants in time of trouble. Even in the wildest storms the sky is not all dark; and so in the darkest dealings of God with his children, there are always some bright tokens for good. His way with us of late has been "in the sea, and his path in the deep waters." Yet some of you may have felt that his own hand was leading us like a flock. Psalm lxxvii. 19, 20. One great token of his loving kindness has been the way in which he has supplied the absence of your stated minister. Ordained messengers, men of faith and prayer, have spoken to you from Sabbath to Sabbath in the name of the Lord. Awakening, inviting, comforting messages you have had; and even your meetings on Thursday evenings he has continued to you; the gates of the house of prayer, like the gates of the city of refuge, have been as open to you as ever, inviting you to enter in and behold by faith what Jacob saw in Bethel, "the ladder set on earth, and the top of it reaching into heaven," inviting you to meet with Him with whom Jacob wrestled till the breaking of the day. Think how often, in times of perse-

cution, the Apostles were constrained to leave the seed they had sown, without leaving any one to water it but "the Lord on whom they believed." See Acts xiii. 50, 52, and xiv. 23, and xvi. 40. How often, in times of persecution in the Church of Scotland, our faithful pastors had to leave their few sheep in the wilderness, without any human shepherd to care for their souls, commending them to God, and to the word of his grace. These times may come again. God may be preparing us for such fiery trials. But he had not yet dealt so with us. He that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and "who stays his rough wind in the day of his east wind," has mingled mercy with judgment; and even when he humbles us, gives us cause for praise. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Another mark of his loving kindness to us is, his suffering me to pray for you. You remember how the Apostles describe the work of the ministry. Acts vi. 4. "We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word." Now, God is my record that this has been my heart's desire ever since my coming among you. I have always felt myself a debtor to you all, both to the wise and to the unwise, so as much as in me is I have been ready to preach the gospel unto you; but God has for a time withdrawn me from that part of the work amongst you. To me that grace is not now given to preach among you the unsearchable riches of Christ. (Oh, how great a grace it is! how wonderful that it should ever have been given to me!) Still he allows me to give myself unto prayer. Perhaps this may be the chief reason of my exile from you, to teach me what Zechariah was taught in the vision of the golden candlestick and the two olive trees, Zech. iv. 6, that it is not by might, nor by power, but by *His Spirit*, obtained in believing, wrestling prayer, that the temple of God is to be built in our parishes. I have hanged my harp upon the willow, and am no more allowed "to open to you dark sayings upon the harp," nor "to speak of the things which I have made touching the King," who is "fairer than the children of men." Still my soul does not dwell in silence. I am permitted to go in secret to God, my exceeding joy; and while meditating his praise, I can make mention of you all in my prayers, and give thanks for the little flocks, who, "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." I feel it is another gift of grace, that I am suffered to write to you. You remember how often the Apostles cheered and strengthened the disciples, when absent from them, by writing to them.* What a precious legacy of the

* 2 Cor. vii. 12. Gal. vi. 11. 1 Thes. v. 27. Heb. xiii. 22. 1 Peter v. 12. 2 Pet. i. 12-15; iii. 1. 1 John i. 4. Jude 3.

Church in all ages have these Epistles been! every verse, like a branch of the Tree of Life, bearing all manner of fruit, and the leaves for the healing of the nation. You remember how holy Samuel Rutherford, and many of our persecuted forefathers in the Church of Scotland, kept the flame of grace alive in their deserted parishes by sending them words of counsel, warning, and encouragement, testifying, not face to face, but with ink and pen, the gospel of the grace of God. I do feel it a great privilege that this door is open to me, and that, even when absent, I can yet speak to you of the things pertaining to the kingdom.

"This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you, in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance; yea, I think it meet, so long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance."

I. Abide in Him, little children, whom I have always preached unto you, that when he shall appear we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming. Let every new sight of your wicked heart, and every new wave of trouble, drive your soul to hide in him, the Rock of your Salvation. There is no true peace but in a present hold of the Lord, our Righteousness.

II. Enjoy the forgiveness of sins—keep yourselves in the love of God. If you abide in Christ, you shall abide in his love—your joy let no man take from you. "These things write we unto you that your joy may be full."

III. Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. "He that (saith he) abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk even as he walked." Ah, how many falls will I have to mourn over when I return, if God send me back to you—how many unseemly quarrellings and miscarriages among you, that are God's own—how many unlovely tempers among those who follow him who is altogether lovely! Oh take heed, do not give the enemy cause to blaspheme; naming the name of Christ, depart from all iniquity.

IV. Continue in prayer. How many messages have been carried to you publicly and from house to house, and yet how little success! I bless God for all the tokens he has given us that the Spirit of God has not departed from the Church of Scotland—that the glory is still in the midst of her. Still the Spirit has never yet been shed on us abundantly. The many absentees on the forenoon of the Sabbaths—the thin meetings on Thursday evenings—the absence of *men* from all meetings for the worship of God—the few private prayer meetings—the little love and union among Christians—all show that the plentiful rain has not yet fallen to refresh our corner of the heritage. Why is this? This is the day of Christ's power—why are the people not made willing? Let James give the answer. "Ye have not because ye ask not." Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. Finally, dear breth-

ren, farewell. Day and night I long to come to you, but still God hinders me. Do not omit to praise him for all the great grace he has mingled in our cup of bitterness. "Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy righteous judgments." When passing through the waters he has been with us, and in the rivers they have not overflowed us; and, therefore, we may be sure that when we pass through the fire we shall not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon us.

Now, may the God of peace himself give you peace always, by all means, and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. Amen.

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## THIRD PASTORAL LETTER.

How God works by providences.

EDINBURGH, *February* 13, 1839.

To all of you, my dear friends and people, who are and shall ever be followers of the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth, your pastor again wishes grace and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

I long very much that this grace may again be given unto me to preach among you face to face "the unsearchable riches of Christ." "Oftentimes I purpose to come unto you, but am let hitherto." Still, I feel it a great privilege that, even in my retirement, I can send you a word to the end that you may be established. I feel as if one door was left open to me by the Lord. Believe me, it is the foremost desire of my heart that Christ may be glorified in you, both now and at his coming—that you may be a happy and a holy people, blessed and made a blessing. For the sake of variety, let me guide your thoughts to a passage of God's own word, and there I will speak to you as if I were yet present with you, and half forget that you are not before me.

In Job xxiii. 8–10, you will find these solemn words—"Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him. But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

You all know the afflictions which came upon Job. "He was a perfect and upright man," and the greatest of all the men of the east, yet he lost his oxen and his asses, his sheep and camels, and his ten children, in one day. Again, the breath of disease came upon him, and he sat down among the ashes. In all this Job sinned not with his lips. He blessed the hand that smote him—"What! shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil." And yet, when his troubles were *prolonged*,

he knew not what to think. Learn how weak the strongest believer is; a bruised reed, without Christ, we are, and can do nothing. When Job's brethren dealt deceitfully with him "as a brook"—when he felt God hedging him in, and God's arrows drinking up his spirit, then clouds and darkness rested on his path—he could not unravel God's dealings with his soul—then he cried, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me!" He longed to get an explanation from God—"Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." You have here, then, in verses 8th and 9th, a child of light walking in darkness—an afflicted soul seeking, and seeking in vain, to know why God is contending with him. Dear friends, this is not an uncommon case; even to some of you God's providences often appear inexplicable. I hear that God has been at work among you, and "His way is in the sea." He has tried you in different ways; some of you by the loss of your property, as he tried Job; some of you by the loss of dear friends; some by loss of health, so that "wearisome nights are appointed you;" some by the loss of the esteem of friends—aye, even of Christians. "Your inward friends abhor you." Perhaps more than one trouble has come on you at a time—wave upon wave, thorn upon thorn. Before one wound was healed, another came—before the rain was well away "the clouds returned." You cannot explain God's dealings with you—you cannot get God to explain them—you have drawn the Saviour's blood and righteousness over your souls, and you know that the Father himself loveth you—you would like to meet him to ask, "Wherefore contendest thou with me?" "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" My dear afflicted brethren, this is no strange thing that has happened unto you. Almost every believer is at one time or another brought to feel this difficulty—"God maketh my heart soft, and the Almighty troubleth me." Is it anger, or is it in pure love that he afflicts me? Am I fleeing from the presence of the Lord, as Jonah fled? What change would he have wrought in me? If any of you are thinking thus in your heart, pray over this word in Job. Remember the word in the xlvi. Psalm, "Be still, and know that I am God." God does many things to teach us that *He* is God, and to make us wait upon him. And, still farther, see in verse 10th what light breaks in upon our darkness—"But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

Observe, *first*, "*He* knoweth the way that I take." What sweet comfort there is in these words—*He* that redeemed me—*He* that pities me as a father—*He* who is the only wise God—*He* whose name is love—"*He* knoweth the way that I take."

*The ungodly world* do not know it—the world knoweth us not.

even as it knew him not. A stranger doth not intermeddle with the joys or sorrows of a child of God. When the world looks on your grief with unsympathizing eye, you feel very desolate. "Your soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those who are at ease." But why should you? He that is greater than all the world is looking with the intensest interest upon all your steps.

*The most intimate friends* do not know the way of an afflicted believer. Your spirit is lonely, even among God's children, for your way is hid, and the Lord hath hedged you in. Still, be of good cheer, the Father of all, the best of friends, knows all the way that you take.

*You do not know your own way.* God has called you to suffer, and you go like Abraham, not knowing whither you go. Like Israel, going down into the Red Sea, every step is strange to you. Still, be of good cheer, suffer with Christ! God marks your every step. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." *He* that loves you with an infinite, unchanging love, is leading you by his Spirit and providence. *He* knows every stone, every thorn in your path. Jesus knows your way. Jesus is afflicted in all your afflictions. "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the water I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

*Second*, "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." This also is precious comfort. There will be an end of your affliction. Christians must have "great tribulation," but they come out of it. We must carry the cross, but only for a moment, then comes the crown. I remember one child of God's saying, that if it were God's will that she should remain in trials a thousand years, she could not but delight in his will. But this is not asked of us: we are only called "*to suffer a while.*" There is a set time for putting into the furnace, and a set time for taking out of the furnace. There is a time for pruning the branches of the vine, and there is a time when the husbandman lays aside the pruning hook. Let us wait this time—"he that believeth shall not make haste." God's time is the best time. But shall we come out the same as we went in? Ah! no, "we shall come out like gold." It is this that sweetens the bitterest cup; this brings a rainbow of promise over the darkest cloud. Affliction will *certainly* purify a believer. How boldly he says it, "I shall come out like gold." Ah, how much dross there is in every one of you, dear believers, and in your pastor! "When I would do good evil is present with me." Oh, that all the dross may be left behind in the furnace! What imperfection, what sin, mingles with all we have ever done! But are we really fruit-bearing branches of the true vine? then it is certain that when we are pruned we shall bear more fruit.

We shall come out like gold. We shine more purely as "a diadem in the hand of our God." We shall become purer vessels to hold the sweet smelling incense of praise and prayer. We shall become holy golden vessels for the Master's use in time and in eternity.

To the many among you who have no part nor lot in Christ, I would say, "See here the happiness of being a Christian in time of trouble." It is no small joy to be able to sing the xlvi. Psalm in the dark and cloudy day. I have often told you, and now tell you when I am far from you, "we are journeying to the place of which the Lord hath said, 'I will give it you;' come then with us, and we will do thee good, for God hath spoken good concerning Israel."

*Finally*, Pray that your pastor may come out of his trials like gold. All is not gold that glitters. Pray that everything that is but glittering dross may be taken away, and that, if it be *His* will, I may come unto you like the fine gold of Ophir. "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving, withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ."

My chief comfort concerning you is, that "my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and of peace shall be with you.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

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## FOURTH PASTORAL LETTER.

God the answerer of prayer.

EDINBURGH, *February* 20, 1839.

To all of you, my dear flock, who are chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, to be holy and without blame before him in love, your pastor again wishes grace and peace from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ.

There are many sweet providences happening to us every day, if we would but notice them. In the texts which ministers choose, what remarkable providences God often brings about! I have often felt this, and never more than now. Some of you may remember that the last chapter of the Bible which I read to you in the church was 1st Kings xix., where we are told of Elijah going away into the wilderness for forty days and forty nights to the mount of God, where he was taught that it is not by the *wind*, nor the *earthquake*, nor the *fire*, that God converts souls, but by the still small voice of the gospel. May not this have been gra-

ciously intended to prepare us for what has happened! Another providence some of you may have noticed. For several Thursday evenings before I left you I was engaged in explaining and enforcing the sweet duty of believing prayer. Has not God since taught us the use of these things?—"Trials make the promise sweet"—"Trials give new life to prayer." Perhaps some of us were only receiving the information into the head; is not God now impressing it on our hearts, and driving us to practice the things which we learned? I do not remember all the points I was led to speak upon to you, but *one*, I think, was entirely omitted—I mean the subject of answers to prayer. God left it for us to meditate on *now*. Oh, there is nothing that I would have you to be more sure of than this, that "God hears and answers prayer." There never was, and never will be, a believing prayer left unanswered. Meditate on this, and you will say, "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplication." Psalm cxvi. 1.

*First, God often gives the very thing his children ask at the very time they ask it.* You remember Hannah, Samuel. i. 10, she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore. "Give unto thine handmaid a man child." This was her request. And so she went in peace, and the God of Israel heard and granted her her petition that she had asked of him; and she called the child's name Samuel, that is, "Asked of God." Oh that you could write the same name upon all your gifts! you would have far more joy in them, and far larger blessings along with them. You remember *David*, in Psalm cxxxviii.—"*In the day* that I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." You remember *Elijah*, 1 Kings xvii. 21—"O Lord, my God! I pray thee let this child's soul come into him again. And *the Lord heard the voice* of Elijah, and *the soul of the child came into him again*, and he revived." You remember *Daniel*, ix. 20, 21—"*While I was* speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin. and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God for the holy mountain of my God; yea, whiles *I was speaking in prayer*, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation." Oh, what encouragement is here for those among you who, like Daniel, are greatly beloved—who study much in the books of God's word, and who set your face unto the Lord to seek by prayer gifts for the Church of God! Expect answers while you are speaking in prayer. Sometimes the vapors that ascend in the morning come down in copious showers in the evening. So may it be with your prayers. Take up the words of David, Psalm v. 3, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." You remember, in Acts xii., Peter was cast into prison, "but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him."

And, behold, the same night the answer surprised them at the door. Oh! what surprises of goodness and grace God has in store for you and me, if only we pray without ceasing. If you will pray in union to Jesus, having childlike confidence towards God—having the spirit of adoption, crying Abba within you—seeking the glory of God more than all personal benefits, I believe that in all such cases, you will get *the very thing you ask, at the very time you ask it.* Before you call God will hear, and while you are speaking he will answer. Oh, if there were twenty among you who would pray thus, and persevere therein like wrestling Jacob, you would get whatever you ask! yea, the case of Daniel shows that the effectual fervent prayer of one such believer among you will avail much. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart." Psalm xxxvii. 4.

*Second, God often delays the answer to prayer for wise reasons.* The case of the Syrophenician woman will occur to you all, Matth. xv. 21—28. How anxiously she cried, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David. But Jesus answered her not a word." Again and again she prayed, and got no gracious answer. Her faith grows stronger by every refusal. She cried, she followed, she kneeled to him, till Jesus could refuse no longer. "O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Dear praying people, "continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgivings." Do not be silenced by one refusal. Jesus invites importunity by delaying to answer. Ask, seek, knock, "The promise may be long delayed, but cannot come too late." You remember, in the parable of the importunate widow, it is said, "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them. I tell you that he will avenge them speedily." Luke xviii. 1—8. This shows how you, who are God's children, should pray. You should cry day and night unto God. This shows how God hears every one of your cries, in the busy hour of the day-time, and in the lonely watches of the night. He treasures them up from day to day: soon the full answer will come down. "He will answer speedily." The praying souls beneath the altar, in Rev. vi. 9—11, seem to show the same truth, that the answer to a believer's prayers may, in the adorable wisdom of God, be delayed for a little season, and that many of them may not be fully answered till after he is dead. Again, read that wonderful passage, Rev. viii. 3, where it is said that the Lord Jesus, the great intercessor with the Father, offers to God the incense of his merits, with the prayers of *all saints*, upon the golden altar which is before the throne. Christ never loses one believing prayer. The prayers of every believer, from Abel to the present day, he heaps upon the altar, from which they are continually ascending before his Father and our Father; and when the altar can hold

no more, the full, the eternal answer will come down. Do not be discouraged, dearly beloved, because God bears long with you—because he does not seem to answer your prayers. Your prayers are not lost. When the merchant sends his ships to distant shores, he does not expect them to come back richly laden in a single day—he has long patience. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Perhaps your prayers will come back, like the ships of the merchant, all the more heavily laden with blessings, because of the delay.

*Third, God often answers prayer by terrible things.* So David says, in Psalm lxv., "By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation." And all of you who are God's children have found it true. Some of you have experienced what John Newton did when he wrote that beautiful hymn, "I asked the Lord that I might grow."* You prayed with all your heart, "Lord, increase my faith." In answer to this, God has shown you the misery of your connection with Adam. He has revealed the hell that is in your heart. You are amazed, confounded, abashed. You cry, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You cleave to a Saviour God with a thousand times greater anxiety. Your faith is increased. Your prayer is answered by terrible things. Some of us prayed for a praying spirit, "Lord, teach us to pray." God has laid affliction upon us. Waves and billows go over us. We cry out of the depths. Being afflicted, we pray. He has granted our heart's desire. Our prayer is answered by *terrible things.*

*Fourth, God sometimes answers prayer by giving something better than we ask.* An affectionate father on earth often does this. The child says, Father, give me this fruit. No, my child (the father replies), but here is bread, which is better for you. So the Lord Jesus dealt with his beloved Paul, 2 Cor. xii. 7—9. There was given to Paul a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him. In bitterness of heart he cried, "Lord, let this depart from me." No answer came. Again he prayed the same words. No answer still. A third time he knelt, and now the answer came, not as he expected. The thorn is not plucked away—the messenger of Satan is not driven back to hell; but Jesus opens wide his more loving breast, and says, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh this is something exceeding abundant above all that he asked, and all that he thought. Ah, this is something better than he asked, and better than he thought. Surely God is able to do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Ephes. iii. 20. Dear praying believers, be of good cheer. God will either give you what you ask, or something far better. Are you not quite

* Olney Hymns, book iii. hymn 36.

willing that he should choose for you and me? You remember that even Jesus prayed, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." That desire was not granted, but there appeared unto him an angel from heaven strengthening him. Luke xxii. 43. He received what was far better, strength to drink the cup of vengeance. Some of you, my dear believing flock, have been praying, that, if it be God's will, I might be speedily restored to you, that God's name might be glorified; and I have been praying the same. Do not be surprised if he should answer our prayers by giving us something above what we imagined. Perhaps he may glorify himself by us in another way than we thought. "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things. To whom be glory forever. Amen."

These things I have written that you may come boldly to the throne of grace. The Lord make you a praying people. "Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy."

Now, the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one towards another, according to Christ Jesus. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing;" and the God of peace be with you all. Amen.

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## FIFTH PASTORAL LETTER.

What God has done, and the returns made.—Isaiah v. 4.

EDINBURGH, *February* 27, 1839.

To all of you, my dear flock, who are washed, and sanctified, and justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God, your pastor again wishes grace, mercy, and peace.

This is now the fifth time I am permitted by God to write to you. If *you* are not wearied, it is pleasant and refreshing to me. I wish to be like Epaphras, Coloss. iv. 12—"Always laboring fervently for you in prayer, that you may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." When I am hindered by God from laboring for you in any other way, it is my heart's joy to labor for you thus. When Dr. Scott of Greenock, a good and holy minister, was laid aside by old age from preaching for some years before his death, he used to say—"I can do nothing for my people now but pray for them, and sometimes I feel that I can do that." This is what I also love to feel. Often I am like Amelia Geddie, who lived in the time of the Covenanters, and of whom I used to tell you. The great part of my time is taken up with bringing my heart into tune for prayer; but when the blessed Spirit does

help my infirmities, it is my greatest joy to lay myself and you, my flock, in his hand, and to pray that God may yet make "the vine to flourish and the pomegranate to bud."

If you turn to Isaiah v. 4, you will find these affecting words—"What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes."

Consider these words, my dear people, and may the Spirit breathe over them that they may savingly impress your souls. These words are God's pathetic lamentation over his ancient people, when he thought of all that he had done for them, and of the sad return which they made to him. We have come into the place of Israel; the natural branches of the good olive tree have been broken off, and we have been grafted in. All the advantages God gave to Israel are now enjoyed by us; and ah! has not God occasion to take up the same lamentation over us, that we have brought forth only wild grapes? I would wish every one of you seriously to consider what more God could have done to save your soul that he has not done. But, ah! consider again whether you have borne grapes, or only wild grapes.

*First*, Consider how much God has done to save your souls. He has provided a great Saviour, and a great salvation. He did not give man or angel, but the Creator of all, to be the substitute of sinners. His blood is precious blood. His righteousness is the righteousness of God; and now "to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness," Romans iv. 5. Most precious word! Give up your toil, self-justifying soul. You have gone from mountain to hill—you have forgotten your resting-place—change your plan. Work not, but believe on him that justifieth the ungodly. Believe the record that God hath given concerning his son. A glorious, all perfect, all divine surety is laid down at your feet. He is within your reach—he is nigh thee—take him and live; refuse him and perish! "What could have been done more for my vineyard, that I have not done in it?"

*Second*, Again, consider the ordinances God has given you. He has made you into a vineyard. Scotland is the likest of all lands to God's ancient Israel. How wonderfully has God planted and maintained godly ministers in his land, from the time of Knox to the present day! He has divided the whole land into parishes; even on the barren hills of our country he has planted the choicest vine. Hundreds of godly laborers he has sent to gather out the stones of it. God has done this for you also. He has built a tower in the midst of you. Have you not seen his own hand fencing you round—building a gospel tower in the midst of you, and a gospel vine-press therein? And has he not sent me among you, who am less than the least of all the members of Christ, and yet "determined not to know anything among you save Jesus

Christ and him crucified?" Has not the Spirit of God been sometimes present in our sanctuary—have not some hearts been filled there with gladness more than in the time that their corn and wine increased? Have not some hearts tasted there the "love that is better than wine?" "What could have been done more for my vineyard that I have not done in it?" Now, let me ask, what fruit have we borne—grapes or wild grapes? Ah! I fear the most can show nothing but wild grapes. If God looks down upon us as a *parish*, what does he see? Are there not still a thousand souls utter strangers to the house of God? How many does his holy eye now rest upon who are seldom in the house of prayer, who neglect it in the forenoon? How many who frequent the tavern on the Sabbath-day? Oh! why do they bring forth wild grapes? If God looks upon you as *families*, what does he see? How many prayerless families? How often, as I passed your windows, late at eve or at early dawn, have I listened for the melody of psalms, and listened all in vain? God also has listened, but still in vain. How many careless parents does his pure eye see among you, who will one day, if you turn not, meet your neglected children in an eternal hell? How many undutiful children? How many unfaithful servants? Ah! why such a vineyard of wild grapes? If God looks on you as *individual souls*, how many does he see that were never awakened to real concern about your souls? How many that never shed a tear for your perishing soul? How many that were never driven to pray? How many that know not what it is to bend the knee? How many that have no uptaking of Christ, and are yet cold-hearted and at ease? How many does God know among you that have never laid hold of the only sure covenant? How many that have no "peace in believing," and yet cry, "peace, peace, when there is no peace?" Jer. viii. 11. How many does God see among you who have no change of heart and life, who are given up to the sins of the flesh and of the mind? and yet you "bless yourself in your heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." Deut. xxix. 19. Ah! why do you thus bring forth wild grapes? "Your vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: your grapes are grapes of gall: your clusters are bitter." Deut. xxxii. 32. Ah! remember you will blame yourselves to all eternity for your own undoing. God washes his hands of your destruction. What could have been done more for you that God has not done? I take you all to record this day, if I should never speak to you again, that I am pure from the blood of you all. O barren fig-trees, planted in God's vineyard, the Lord has been digging at your roots; and if ye bear fruit, well; if not, then ye shall be cut down! Luke xiii. 6–9.

Now, I turn for a moment to you who are God's children. I am persuaded better things of you, my dearly beloved, and things

know, but it is regarded as perfectly *incurable*, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields, which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one *had no hands*, the other *had no feet*—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot—and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world. Such is this prison-house of disease. But you will ask, who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter in at this dreadful gate, never to return again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen the lazar-house as their field of labor. They entered it never to come out again; and I am told that as soon as these die other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush, and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.

I wish now to mention to you a proposal which deeply involves the happiness of you and me, and of which I believe most of you have already heard something. Oh! that you would trace the Lord's hand in it. Oh! that "you would be still, and know that He is God." Let me go over some of the ways by which God has led us hitherto. When I came to you at the first it was not of my seeking. I never had been in your town, and knew only one family in it. I did not ask to be made a candidate. I was quite happy where I was laboring in the Lord's work. God turned your hearts to ask me to settle among you. It was the Lord's doing. Since that day "ye know after what manner I have been with you at all seasons," and how, as far as God gave me light and strength, "I have kept nothing back that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house." Ye know also, some of you in your blessed experience, that God has given testimony to the

word of his grace, so that "our gospel came not to you in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

It is indeed amazing how God should have blessed the word when there was so much weakness and so much sin. But "who is a God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity, and passes by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage." We planted and watered, and God gave the increase. Ye are God's husbandry—ye are God's building. To him be the glory.

You know also that I have had some painful trials among you. The state of the mass of unconverted souls among you has often made my heart bleed in secret. The coldness and worldliness of you who are God's children has often damped me. The impossibility of fully doing the work of a minister of Christ, among so many souls, was a sad burden to me. The turning back of some that once cared for their souls pierced my heart with new sorrows. Still I have had two years of great joy among you—unspeakable joy—in seeing souls added to the Church of such as shall be saved. I may never be honored to preach again, yet still to all eternity I shall praise God that he sent me to you—"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy." 1 Thessal. ii. 19, 20. And should I lightly break up such a connection as this? Ah, no! My dear friends, I do not need all your affectionate letters to persuade me, that, if it were the Lord's will, my own vineyard is the happiest place in the world for me to be. Again and again other vineyards were offered to me, and I was asked to leave you; but I never for a moment listened to one of them, for ye were the seal of my ministry; and where could I be happier than where the Lord had blessed me, and was still blessing me? But God sent another message to me. He laid a heavy hand upon my body; I long struggled against it, but it was too much for me. For two months I have been an exile from you, and I have felt all the time like a widower, or like Jacob bereaved of his children. My constant prayer was, that I might be restored to you, and to the Lord's service. You prayed the same, and when it was not answered, I cried, "Wherefore contendest thou with me?" That word was sent in answer—"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, neither *be weary* of his correction." Prov. iii. 11. God seems plainly to shut the door against my returning to you at present. I am greatly better, yet still I am forbidden to preach. I am not even allowed to conduct the family devotions morning and evening; indeed, whenever I exert myself much in conversation, I soon feel the monitor within warning me how frail I am.

In these circumstances, the General Assembly's Committee on the Jews have this day resolved that your pastor, accompanied

by Dr. Black of Aberdeen, and my beloved friend, Andrew Bonar of Collace,* should travel for the next six months, to make personal inquiry after the lost sheep of the House of Israel.

They propose that we should go without delay to the Holy Land--that we should then return by Smyrna, Constantinople, Poland, Germany, and Holland. Now, I did not seek this appointment—I never dreamed of such a thing. "But he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth," he has thrown open this door to me, while he keeps the door of return to you still shut. My medical men are agreed that it is the likeliest method of restoring my broken health, and that I have strength enough for the journey. You know how my heart is engaged in the cause of Israel, and how the very sight of Immanuel's land will revive my fainting spirit. And if it be the will of God, I shall return to you, my beloved flock, to tell you all that I have seen, and to lead you in the way to the Jerusalem that is above.

I cannot tell you how many providences have been sent to me, every one convincing me, that it is God's will and purpose I should go.

The most cheering one to me is, that a young man has nearly consented to fill my place, and feed your souls during my absence, who is everything I could wish, and who will make you almost forget that you want your own pastor. Nay, whatever happens, I hope you will never forget me, but remember me in your families, and remember me in your secret prayers. You are all graven on my heart—I never can forget you. How wonderful have been God's dealings with us! For many reasons he has sent this affliction on us—for sin in me, for sin in you; but also, I am persuaded, that he might seek after "the dearly beloved of his soul," that are now in the hand of their enemies. His way is in the sea—his name is wonderful. I grieve to write so much about myself. I had far rather speak to you of "*Him* who is fairer than the children of men." May you look beyond all ministers to *Him*—may he be your guide even unto death! Once again I hope to write before I leave my home and my country. Till then, may all grace abound toward you, and peace be upon Israel. Amen.

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### SEVENTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Unexpected calls to labor--Parting counsels to believers.

EDINBURGH, *March* 13, 1839.

To all of you who are my brethren, and my companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ, your pastor wishes, grace, mercy, and peace.

* The Rev. Dr. Keith of St. Cyrus had not at that time joined the Deputation.

It gives me great joy to address you once more; and if I could only grave on your heart some of those words which make wise unto salvation, my time and labor would be amply repaid. The providences of every day convince me that I have followed not my own will, but God's, in leaving you for a time. If the Lord permit, I shall come to you again, and, I trust, more fully taught by the Spirit—a holier, happier, and a more useful minister. I did not know when I last preached to you that I was to be so long parted from you; and though I felt a solemn tenderness stealing over my soul which I could not well account for, and eternity seemed very near, and your souls seemed very precious, yet the Lord was "leading the blind by a way which we knew not." I have been searching God's Word to find examples of this, and I find them very many.

You remember *Abraham*, how he was living quietly in his father's house, in Ur of the Chaldees, when the Lord appeared to him, and said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." Gen. xii. 1. And he went out, not knowing whither he went. You remember *Jacob;* his mother said unto him, "Arise, flee thou to Laban my brother, to Haran, and tarry with him *a few days*." But the Lord meant it otherwise; and it was twenty years before Jacob came back again. Gen. xxvii. 43. You remember *Joseph*; his father sent him a message to his brethren. Gen. xxxvii. 14. "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again." He expected to see him return in a few days; but God had another purpose with him. It was more than twenty years before he saw the face of Joseph again; till he said, "It is enough, Joseph, my son, is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

You will find the same method of dealing in the New Testament. How little *Peter* knew that morning when he went up to the house-top to pray, that he was that very day to be sent away to open the door of faith to the Gentiles, Acts x. 9; and yet God said to him, "Arise, get thee down, and go with them, nothing doubting," verse 20. Again, you remember *Barnabas* and *Saul*, how happily they were engaged with the brethren at Antioch ministering to the Lord and fasting. Little did they think that the next day they would be sailing away to carry the gospel to other lands. As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul, for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." Acts xiii. 2, 13.

Once more, when Paul had preached the gospel in all the cities of Asia, and was come to Troas, on the sea-coast, how little did he think that night when he laid his head upon his pillow, that, by the next day morning, the swift ship would be carrying him

across the seas, to bear the message of salvation to another continent. "A vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them." Acts xvi. 9, 10.

Now, has not God dealt with us in a similar manner? Although we are nothing in ourselves but evil and hell-deserving creatures; yet, when accepted in the Beloved, God cares for us. Oh! we err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God, when we think that God is indifferent to the least of all that are in Christ. We are fastened on the Redeemer's shoulder. We are graven on his breastplate, and that is on the Redeemer's heart. Surely he hath directed our steps. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God." In other circumstances, I suppose, I would not have listened to this proposal. I could not have torn myself away had I been in strength and usefulness among you, and indeed the expedition probably would never have been thought of.

But God, who chose *Israel* to be his peculiar treasure, can easily open up ways when *his set time* is come. I parted from you only for a *few days;* but God meant otherwise, and he will make it his own fixed time. And now, behold I know that there are some of you among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, who "shall see my face no more." "He that keepeth Israel" may preserve your pastor under his almighty feathers. I know you will pray for me, as you have done in secret, and in your families, and in your meeting for prayer, "that the sun may not smite me by day, nor the moon by night;" but, if I should come back again, will I find you all where I left you? Alas! I know it cannot be so, "For what is your life? It is even a vapor?" and God is still crying, "Return, return, ye children of men."

For some among you, I give thanks unto the Father that he hath made you meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Col. i. 12. There are some among you from whom I have learned more than I taught you, "who have been succorers of many, and of myself also," Rom. xvi. 2, and who have often reminded me of corn, when it was fully ripe. Shall we be surprised if the Son of Man puts in the sickle? Rev. xiv. 13, 16. Dear advanced believers, we may never meet again. I feel it almost wrong to pray that ye may be kept to comfort us on our return. It is wrong to grudge you "an entrance into perfect day," where you shall lay aside that body of death and sin which is your greatest grief; yet may the Lord spare you, and bless you, and make you a blessing, that ye may bear fruit in old age. Oh, fill up the little inch of time that remains to his glory; walk

with God; live for God. Oh, that every thought, and word, and action, might be in his favor, and to his praise. The Lord grant that we may meet again here, and with you be refreshed; but, if not, may we meet "where we shall walk with Christ in white." God, who knows my heart, knows it would be a hell to me to spend an eternity with unconverted Christless souls; but to be with Christ and his people is heaven to me, wherever it is. There are many young believers among you, whom I may never meet again. It is hard to think of parting with you; the mother feels it hard to part with the sucking child. It was my highest delight in this world to see you growing day by day—to see your sense of the plague of your own heart deepening—to see you cleaving to Christ, with full purpose of heart—to see your "peace widening like a river," and to see your love burning higher and higher toward the Throne of God. You are in my heart to live and to die with me. Still, *He* who at any time fed you by *me*, can as easily feed you by another. I commend you to the Lord, on whom you believe. Read 2d Peter iii. 17, meditate over it, pray over it; beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness; but grow in grace.

The only way to be kept from *falling* is to *grow*. If you stand still you will fall. Read Prov. xi. 28, "the righteous shall flourish as a branch." Remember you are not a *tree*, that can stand alone; you are only "a branch," and it is only while you abide in *Him*, as a branch, that you will flourish. Keep clear your sense of justification; remember *it is not* your own natural goodness, nor your tears, nor your sanctification, that will justify you before God. It is Christ's sufferings and obedience *alone*. Seek to be made holier every day—pray, strive, wrestle, for the Spirit, to make you like God. Be as much as you can with God. I declare to you that I had rather be one hour with God, than a thousand with the sweetest society on earth or in heaven. All other joys are but streams; God is the fountain—"all my springs are in thee." Now, may the blessings that are on the head of the just be on your head. Be faithful unto death, and Christ will give you a crown of life; and if I never meet you again in this world, may I meet you as "pillars in the house of my God," where "you shall go no more out." Pray for me when you have access to the Throne—when you have a heart for it. I will try and pray for you, that ye may endure to the end. I have a word more for those of you that are still unconverted, whom I may never see again in the flesh. My heart bleeds to think of parting with you; but I must defer this to my next letter, for I expect to write you again before I go. Farewell for the present, and may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. Amen.

## EIGHTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Warnings to the unsaved—Causes why so many among us are unsaved.

EDINBURGH, *March* 20, 1839.

To all of you, my dear flock, who are dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, your pastor wishes grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

In my last letter I showed you, that, in all human probability, there are many of you to whom I have preached the gospel of salvation, to whom I shall never preach it again face to face. I cannot be blind to the many dangers that accompany foreign travel—the diseases and accidents to which we shall be exposed; but if, through your prayers, I be given to you again, how many blanks shall I find in my flock? How many dear children of God gone to be "where the weary are at rest," where the imperfect "are made perfect?" How many of you that have stood out against all the invitations of Christ, and all the warnings of God, shall I find departed, to give in your account before the throne? It is to these last I wish now to speak. For two years I have testified to you the gospel of the grace of God. I came to you in "weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" and if the case of the children of God, and of backsliding souls, has often lain heavy at my heart, I can truly say that your dreadful condition "settled like wine upon her lees," when you are about to be "turned upside down, as a man turneth a dish and wipeth it," has been a continued anxiety to me; and sometimes, when I have had glimpses of the reality of eternal things, it has been an unsupportable agony to my spirit. I know well that this is a jest to you—that you care not whether ministers go or stay; and if you get a short sermon on the Sabbath-day that will soothe and not prick your conscience, that is all you care for. Still, it may be, the Lord who opened Manasseh's heart, will open yours, while I go over solemnly, in the sight of God, what appear to be the chief reasons why, after my two years, ministry among you, there are still so many unconverted, perishing souls.

*One cause* is to be sought in *your minister*. In Malachi ii. 6, you will find a sweet description of a faithful and successful minister—"The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity." That is what *we should* have done; but the furnace brings out the dross, and afflictions discover defects unknown before. Oh, that I could say with Paul —"That I have been with you at all seasons serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears." Ye are witnesses, and God also, "how holily, and justly, and unblameably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe." I am indeed amazed that the ministry of such a worm as I am, should ever have been

blessed among you at all; and I do this day bewail before God every sin in my heart and life, that has kept back the light from your poor dark souls. Oh, you that can pray, pray that I may come back a holy minister—a shepherd not to lead the flock by the voice only, but to *walk* before them in the way of life. Looking back over my pulpit-work, alas! I see innumerable deficiencies. I always prayed that I might "not keep back anything that was *profitable*"—that I might not shun to declare the whole counsel of God—"that I might decrease, and Christ increase." Still, alas! alas! how dimly I have seen, and set before you "the truth as it is in Jesus." How coldly have I pleaded with you to "save yourselves from this untoward generation!" How many things I have known among you "beside Christ and him crucified!" How often have I preached myself, and not the Saviour! How little I have "expounded to you in all the Scriptures the things concerning Jesus!" One error more has been in my private labors among you. How much fruitless intercourse have I had with you! I have not been like a *shepherd* crying after the lost sheep, nor like a *physician* among dying men, nor like a servant bidding you to the marriage, nor like one plucking brands from the burning! How often have I gone to your houses to try and win your souls, and you have put me off with a little worldly talk, and the words of salvation have died upon my lips! I dared not tell you you were perishing—I dared not to show you plainly of the Saviour. How often I have sat at some of your tables, and my heart yearned for your souls, yet a false shame kept me silent! How often I have gone home crying bitterly, "Free me from *blood-guiltiness*, O God, thou God of my salvation."

*I turn now to the causes in you, dear children of God.* You also have hindered in great measure God's work in the parish. *First*, by your want of *holiness*. "Ye are the light of the world." I have often told you that a work of revival in any place almost always begins with the children of God. God pours water first on "him that is thirsty," and then on the dry ground. But how little has "the word of the Lord sounded out from you!" I do not mean that you should have been loud talkers about religious things. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, and the talk of the lips leadeth to penury." But you should have been "living epistles, known and read of all men." You know that a lighted lamp is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise—yet "it giveth light to all that are within the house." So, if you had day by day the blood of Christ upon your conscience—walking a forgiven and adopted child of God—having a calm peace in your bosom, and a heavenly hope in your eye—having the Holy Spirit filling you with a sweet, tender, chaste, compassionate, forgiving love to all the world—O! had you shone thus for two years back, how many of your friends and neighbors that are going down to hell might have been saying this day, "Thy

people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Think, my beloved friends, that every act of unholiness, of conformity to the world, of selfishness, of whispering and backbiting, is hindering the work of God in the parish, and ruining souls eternally. And what shall I say to those of you who, instead of emitting the sweet winning light of holiness, have given out only rays of darkness. "I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

*Second—You have hindered God's work by your want of prayer.* When God gives grace to souls, it is in answer to the prayers of his children. You will see this, on the Day of Pentecost, Acts ii. Ezek. xxxvii. 9 shows, that in answer to the prayer of a single child of God, God will give grace to a whole valley full of dry and prayerless bones. Where God puts it into the heart of his children to pray, it is certain that he is going to pour down his Spirit in abundance. Now, where have been your prayers, O children of God? The salvation of those around you depends on your asking, and yet "hitherto ye have asked nothing in Christ's name." Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers keep not silence, and give him no rest. Alas! you have given God much rest—you have allowed his hand to remain unplucked out of his bosom. It is said of John Welsh, minister of Ayr, that he used always to sleep with a plaid upon his bed, that he might wrap it around him when he arose in the night to pray. He used to spend whole nights in wrestling with God for Zion, and for the purity of the Church of Scotland; and he wondered how Christians could lie all night in bed without rising to pray. Oh! we have few Welshes now, therefore our Church is so dim, and our land a barren wilderness. Dear Christians, I often think it strange that ever we should be in heaven, and so many in hell through our soul-destroying carelessness. The good Lord pardon the past, and stir you up for the future. I learn that you are more stirred up to pray since I left, both in secret and unitedly. God grant it be so. Continue in it dear children. Do not let it slip again. Plead and wrestle with God, showing him that *the cause is his own*, and that it is all for *his own glory* to arise and have mercy upon Zion.

*Last of all, think of the causes in yourselves, O unconverted souls!* Be sure of this, that ye will only have yourselves to blame, if ye awake in hell. You will not be able to plead God's secret decrees, nor the sins of your minister, nor the carelessness of your godly neighbors—you will be speechless. If you die, it is because you *will* die; and if you *will* die, then you must die.

*Think, first, on your carelessness about ordinances.* They are the channels through which God pours his Spirit. The Bible—prayer—the house of God—these are the golden pipes through

which the golden oil is poured. How many of you utterly neglect the Bible? You know not the blessedness of the man spoken of in the first Psalm. How many of you restrain prayer before God? How many of you have dead, useless prayers, learned by rote? And Oh! how you despise the house of God? Alas! that Church shall rise against you in judgment. It was a door of the ark brought near to you. Two years and more its gates have been wide open to you, and yet, how you have slighted it! Already, I seem to hear your loud wailing when you mourn at the last and say, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers."

*Think, second, how you have been mockers.* It has been too common for you to make a mock of eternal things and of godly people. When there have been anxious souls seeking the way to be saved, and they could not conceal their tears, you have called them hypocrites! When some have got a new heart, and have changed their way of life, you have spoken scoffingly of them, and tried to bring them into contempt. Alas! poor soul, look within. You have hardened your heart into an adamant stone. Look at Prov. xvii. 5, "He that mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker." And, again, Isaiah xxviii. 22, "Now, therefore, be ye not *mockers*, lest your bands be made strong."

*To sum up all. The great cause that I leave you hard is, that you "despise the Son of God."* You see no beauty in him that you should desire him. You lightly esteem the rock of your salvation. You have not had a soul-piercing look at a pierced Saviour. You have not seen the infinite load of sins that weighed down his blessed head. You have not seen how open his arms are to receive—how often he would have gathered you. You have not heard that sweet word whispered of the Spirit, "Behold me, behold me," which, when a man once hears, he leaves all and follows. You have trampled under foot the blood of the Son of God. Farewell, dear, dear souls. God knows that my whole heart prays that you may be saved.

Perhaps there are some of you that never would bend under my ministry, that will melt like wax before the fire under the word of the dear young minister who is to speak to you in my absence. May the Lord give him hundreds for my tens! I will often pray for you, and sometimes write to you when I am far away. If I reach Immanuel's land, I will say, "the Lord bless you out of Zion." And if you will not turn, remember I take God for a record that I am pure from the blood of you all.

Dear children of God, I now cast you on him who cast you on me when I was ordained over you. He said to me, "feed my sheep"—"feed my lambs"—"feed my sheep." Now, when he sends me away, I would humbly return his own words to him, saying, O Shepherd of Israel—feed my sheep—feed my lambs—

feed my sheep. Little children, love one another. Keep yourselves from idols. Bear me ever on your hearts. Pray that when I have preached to others, I may not be a castaway. Pray that I may save some.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

My next, if God will, may be from England.

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## NINTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Incidents of the way as far as Leghorn—Exhortations

LEGHORN, *May* 2, 1839.

To all of you, my beloved flock, who have received Christ, and walk in Him, your pastor wishes grace, and mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

My heart's desire and prayer for you every day is, that you may be saved. I am now far from you in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit. I thank my God without ceasing, for as many of you as have been awakened to flee from the wrath to come—have rested your soul upon the good word of God concerning Jesus—and have tasted the love of God. In every prayer of mine for you all, I ask that ye may continue in the faith, grounded and settled—that ye may be like trees, rooted in Christ Jesus—or like a holy temple built up in him who is the only foundation-stone.

I expected to have written you from London, and again before leaving France, but we have travelled so rapidly, often day and night, and the fatigue was so great in my weak frame, that I was disappointed in this; but I did not forget you night or day, and I know well I am not forgotten by you. Since I wrote you last, I have passed through many cities and countries, and seen many faces and things strange to me. Many lessons for my own soul, and for yours I have learned. At present I must write you shortly.

We left London on the 11th of April, and next morning crossed the British Channel from Dover to Boulogne, and found ourselves on the shores of France. The very first night we spent in France, we were visited by a most interesting Jew, evidently anxious about his soul. He spoke with us for many hours, accepted the New Testament in Hebrew, and bade good bye with much emotion. We thanked God for this token for good. Pray for us that God may give us good success, that we may have the

souls of Israel for our hire. From Boulogne we travelled to Paris, by day and by night, and spent a Sabbath there. Alas! poor Paris knows no Sabbath, all the shops are open, and all the inhabitants are on the wing in search of pleasures—pleasures that perish in the using. I thought of Babylon and of Sodom as I passed through the crowd. I cannot tell how I longed for the peace of a Scottish Sabbath. There is a place in Paris called the *Champs Elyseés*, or Plains of Heaven—a beautiful public walk, with trees and gardens: we had to cross it on passing to the Protestant church. It is the chief scene of their Sabbath desecration, and an awful scene it is. O! thought I, if this is the heaven a Parisian loves, he will never enjoy the pure heaven that is above. Try yourselves by that text, Isaiah lviii. 13, 14. I remember of once preaching to you from it. Do you really delight in the Sabbath-day? If not, you are no child of God. I remember with grief that there are many among you that despise the Sabbath—some who buy and sell on that holy day—some who spend its blessed hours in worldly pleasures, in folly and sin. Oh! you would make Dundee another Paris if you could. Dear believers, oppose these ungodly practices with all your might. The more others dishonor God's holy day, the more do you honor it, and show that you love it of all the seven the best. Even in Paris, as in Sardis, we found a little flock of believers. We heard a sweet sermon in English, and another in French. There are only 2000 Protestant hearers out of the half million that inhabit Paris, and there are fourteen faithful sermons preached every Sabbath.

We left the French capital on the 16th April, a lovely evening, with a deep blue sky above, and a lovely country before us, on the banks of the Seine. This would be a delightsome land, if it only had the light of God's countenance upon it. We travelled three days and three nights, by Troyes, Dijon, and Chalons, till we came to Lyons, upon the rapid river Rhone, in the south of France. The Lord stirred up kind friends to meet us. Lyons is famous as being the place where many Christians were martyred in the first ages, and where many were burned at the time of the Reformation, because they loved and confessed the Lord Jesus. God loves the place still. There is a small body of 300 believers, who live here under a faithful pastor, Mr. Cordees. He cheered our hearts much, and sent us away with affectionate prayers.

That day we sailed down the Rhone more than 100 miles, through a most wonderful country. We hoped to have spent the Sabbath at Marseilles, but just as we entered the Mediterranean Sea, a storm of wind arose, and drove the vessel on a barren island, at the mouth of the Rhone. We all landed and spent our Sabbath quietly on the desert island. It was your communion Sabbath; and I thought that perhaps this providence was given me that I might have a quiet day to pray for you. There were

about twelve fishermen's huts on the island, made of reeds, with a vine growing before the door, and a fig-tree in their garden. We gave tracts and books in French to all our fellow-passengers, and to the inhabitants, and tried to hallow the Sabbath. My heart went up to God the whole day for you all, and for my dear friends who would be ministering to you. I tried to go over you one by one as many as I could call to mind. My longing desire for you was, that Jesus might reveal himself to you in the breaking of bread—that you might have heart-filling views of the lovely person of Immanuel, and might draw from *him* rivers of comfort, life, and holiness. I trust your fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Many I know are ignorant of Jesus. I trembled when I thought of their taking the bread and wine. You all know my mind upon this. The next morning the storm abated, and we sailed over the tideless sea, and reached the beautiful harbor of Marseilles by eight o'clock. We had conference with a faithful young minister, and with the Rabbi of the Jews. We also attended the synagogue the same evening. The Jews of France are fast falling into infidelity, especially the younger Jews. They do not love the law and the prophets as their fathers did. They are, indeed, the dry bones in Ezek. xxxvii. Still God can make them live. It is our part to speak to them the word of the Lord, and to pray for the quickening spirit.

True Christians in France are increasing. There are 400 Protestant ministers, and nearly one half of these are faithful men, who know nothing among their flocks but Christ and him crucified. In some places Christians seem more bold and devoted than in Scotland. It is very pleasant to hear them singing the French psalms; they sing with all their heart, and are much given to prayer. Oh, my dear Christians, be like them in these things. May the same Holy Spirit, who has often visited you in times gone by, fill your hearts more than ever with praise and prayer.

Popery in France is waxing bolder. The first day we landed on the shore, it was evident we were in a land of Popish darkness. On the height above Boulogne, a tall white cross attracted our eyes. We found on it an image of our Saviour nailed to the tree, larger than life; the spear, the hammer, the nails, the sponge, were all there. It was raised by some shipwrecked fishermen; and sailors' wives go there in a storm to pray for their absent husbands. The Popish priests meet us in every street; they wear a three-cornered hat, black bands, a black mantle with a sash, and large buckles on their shoes; they have all a dark suspicious look about them. At the entrance of every village there is a cross, and the churches are full of pictures and images. I went into one church in Paris, the finest in France, where the crosses were all of pure silver and there was a large white image of the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Many rich and poor were kneeling on the pavement before the image silently praying.

Gross darkness covers the people. A priest travelled one whole night with us in the coach. We argued with him first in French and then in Latin, trying to convince him of his errors, and showing him his need of peace with God and a new heart. In the cxxxvii. Psalm you will see that Babylon, or Popery, is "doomed to destruction;" and in Revel. xviii. you will see that her destruction will be very sudden and very terrible. O that it may come soon, for thousands are perishing under its soul-destroying errors. And yet remember what I used to read to you out of Martin Boos; and remember the saying of the Lord to Elijah, 1 Kings xix. There may be many hidden ones even in Babylon. The whole way through France we distributed French Tracts. Many hundreds in this way received the message of life. In every village they came crowding around us to receive them. Pray that the dew of the Spirit may make the seed sown by the wayside spring up.

We were too late for the first vessel to Malta, and therefore resolved to sail into Italy. We left Marseilles on the 23d April, and landed in Genoa on the 24th. Genoa is one of the most beautiful towns in the world—the most of the houses and churches are of pure white marble, and, from the sea, look like palaces; but Satan's seat is there—we dared not distribute a single tract or book in Genoa—we would have been imprisoned immediately. The Catholic priests, in their black dismal cloaks, and the monks with their coarse brown dress, tied with a cord, a crucifix and beads hanging round their neck, bare feet, and cowl, swarm in every street. I counted that we met twenty of them in a ten minutes' walk. Popery reigns here triumphant, yet the people "are sitting still, and at ease," living for this world only. Oh! it is an awful thing to be at ease when under the wrath of God. Every place I see in Italy makes me praise God that you have the gospel so freely preached unto you. Prize it highly; do not neglect the wells of salvation that flow so freely for you.

The next day we sailed for Leghorn, where we have been ever since. We are living in the house where the excellent Mr. Martin, once minister of St. George's, Edinburgh, died in 1834. We visited his grave. I prayed that, like him, we might be faithful unto the end. There are from 10,000 to 20,000 Jews here. We went to the synagogue the night we arrived, and twice since; it is a beautiful building inside, capable of holding 2000 persons. The place where they keep the law, written on a parchment roll, is finely ornamented with marble; so is the desk kept where they read the prayers. Lamps are continually burning. One Rabbi was chanting the prayers when we entered. Beside the ark there stood three Rabbis, in the eastern dress, with turbans and flowing robes, and long beards. They were much reverenced, and many came to kiss their hand, and receive their blessing. One of them is from Jerusalem; we have had many interesting conversations

with him. Every day we have met with several Jews; they are very friendly to us, and we try to convince them out of the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ. There are about 250 Protestants here, and we have tried to stir them up also to care for their souls. Dr. Black preached to them in our hotel last Sabbath evening.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. To-morrow we sail from Italy to Malta, then for Egypt, and then for the Holy Land. Dear believers, it is a sweet consolation to me that your prayers go with me wherever I go. Often, perhaps, they close the mouth of the adversary—often keep back the storms from our vessel—often open a way to the hearts of those we meet—often bring down a sweet stream of the Spirit to water my thirsty soul. May I be enabled to make a sweet exchange with you, praying my heavenly father to render double unto each of your bosoms what you pray for me! May my dear brother, who, I trust, fills my place among you, be made a blessing to you all—may his own soul be watered while he waters yours! Join him with me in your supplications. May he win many souls among you that I could never win.

This is Thursday evening. I trust you are at this moment met together in the prayer meeting. Oh! do not forsake the assembling of yourselves together. My heart is with you all. May the Spirit fill the whole church, and every heart, with his presence and power. My body is still far from being strong. I am more and more convinced that I did right in leaving you. I trust to be restored to you again in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. "The will of the Lord be done."

My dear brother, who is with me, whom you know well, and who daily joins me in fervent prayers for you, sends his salutations. Remember me to all who are sick and afflicted. Alas! how many of you may be laboring and heavy laden, that I know not of; but Jesus knows your sorrows. I commend you to the good physician.

*My dear classes*, I do not, and cannot forget—cxix. Psalm, 9th verse, I pray may be written in your hearts.

*My dear children in the Sabbath-schools*, I always think upon, on the Sabbath evenings; *and on those* who patiently labor among them. The Lord himself give you encouragement, and a full reward.

*To all* I say, keep close to Christ, dear friends. Do not be enticed away from him; he is all your righteousness, and all mine; out of *Him* you have all your strength, and I mine. It pleased the Father that in *Him* should all fulness dwell.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. Farewell.

## TENTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Incidents of the way in Palestine and other lands—Request.

BRESLAW, IN PRUSSIA, *Oct.* 16, 1839.

To my dear flock, whom I love in the Lord Jesus, grace, mercy and peace, be multiplied from God the Father, and from his Son, Jesus Christ.

I fear that many of you will be thinking hardly of your distant pastor, because of his long silence; and, indeed, I cannot but think hardly of myself. I little thought, when leaving Italy, that I would be in Europe again before writing to you. I did not know how difficult it is to write at any length when travelling in the East. From the day we left Egypt till we came to Mount Lebanon, for more than two months, we were constantly journeying from place to place, living in tents, without the luxury of a chair or a bed. In these circumstances, with my weak body, and under a burning sun, you must not wonder at my silence. At the foot of Mount Carmel I began one letter to you, and again in sight of the Sea of Galilee I began another, but neither did I get finished. Last of all, before leaving the Holy Land, I set apart a day for writing to you; but God had another lesson for me to learn. He laid me down under a burning fever, bringing me to the very gates of death. Indeed, my dear people, I feel like *Lazarus*, whom the Lord raised from the tomb. I feel like one sent a second time with the message of salvation, to speak it more feelingly and more faithfully to your hearts, as one whose eye had looked into the eternal world. In all our wanderings, you have been with me by night and by day. Every scene of Immanuel's land brought you to my remembrance, because every scene tells of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. In the wilderness—in Jerusalem—beside the Sea of Galilee—at Smyrna—on the Black Sea—on the Danube—you have all been with me. I have, day and night, unceasingly laid your case before God. It has been one of my chief comforts, that, though I could not preach to you, nor come to you, I could yet pray for you. Perhaps I may obtain more for you in this way, than I could have done by my personal services among you. Another joy to me has been, that I know all of you who pray, pray for me. This has been a lamp to me in many a dark hour. God has wonderfully preserved us through your prayers. In the south of the Holy Land, we were daily exposed to the plague. Every night we heard the wail of the mourners going about the streets of Jerusalem; yet no plague came near our dwelling. Near the Sea of Galilee, we were often in danger of being robbed and murdered by the wild Arabs; yet we passed unhurt through the midst of them. Sailing to Smyrna, your pastor was brought low indeed, in so much that I never thought to see you again; yet he sent his word and healed

me. In Poland, the Sabbath before last, I was actually in the hands of robbers; but through God's wonderful mercy, I escaped safe. In every step of our journey, I am persuaded we have been watched over by our all-loving Father, who is the hearer of prayer. And the Lord shall deliver us from every evil work, and will preserve us unto his heavenly kingdom. I speak of these things only that you may give him the glory, and trust in him to your dying day. Sing the cxvi. Psalm in all your families. Another joy to me has been, that God has given you the dear brother who watches over you so tenderly. You know not what joy it gave me to hear of you all through him. The letter reached me at Smyrna, when I was so weak that I could not walk alone. It was like health and marrow to my bones, to hear that the Lord's work is not yet done in the midst of you, and that so many of you stand fast in the Lord, having your conversation in heaven. I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth. It is not like common joy. All joys of this world are short and fading—they reach not beyond the dark boundary of the grave; but to rejoice over those whom the Lord has given me out of a perishing world—this is joy which God himself shares, and which reaches into the light of eternity. Ye are my joy and crown. In like manner, there is no sorrow like the sorrow of the pastor, who has to weep over a backsliding people. I do tremble to return to you, for I know well I shall have deep sorrow from some, of whom I expected joy. I fear lest I have to mourn over some branches that are without fruit, on the good vine-tree; over some, who once gave their hand to the Saviour, but are now saying, "I will go after my lovers." Are there none of you who have left your first love, and broken the bands that bound you to follow Jesus? Shall I find none of whom I must needs say, "They went out from us, but they were not of us?" Oh, there is no sorrow like unto this sorrow.

Had I been able, as I hoped, to have written you from all the chief places in our journeyings, I would have attempted to describe to you all I saw; but now there are so many countries to look back upon, that it would be in vain to attempt it. I do hope, that if the Lord bring us together again, I may be able to tell you many things of our wanderings, and especially of Immanuel's land, which may both refresh and improve you. Nothing that I have heard I keep back from you, if only it be for your soul's good and God's glory. Of the Holy Land, I can only say, like the Queen of Sheba, "that the half was not told me." It is far more wonderful than I could have believed. I shall always reckon it one of the greatest temporal blessings of my lot, that I have been led to wander over its mountains with the Bible in my hand, to sit by its wells, and to meditate among its ruined cities. Not a single day did we spend there without reading, in the land itself, the most wonderful traces of God's anger and of his love.

Several times we went to the Mount of Olives, to the Garden of Gethsemane, to the Pool of Siloam, and to the Village of Bethany and every stone seemed to speak of the love of God to sinners. These places are probably very little altered from what they were in the days when Jesus tabernacled among men, and they all seemed to say, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us. We were four days in sight of the Sea of Galilee. I could not help thinking of you, my dear young people, for we used to go over the Sea of Galilee so often on the Monday evenings, and all the scenes of divine love it has been witness to. One day we rode through the Plain of Gennesareth, and passed the mouldering ruins of Capernaum, the Saviour's city, where his voice of mercy was so often heard, and where his hand was so often stretched out to heal. We asked in vain for Chorazin and Bethsaida. The woe which Jesus pronounced has fallen upon them.

O my dear flock, "how shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" See how desolate they are left, that refuse him that speaketh from heaven. The free offer of a divine surety, rings through your churches, now that God continues faithful teachers among you. Every Sabbath, and oftener, the fountain for sin is publicly opened for you, and souls, all defiled with sin, are invited to come and wash. But these mercies will not always last.

If you tread the glorious gospel of the grace of God under your feet, your souls will perish; and I fear Dundee will one day be a howling wilderness like Capernaum. I spent nearly the whole of August, during my illness in Bouja, a village near Smyrna, under the care of tenderest friends, whom the Lord wonderfully provided for me in a strange land. You remember Smyrna is one of the Seven Churches in Asia to which the Saviour sent those quickening messages in the Revelation of St. John. I thought again and again of the happy Thursday evenings which I once spent with you in meditating on these Seven Epistles to the Churches. You know it is said of Samuel, even when he was a child, that God did not let one of his words fall the ground, and the same is true to this hour of the very weakest of God's faithful ministers. What we have spoken to you is not like the passing wind, which hurries on and leaves no trace behind. It is like the rain and snow—it will not return to God without accomplishing some end in your hearts, either melting or hardening. Smyrna is the only one of these churches where a pure golden candlestick is now to be found with the light burning. There is a small company who believe in Jesus. It was pleasant indeed to hear the gospel preached there in all its purity and power. Be you also faithful to death, and you shall receive a crown of life. Leaving Smyrna, we sailed past Troas and Bithynia, and visited Constantinople, the most beautiful city in the world, and yet the most miserable. Looking round from the

deck of the vessel, I could count above ninety minarets, many of them pure marble, carved and gilded in the richest manner. These all form part of mosques, or temples of the false prophet Mahomet. This religion is a singular invention of Satan; their Koran, or Bible, is a book filled with nonsense, and with much wickedness. All their belief is comprehended in the short saying, "Lo Ullah il Allah, a Mahomed Rasal Allah"—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." They expect to be saved chiefly by making pilgrimages to Mecca, by abstaining from wine and pork, and by praying five times a day. Every day, at sunrise or sunset, we saw them at prayer; wherever they are, in the open street, on the top of the house, or on the deck of a ship, they take off their shoes, wash hands, face, and feet, spread their garment before them, and turning their face towards Mecca, pray, bending and kissing the ground, often fifteen and twenty times. They are rather pleased if you look at them. They are very proud of their own faith, and will not listen for a moment to the gospel of Jesus. It would be instant banishment or death if any missionary were to attempt their conversion. Ah! my dear flock, how differently you are situated. How freely salvation is offered to you—a faith that really saves you from your sins—that makes you love one another! For love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God. If you are not growing humble and loving, be sure your faith is no better than a Mahometan's. You are not of God, but of the world.

The next countries we visited were Wallachia and Moldavia. We sailed to them from Constantinople, across the raging waves of the Black Sea, and up the mighty river Danube. These are two singular countries, seldom visited by travellers; they are governed by two princes, and the established religion is of the Greek Church. I wish I could show you all that I have seen of the superstitions and wickedness practised among them, that you might give more earnest heed to the pure gospel that flows as freely as air and water through our beloved land. One day, in Bucharest, the capital city of Wallachia, I was present at a festival on the prince's birthday. An immense crowd was present in their finest church, and all the nobles of the land. The service consisted of prayers and chanting by a number of priests, dressed in the most splendid manner. When all was over I staid behind to see a curious superstition. At one side of the altar lay an open coffin, highly ornamented; within I observed a dead body wrapped in cloth of gold; a dead withered hand alone was left out. This is said to be the body of St. Demetrius, lately found in a river, by the water parting asunder miraculously. Such is the tale we are told. I stood beside it when the worshippers approached the coffin in great numbers, men and women, rich and poor. First, they crossed themselves and kneeled, kissing the floor three times. Then they approached reverently, and kissed

the withered hand of the dead body and a cross that lay beside it. Then they gently dropped a small coin into a little plate at the dead man's feet, and after receiving a blessing from the priest, with three prostrations more to the ground, they retired. This is one specimen of their abominable worship of dead men. Do I tell you these things that you may be proud of your superior light? Ah! no. I write these things that those of you who live no better lives than they do, may be convinced of your danger. What can you expect of these poor idolaters, but that they will live after the flesh, in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness, in strife and envying. But are there none of you, my dear flock, for whom night and day my prayers ascend—are there none of you who do the same things, though you have the holy Bible, and a freely preached gospel, and no superstition? Yet how many of you live an unholy life! Ah! remember Sardis—"I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God." The next kingdom we came through was Austrian Poland—the land of graven images. We came through its chief towns, Tarnapole, Brody, Lemburg, and from thence to Cracow, travelling many hundred miles. You would be amazed, as I have been, if you saw the abominable idolatry of this land. The Roman Catholic is the established faith; and the government are bitter persecutors of any who change. At every village there are numbers of crosses, of immense size, with the image of the Saviour. There are also statues of the Virgin Mary, and of other saints, as large as life, all along the roads. Often there are wooden boxes set up, full of images; often in the middle of a square there is a small covered chamber full of these idols, of wood and stone, whom the poor people worship every day. The Bible is an unlawful book in this country. All our Bibles were taken away from us, even our Hebrew ones, that we might not preach to the Jews the glad tidings of a Saviour. Blessed be God, they could not take them from our memories and hearts. Should not this make you all pray for the coming of the day when the towers of Popery shall fall—the day when God shall avenge us on her? for the Bible which she hates so much says, "Her plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." Pray for that day, for it will be the same day when God will bind up the breach of his people Israel, and shall heal the stroke of their wound. It will be the day when the Lamb's wife shall come forth in all her loveliness, and when the Lord Jesus shall wear the crown of his espousals.

I began this letter to you in Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, but now an independent state. We spent three days there inquiring after the poor despised Jews. We had much in-

tercourse with a faithful, prayerful missionary, who labors among them there; and on the Sabbath we celebrated the Lord's Supper. During the four years he has been in Cracow, the missionary had never once enjoyed the ordinance, for all around are sunk in Popery or infidelity. We were but five souls in all, and yet we felt it very pleasant, when surrounded with them that hated us, and far from our homes, with the door of the chamber shut, to remember Jesus. My thoughts and desires were much towards you. I had greatly hoped to be present at your next Lord's Supper, but now I see it cannot be. My only comfort is, I have committed you to those who are beloved of the Lord, workmen that need not to be ashamed, whose names are in the Book of Life; and the chief Shepherd, I feel persuaded, will not leave you orphans, but will come to you, and breathe upon you. May the Lord keep back from the Table all who are not united to Christ; and may you, who are his own children, have communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ!

Since yesterday morning, we have travelled 180 miles nearer home. We are now in Breslaw, and we breathe more freely, for this is the Protestant kingdom of Prussia. It makes my heart light to think that I am really on my way to you. It has been a sweet work indeed to me to carry, with poor stammering lips, the word of salvation to the scattered sheep of the house of Israel; still, I do long, if it be the Lord's will, to feed once more the flock that was given me in the dew of my youth. Whether I shall be permitted, and how long, to take up so great a work again, my Master only knows; but, if you wish for it as fervently as I do, solemnly agree, in the presence of God, on the night on which this letter is read to you, to these two things—1st, Strive, together with me, in your prayers to God for me, that it would please him to forgive and forget our past sins and shortcomings—mine in carrying the message, yours in receiving it; and that he would really heal my body, and strengthen my soul, for again uptaking the blessed work of the Gospel-ministry among you, and that he would grant us a prosperous journey to come unto you. 2d, Solemnly agree, in the strength of the Lord Jesus, to break off your sins by righteousness, and your iniquities by showing mercy to the poor. The sin of one Achan troubled the whole camp of Israel. If any one of you who are God's children wilfully continue in some old sin, then it may be God's will, for your sake, to trouble our camp, and continue his chastening. See that no fleshly lust—no covetousness, which is idolatry—no hankering after the world and its unholy pleasures—no unlawful affection—be reigning in you. Clean out the old leaven from all your houses, so that we may meet again in peace, and be refreshed together by days of the Lord's presence, and of the Spirit's power, such as we have never seen before. This is the hearty desire and prayer of your affectionate pastor, &c.

TO REV. JOHN ROXBURGH, OF ST. JOHN'S, DUNDEE.

The Holy Land.

JERUSALEM, *June* 17, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I am sure you will be glad to hear from your brother in the ministry, in this land trodden by the feet of "God manifest in the flesh." My thoughts wander continually to the spot where God first counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; where, for two years, he made me a happy minister of the gospel, and where I believe I have many praying friends who will not forget me so long as I live. In these sweet remembrances—whether in the vales of Italy, or on the mighty waters, or in the waste howling wilderness, or in this land of promise, you and your family have their constant place. I doubt not also that you often think and talk of me. When some Church Extension expedition has turned out well, you will say, "What would our travelling friend say to this?" Or when the liberties of our Church are infringed, and the arm of unhallowed power is raised against her, you perhaps think a moment, "How will our traveller bear this?" I am thankful to Him who dwelt in the bush that we are all here in safety, and I myself in moderate health, quite able to endure the fatigues of travelling, although these have been very great. You would hear of our swift journey through France, and our pleasant stay in Italy. Malta was the next place of interest we came to. It is a very lovely island, having customs from every nation almost under heaven. It is highly important as a centre of missionary operations, having a printing press, and some useful, excellent men employed. In riding round its rocky shore, we looked on every creek with interest, remembering *Paul's* shipwreck here, and his three months' stay in the island. The atmosphere is truly pleasant, and the sky has a peculiarly fine tinge of yellowish red. We had a pleasant sail past Greece, and among the wonderful islands of the Ægean sea. We landed on one called Syra, and saw the Mission actively engaged, 600 Greek children reading God's word in Greek. The same evening we sailed between Naxos and Paros, where the beautiful marble was found, and stretched our eyes to see Patmos, where the beloved John wrote the Revelation. We could only see the waves that washed its shore. We passed Crete, and read the Epistle to Titus with a new interest; and the next day at four (13th May) sailed into the harbor of Alexandria. The customs of the East are very striking to the eye at first. The turban, the beard, the hyke or immense plaid, the wide Arab trousers, the black visages and legs of the men, quite arrest the attention. The close veil, the forehead ornaments, the ear-rings, the anklets, the burden carried on the head, the children carried on the shoulder, or on the side, all these in the women are striking, especially

at first. They will recall to you many of the words of the prophets. The plague having broken out at Alexandria the day we arrived, we were prevented from going up to Cairo, and after having visited the Jews in the synagogues, we determined on proceeding through the desert for the Holy Land, that we might escape quarantine. We left Alexandria on the 14th May, and reached Jerusalem on the 7th June. We were about twenty-two days living after the manner of Bedouins in the wilderness.

*Mount Carmel, 24th June*, 1839.—I thought to have got this letter finished in Jerusalem, but we were hurried away so unexpectedly, in consequence of a considerable increase of the plague in the holy city then, that I had to leave this and many other things undone. You will see by the date that we are now beside that mountain where God did such wonders in the days of Elijah. We are encamped in our tents within a few yards of the sea. I am now writing upon a mat on the sand. The thermometer is somewhere about 80°, and I am writing with my desk on my knee. For the sake of distinctness, I will take up the thread of our story where I last left it off. Our journey through the desert was a very trying one in many ways. I *now* understand the meaning of the text which says, "God led the Israelites through the wilderness to try them, and prove them, and make them know what was in their hearts." The loneliness is very great. The utter silence of all the world to you—the want of every necessary except what you carry along with you—all these try the soul in a way you can hardly imagine, whether we will cast all our care upon God or no. The first part of the desert journey we went upon asses; but the second, and longest part, upon camels—a made of journeying of all others the most fatiguing. I have thought a hundred times what a singular picture it would make, to draw our company, riding through the desert exalted to the giddy height of the hunch of the camel. I have often thought also, more seriously and properly, how plainly God heard the prayers of all our dear friends in preserving us from many dangers. It is quite a miracle that I was enabled to bear the fatigue of being up before sunrise, and sailing over that burning wilderness, often twelve hours a-day. We came the nearest way from Egypt, alluded to in Exod. xiii. 17, and had opportunity of seeing Rosetta and Damietta, two curious Egyptian towns. We sailed across a lake called Menzaleh, and encamped one night beside the ruins of the ancient Zoan. Amid these we could plainly trace the finger of God in the fulfilment of the word in Ezekiel xxx. 14, "I will set fire in Zoan." At El Arish, the last town of Egypt, we clearly traced what we believed to be the River of Egypt, so often spoken of, as the boundary of Judah. Like all the streams in the south, it is perfectly dry, but the water-course was very evident. By the way, this suggests the meaning of a text which I never understood before, Psalm cxxvi., "Turn our captivity as

the streams in the south." In the whole of the south part of Canaan the streams dry up in the summer. I think we only came upon *one* flowing stream between the hill and Jerusalem. In the winter God restores these streams, supplying them with abundance of water. Now this is the very prayer of the Psalmist, "Do for our brethren in captivity what thou doest for the streams in the south. Restore them in all their life, and fulness, and beauty." So may it be in all our parishes, in all our beloved Scotland—never so lovely or desirable as when we are far from it, and from its pleasant Sabbaths. I must tell you now about Jerusalem. It is indeed the most wonderful place I was ever in. We reached it about twelve o'clock, under a burning sun. The bleak rocky hills over which we crossed were like a heated oven, but all was forgotten when the city of the Great King came in sight. "Your house is left unto you desolate." That word was upon every tongue. Almost every approach to Jerusalem gives you this desolate feeling; but when you stay there, and wander down into its deep valleys—or climb its terraced hills—or sit beside shady Siloam, whose waters flow softly—or meditate on Mount Zion, ploughed like a field—the whole current of your feelings is made to flow, and Jerusalem presents the remains of departed beauty such as you seek for in vain in any other land.

The scene which might seem of greatest interest in Jerusalem is Calvary, where the Son of God died. But God has so willed it that nothing but pain and disappointment follow the inquirer after the spot where the blood flowed which cleanses from all sin. You know there is a great church built over the place. The hole made by the cross is enclosed in a star of gold; and a marble slab covers what *they call* the sepulchre. They tell you so many heinous falsehoods, that we were all inclined to doubt the whole matter. The place in Jerusalem is now within the walls, instead of "without the gate." There is no mount—no garden—nothing to remind you of that day of awful interest. Gethsemane makes up in interest all that we want in Calvary. The very place remains, and by its simplicity, convinces the mind that it was the spot that Jesus loved. Above you, on the opposite side of Kedron, the high steep brow of Moriah rises; then the wall of the city; and above it, the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of God's holy temple. The road to Bethany passes in front of the garden. The path up the Mount of Olives forms another boundary. It is enclosed with old stone walls, like all the walls of Judea, of rude stones, without any cement. Eight very old olives, of a thousand years at least, stand as monuments in the place. It is a sweet and sacred spot; and you will not wonder that we were often drawn to visit it, and to pray on the very spot where Jesus sweated great drops of blood. The Mount of Olives is a hill of which you never weary. As you ascend it from Gethsemane, every step gives you a new prospect. We turned round

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the streams in the south." In the whole of the south part of Canaan the streams dry up in the summer. I think we only came upon *one* flowing stream between the hill and Jerusalem. In the winter God restores these streams, supplying them with abundance of water. Now this is the very prayer of the Psalmist, "Do for our brethren in captivity what thou doest for the streams in the south. Restore them in all their life, and fulness, and beauty." So may it be in all our parishes, in all our beloved Scotland—never so lovely or desirable as when we are far from it, and from its pleasant Sabbaths. I must tell you now about Jerusalem. It is indeed the most wonderful place I was ever in. We reached it about twelve o'clock, under a burning sun. The bleak rocky hills over which we crossed were like a heated oven, but all was forgotten when the city of the Great King came in sight. "Your house is left unto you desolate." That word was upon every tongue. Almost every approach to Jerusalem gives you this desolate feeling; but when you stay there, and wander down into its deep valleys—or climb its terraced hills—or sit beside shady Siloam, whose waters flow softly—or meditate on Mount Zion, ploughed like a field—the whole current of your feelings is made to flow, and Jerusalem presents the remains of departed beauty such as you seek for in vain in any other land.

The scene which might seem of greatest interest in Jerusalem is Calvary, where the Son of God died. But God has so willed it that nothing but pain and disappointment follow the inquirer after the spot where the blood flowed which cleanses from all sin. You know there is a great church built over the place. The hole made by the cross is enclosed in a star of gold; and a marble slab covers what *they call* the sepulchre. They tell you so many heinous falsehoods, that we were all inclined to doubt the whole matter. The place in Jerusalem is now within the walls, instead of "without the gate." There is no mount—no garden—nothing to remind you of that day of awful interest. Gethsemane makes up in interest all that we want in Calvary. The very place remains, and by its simplicity, convinces the mind that it was the spot that Jesus loved. Above you, on the opposite side of Kedron, the high steep brow of Moriah rises; then the wall of the city; and above it, the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of God's holy temple. The road to Bethany passes in front of the garden. The path up the Mount of Olives forms another boundary. It is enclosed with old stone walls, like all the walls of Judea, of rude stones, without any cement. Eight very old olives, of a thousand years at least, stand as monuments in the place. It is a sweet and sacred spot; and you will not wonder that we were often drawn to visit it, and to pray on the very spot where Jesus sweated great drops of blood. The Mount of Olives is a hill of which you never weary. As you ascend it from Gethsemane, every step gives you a new prospect. We turned round

again and again to look upon Jerusalem. Jeremiah says, "From the daughter of Zion all beauty is departed." And I believe if we had seen "the perfection of beauty" in the day of its glory, we would say the same. Still, from the Mount of Olives it is most beautiful. You see "the mountains all standing round about Jerusalem." The whiteness of the buildings gives it a dazzling appearance. The deep valleys on every side are very remarkable. On the north, a rising tower marks Ramah, where Samuel was born; and on the south, the eye fixes on Herodion, a conical hill beside Bethlehem. When you come to the top of Olivet, you look to the east, and the Dead Sea seems to be stretched at your feet. The mountains of Moab look quite near; and you try to find out Pisgah, where Moses enjoyed his view of the good land. Bethany appears upon the east side of a declivity near you—a pleasant village. Twice we wandered out as far as Bethany. It was pleasant indeed to sit under its spreading fig-trees, and to read over John xi. Returning by the Jericho road, we stopt at the spot where Jesus wept over the city. It is the place where you "come near and behold the city," at the descent of the Mount of Olives. After full consideration, I believe it to be the very spot. *Zion* is literally ploughed like a field. I have brought with me some barley that I found growing on its summit. Jerusalem is become heaps. The heaps of ruins within the city are amazing; in some parts they are higher than the walls. "The mountain of the house is like the high places of the forest." Mount Moriah has now two Turkish mosques upon it. Aceldama is a peaceful spot, overhanging the pleasant valley of Hinnom, once the scene of hideous rites. The plague was very severe in the city during our stay there, which prevented us from having that close intercourse with the inhabitants, and especially with the Jews, which was so desirable. Mr. Nicolayson, the English missionary, acted towards us like a brother. He lodged us in one of the mission houses upon Mount Zion, and gave us opportunity of preaching and of receiving the Lord's Supper. It was truly pleasant to eat of that bread and drink of that cup in an Upper Room in Jerusalem. There are about 5000 Jews in Jerusalem, very poor and very divided among themselves, looked down upon as dogs by the Moslems; still they bear in their faces and manners the proof that the land is their own. They are entirely supported by contributions from Europe. They devote themselves to the study of the Law and the Talmud. I had an interesting meeting with one Jew at the large stones, the only remains of God's temple. He was sitting praying, and looking very sad. I asked him what he was reading. He showed me; it was the xxii. Psalm in Hebrew. I took it up and read it over to him. He said he understood it—and that it applied to David. I showed him that could *not* be, for David was never pierced in hands and feet. I

shortly explained to him the gospel, and showed him the only way of forgiveness. He looked very sad sitting on the ground.

I must hurry on. We visited Hebron, and had an interesting meeting with the Jews there. It is a delightful place. We visited Bethlehem on our return. It is curious that almost all the inhabitants of Bethlehem are Christians—that is, Greeks and Catholics. We left Jerusalem on the 18th instant, and proceeded north by Ramah, Gibeon, Bethel, Sychar, Samaria, to Carmel. I cannot tell you the delightful and solemn feelings with which we traverse this land of promise. The fulfilment of prophecy is everywhere remarkable. At Sychar we tried to find out *the well* where Jesus sat wearied. Mr. Bonar found it, and let his Bible fall into it. He could not get it again, "for the well is deep." Ebal on the north, a frowning rocky hill. Gerizzim is also precipitous, but smiles with verdant gardens. Sychar is a beautiful place. We spent a most interesting morning among the Jews and Samaritans—saw both their synagogues, and reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, proving that Jesus is the Christ. Oh that the Saviour would do as he did before in this place—say plainly, "I that speak unto thee am *He*." When we meet, if that be the will of God, I shall have many descriptions to give you of the scenes of this land. It has far surpassed all my expectations. We arrived at Carmel on Saturday, and are now in quarantine. We and all our clothes were yesterday bathed in the sea. In consequence of undergoing this process our quarantine is seven days shorter; and on Monday next we hope to proceed to Tiberias and Saphet—the only places of importance for Jews, except Tyre and Sidon, which we shall visit on our way to Beyrout. We are sorry that so much of our time is taken up, but we have gone as quickly as possible in the circumstances. We are all in good health. I suffer occasionally from my heart, but much less than I used. I do hope, if it be the will of my Master, that I may yet again serve him in the gospel of his Son. This is a delicious climate. I have heard once from home. I am thankful to hear of the peace and grace given to my people on our communion-day. Dear people, may the great Shepherd feed them! I was happy to hear of Dr. Chalmers' success. Dismayed at the decision of the Lord Chancellor, but "Jehovah nissi,"—the Lord is our banner. My kindest regards to Mrs. R., and to the brethren that ask for me. I often pray most humbly for *all*, even my enemies. Yours ever, &c.

## TO REV. R. MACDONALD OF BLAIRGOWRIE.

The Holy Land.

MOUNT CARMEL, *June* 26, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I wrote to you from the Land of Egypt, and now from the Land of Promise. I would have written from Jerusalem, but our departure was so hurried, owing to an increase of the awful disease of the plague, that I could not accomplish it. Indeed, I thought it would be more for the pleasure and advantage of all my friends if I spent my time in fully seeing the wonders of the City of the Great King. It is all deeply graven on my memory and my heart. The first sight of Jerusalem made my heart sink within me—it was so desolate; the walls appeared so low, so dark, so poor. But better acquaintance with its deep valleys and singular hills, its trees and fountains, has made it appear one of the loveliest spots Jesus visited. There is a holy beauty about Jerusalem, for you cannot walk a step without remembering the scenes that have passed there, and without looking forward to a time when it will again become the joy of the whole earth. You will be glad to know that I have stood all our great fatigues wonderfully, and even without being the worse of them, but rather the better. I may almost say I feel that God has been answering the continued prayer of those that love me; still I am not yet what I was, though I hope to be. All my companions had the privilege of preaching in Jerusalem. I felt that it was kept from me, but that it was overflowing goodness that gave us to receive the broken bread and poured out wine, in an Upper Chamber, where Jesus first instituted it. I wish I could recount to you all that we have seen with our eyes, so as to make you almost see it all over again. Joy is increased by spreading it to others. Thus Christ's joy and glory are increased by making us partakers of it. Our life in the wilderness was a singular one. Since the day I wrote you we have never known the luxury of a bed. We spread our mats upon the sand, and God watches over us, when we are under the cover of our frail tent, as much as if it were within brazen gates and bars. We often hear the cry of the wolves at night, and there are many lynxes and hyenas in this very mountain; but God keeps us safely. The burning heat of the desert—the long fatiguing journeys, sometimes twelve hours or fourteen in the day upon the camel—the insatiable thirst—and our weakness—were very trying to our faith and to our temper; it proved us, and made us know what was in our heart. Ah! dear friend, wherever we journey, union to Jesus and holiness from his Spirit flowing into us, is our chief and only happiness. Never cease to show your people that to be holy is to be happy; and that, to bring us to perfect holiness and likeness to God, was the very end for which Christ died.

We entered the land of the Philistines 1st of June. You know the prophets say that the sea-coast there is to be "cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks." Zeph. ii. 6. It is really so. You cannot imagine a country more completely covered with flocks and herds—camels and asses, and oxen and sheep, and goats. The inhabitants are Arabs—a poor and ignorant race of men. How often we have wished for the Arabian tongue to preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. We passed like the spies through the valley of Eshcol. We came to a small Arab town, Bet-hanoon. For illustration I will draw it.* This will give you an idea of all Arab towns. Every roof is flat; so that the people sit there, pray there, dry their corn and sift it there. There are no vines in Eshcol now, but immense bunches of grapes are still produced in some places of the Holy Land. The trees around the village are figs—a beautiful dark green tree. We are now tasting the first ripe figs, which are, like Jeremiah's, very good. We crossed the brook Sorek, quite dry; indeed, I think we only met with one flowing stream between the desert and Jerusalem. The streams in the south are all dry in the summer, (see Psalm cxxvi.) We slept that night beside a small town, which we take to be Eshtdol, near which Samson was born. We saw there the brown tents of some Bedouin Arabs, illustrating Song i. —the brown tents of Kedar. This was in the tribe of Dan. Next day we went due east, across the vast plain Sephela, where Asa fought his battle, 2 Chron. xiv., till we entered among the lovely hills of Judah. A wonderful fulfilment of God's Word was pressed on our attention all that day. The quantities of weeds in the plains are quite remarkable, and all of them are of a briery, prickly nature. I counted eleven different kinds of thistle, some of them of gigantic size. In a field where barley had been sown, there were more of these thorns and briers than of the barley. Now turn to Isaiah xxxii. 13, "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers;" and see how long (v. 15), "Until the spirit be poured upon us from on high." Indeed, every mountain and valley of this land is a witness for God, speaking silently but mightily, declaring that God's Word abideth forever.

We arrived at Jerusalem on 7th June, and lighted off our camels within the Jaffa gate. The first thing that struck me was the quantity of various heaps. (See Micah iii. 12.) It was two or three days before we recovered our fatigues. The first time we went out was to the two pools of Gihon; the upper pool still contains water.

Again, we went to Mount Olivet. Winding round the noble walls at Jerusalem, Mount Olivet appears with its softly rounded triple point. It is a beautiful hill of very great extent. It is composed of a pure white limestone, which appears in many places,

* Here he had sketched the village with his pen. He enlivened many of his letters with these outlines, that spoke more expressively than words.

and gives the whole a whitish appearance. Fine old olives adorn it on every side—fig-trees here and there—and pomegranates, with their beautiful deep red flowers. A monastery and a mosque are on the top, and three or four small towers on different points of it. Crops of barley may be discerned here and there. It is altogether a pleasant hill. Between you and it lies the deep valley of Jehosaphat. The bed of the Kedron, quite dry, forms the lowest part. Going along by the east wall of Jerusalem till you are nearly opposite the place where the Temple stood (now the Mosque of Omar), you then descend the steep bank of Moriah to the Kedron. A small bridge now helps you to cross. Here David went, flying from Absalom barefooted. Here Jesus used to cross going to Gethsemane or to Bethany. The path before you leads right up the steepest part of Mount Olivet. It is a pleasant path. Turning every now and then, you see Jerusalem in all its faded glory, minarets and cupolas lying beneath you. Another path winds upwards round the hill to Bethany, the sweet village of Martha and Mary, two miles off. The little nook between these two paths forms all that remains of Gethsemane. It is a pleasant spot. No one that knows the Saviour can visit it, and look upon its eight old olive-trees, without feeling drawn to it. We tried to pray there, where Jesus sweated blood for us. It was sweet to intercede for you and all we love in that sacred spot. Another favorite spot was the fountain of Siloam, farther down the valley of Jehosaphat. It flows so softly from under the Temple, that you cannot hear the ripple of its waters. You descend a great many steps in the rock, and drink its delightful waters. I send you a small hymn on the other side, which will imprint it on your memory. The valley of Hinnom is a deep gorge or vale to the south of Jerusalem. Mount Zion is actually ploughed like a field. It descends steeply into Hinnom, which again has a rocky barrier on the opposite side. Aceldama is a fearful spot above.

We left Jerusalem on 18th June, and arrived here on 21st May. Many a pleasant scene we saw between. It is a delightsome land. One only I can mention—Sychar. It was a sweet evening when we entered the valley made by Ebal, a gloomy barren hill, and Gerizzim, a rocky hill, but garnished with gardens. The town lies beautiful between, keeping nearer to Gerizzim. The next morning we visited the synagogue. A. B. was in time for the service at six o'clock. He had very interesting discussions with several of the Jews, all carried on in Hebrew. You may believe we are not very fluent in the holy tongue, and yet it is wonderful how we get on. We visited the Samaritans also, and, after taking off our shoes, we were admitted into their synagogue to see the MS. of the Pentateuch, 3600 years old. Andrew alone found out the well where Jesus sat, and dropped his Bible in by accident. The Jews here are far kinder and pleasanter than in Europe. They wear a beautiful dress. They are much fairer in

color than the Arabs, and every way a more noble people; and then, when you look your Bible, and see the promises that are waiting to be fulfilled to them, how does the heart fill towards them. God will yet gather them one by one. Pray still for their in-bringing. It is not easy to pray really for Israel: it needs you to have much of the peculiar mind of God. The same evening we visited Samaria, about six or eight miles north of Sychar. It is now a poor Arab village, but the finger of God is there. It is a hill surrounded by hills on all sides. Micah i. 6 is the clearest description of it. It is like an heap of the field. Just as you have seen the stones gathered out of a field into heaps, such is Samaria. The vast ruins are all thrown down, and form just heaps in the field. It is as the plantings of a vineyard. There is but one vine on the whole hill, but it is all terraced and cleared, just as if it were to be planted with vines. "And I will pour," &c. This is wonderfully fulfilled. It filled me with holy awe to look at the heaps of stones—fragments of pillars all rolling down into the valley. The foundations are actually discovered. What a monument of the truth of God! I have only time to commend you to God, and to say—brother, pray for us. Yours ever, &c.

*P. S.*—Commend me to your true yoke-fellow, Mr. Smith, and to Mr. Gillies, and to Mr. Baxter. I cease not to mention all in my prayers, and hope that they do not forget me. "We are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence firm unto the end."

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### TO WM. C. BURNS, DUNDEE.

Inquiries about the Revival on first coming home.

20 Hill Street, Edinburgh,
*15th November*, 1839.

My dear Friend and Brother—I last night arrived once more in my beloved home, conducted through every danger by the unseen hand of our Father in Heaven. I cannot lose a moment in writing you a few lines. It was not till we arrived in Hamburgh, that we heard anything of what has been doing in our beloved land for the last five months. There we heard only a rumor that God had visited his people in love, and those also that were Lo-Ammi. You may believe that it was with a thankful, joyful spirit that we read of these things. I cannot rest till I hear from you what has been done among my own dear flock. I do not like to impose a task on you; but if you have an hour's leisure, it would be truly gratifying to me to hear from you, before I come over, a minute account of all that God seems to have wrought in Dundee during my absence. You remember it was the prayer of my heart when we parted, that you might be a thousand fold more blessed

to the people than ever my ministry had been. How it will gladden my heart, if you can really tell me that it has been so. My poor, dear flock, hard-hearted, and stiff-necked as they were, if the Lord has really opened their hearts, and brought them to a saving knowledge of Christ, and if their hearts and lives are together changed, I will bless God while I have any being.

The work at Kilsyth seems to be owned by all God's true servants as not the work of man but indeed divine. What a great joy to you and to your excellent father to have your labors thus honored of God. The Lord preserve you both from all the personal danger to your own souls which such success exposes you to!

I must not write much, having agreed to preach on Sabbath. I would often have written you when away, but you know my weakness, and I was always uncertain as to your movements. Do write me if you have time. Tell me all the good and all the bad. I know well that when Christ is nearest, Satan also is busiest. What of my elders? Of my dear established Christians? What of those who were but lambs? And what of those whom I left in darkness and in the shadow of death?

The Lord send me good news.

I shall try to be over on Thursday evening next, if I am well, and trust to join you in praising God together for all his mercy, and grace, and faithfulness, since we parted. Whether I shall be able to resume the full work of the ministry again or no, I cannot tell. My heart still beats too much. But I shall try; and if the Lord shows me that my work in that way is done, I shall pray for submission.

Do write me speedily, for I weary to hear.

With regard to temporal things, remember I shall expect you honestly to tell how far your small salary has gone to cover your expenses. And if it has not covered them, remember I insist on your demanding as much more as will. The workman is worthy of his hire.

And now the Lord keep you humble and prayerful in secret, and may it not be needful that you be afflicted as I have been; and may your ministry be blessed still a thousand times more! With kindest love to all my people, yours affectionately, &c.

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### TO MISS COLLIER, DUNDEE.

Riches of Christ—resemblance to Him.

EDINBURGH, *February* 26, 1840.

MY DEAR MISS COLLIER,—I am sorry to leave town without seeing you, but I find myself obliged to do so. A long and interesting meeting of Presbytery took up the greater part of my

time. I am delighted to hear that you are still keeping a little better, and fondly hope the Lord may restore you to us once more, to help us by your prayers in these trying but glorious times. I would like to have seen you once again before going back, but I must just content myself with casting you on the Lord on whom you believe. Precious friend and unchangeable priest, is Christ—sweeter to you than honey and the honeycomb. How great is the goodness he hath *laid up* for them that fear him! Just as the miser lays up money that he may feast his eyes upon it, so Christ has laid up unsearchable riches, that he may supply all our need out of them. Unfathomable oceans of grace are in Christ for you. Dive and dive again, you will never come to the bottom of these depths. How many millions of dazzling pearls and gems are at this moment hid in the deep recesses of the ocean caves! But there are unsearchable riches in Christ. Seek more of them. The Lord enrich you with them. I have always thought it a very pitiful show when great people ornament themselves with brilliants and diamonds; but it is the truest wisdom to adorn the soul with Christ and his graces. "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire, yet my people have forgotten me, days without number." You see my pen runs on, though I fear you will hardly be able to read what I write. The Lord Jesus give you out of his fulness, and grace for grace. In a mirror you will observe that every feature of the face is reflected —both the large and small features. Now our soul should be a mirror of Christ; we should reflect every feature; for every grace in Christ there should be a counterpart grace in us. The Lord give you this; then I can ask no more for you. Your times are in his hand. Psalm xxxi. May you have the blessing of Asher, "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

Farewell till we meet. Kindest regards to Miss N. and Mrs Coutts, and believe me ever yours in lasting bonds, &c.

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### TO MR. J. T. JUST.

How to conduct prayer-meetings.

*March* 27, 1840.

My dear John—I was glad to receive your letter and am happy to answer you on the matter in which you apply to me. No person can be a child of God without living in secret prayer; and no community of Christians can be in a lively condition without unity in prayer. In Daniel's time you see how it was. (Dan. ii. 17, 18.) You see what Jesus said to his disciples on it. (Mat. xviii. 19,) and what a sweet promise of his presence and a gracious answer he connects with meeting for prayer. You see how it will be in the latter day, (Zech. vii. 21,) when

meetings for prayer, or, at least, concerts for prayer, shall be held by different towns. One great rule in holding them is, that they be really meetings of disciples. If four or five of you, that know the Lord, would meet together regularly, you will find that far more profitable than a meeting open to all. In an open meeting you are apt to become teachers, and to be proud. In a secret meeting you feel all on a level, poor and needy, seeking water. If a young man, acquainted with any of you, becomes concerned about his soul, or a lively Christian is visiting any of you, these may be admitted; but do not make your meeting more open.

The prayer-meeting I like best, is where there is only praise and prayer, and the reading of God's Word. There is then least room for frail human nature to pervert the meeting to an improper end. It is well to read regularly through a book of Scripture, or at least to fix the chapter the evening before, that it may be prayed over in secret, before coming to the meeting. If you *only read*, then two chapters may be read, and then two members pray at a meeting. Each member would take his turn. Let there be no presiding of one over another, for all are brethren. When a godly minister, or elder, or experienced Christian is visiting you, he should be invited to take the whole service.

Many meetings are not contented with merely reading God's Word, they fix upon some verse or two as matter of conversation, and each one gives his opinion round. Some take a question of the Shorter Catechism each evening, and speak on it in the same manner. Some propose cases of conscience, and how Christians ought to act in different cases. Now, I never forbid any of these where the members prefer this; still, I must confess I feel the danger to which they are exposed. You require more grace to be kept humble and meek, and loving, if you engage in this service. You are exposed to the danger of differing from one another—disputing, seeking admiration and pre-eminence, to all which you know, dear John, your hearts are naturally most prone. If you choose any of these, the first appears the best, that of fixing on a verse or two of the chapter read. But do seek meekness in speaking together upon it. Meet weekly, at a convenient hour. Be regular in attendance. Let nothing keep you away from your meeting. Pray in secret before going. Let your prayers in the meeting be formed as much as possible upon what you have read in the Bible. You will thus learn variety of petition, and a Scripture style. Pray that you may pray to God, and not for the ears of man. Feel his presence more than man's. Pray for the outpouring of the Spirit on the Church of Christ and for the world—for the purity and unity of God's children—for the raising up of godly ministers, and the blessing of those that are already. Pray for the conversion of your friends, of your neighbors, of the

whole town. Pray for the sending of the gospel to the Jews, and to the Gentile nations.

Pride is Satan's wedge for splitting prayer-meetings to pieces —watch and pray against it. If you have not the spirit of God among you, you will have the spirit of the devil. Watch against seeking to be greater than one another; watch against lip-religion. Above all, abide in Christ, and he will abide in you. He is able to keep you from falling, and to make you happy, holy young men. There is no joy like that of holiness. May Enoch's companion be yours.

Write me how you come on, and believe me ever yours affectionately, &c.

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### TO A PARISHIONER ON A SICK-BED.

How cares and troubles sanctify.

*March* 31, 1840.

Dear M.—I may not see you for a little, as I am not strong; and, therefore, I send you a line in answer to your letter. I like to hear from you, and especially when God is revealing himself to your soul. All his doings are wonderful. It is, indeed, amazing how he makes use of affliction to make us feel his love more. Your house is, I trust, in some measure like that house in Bethany of which it is said, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." They had different degrees of grace. One had more faith and another more love, still Jesus loved them all. Martha was more inclined to be worldly than Mary, yet Jesus loved them both. It is a happy house when Jesus loves all that dwell in it. Surely it is next door to heaven.

The message of Martha and Mary to Christ (John xi. 3) teaches you to carry all your temporal as well as your spiritual troubles to his feet. Leave them there. Carry one another's case to Jesus. Is it not a wonderful grace in God to have given you *peace in Christ*, before laying you down on your long sick-bed. It would have been a wearisome lie if you had been an enemy to God, and then it would have been over hell. Do you feel Rom. v. 3 to be true in your experience? You cannot love trouble for its own sake; bitter must always be bitter, and pain must always be pain. God knows you cannot love trouble. Yet for the blessings that it brings, he can make you pray for it. Does trouble work patience in you? Does it lead you to cling closer to the Lord Jesus—to hide deeper in the rock? Does it make you "be still and know that he is God?" Does it make you lie passive in his hand, and know no will but *His?* Thus does patience work experience—an experimental acquaintance with Jesus. Does it bring you a fuller taste of his sweetness, so that you know whom

you have believed? And does this experience give you a further hope of glory—another anchor cast within the veil? And does this hope give you a heart that cannot be ashamed, because convinced that God has loved you, and will love you to the end? Ah! then you have got the improvement of trouble, if it has led you thus. Pray for me still, that I may get the good of all God's dealings with me. Lean all on Jesus. Pray for a time of the pouring out of God's spirit, that many more may be saved. I hope the Lord's work is not done in this place yet. Ever your affectionate pastor, &c.

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TO A SOUL WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN, BUT WHOSE CASE WAS LAID BEFORE HIM BY A FRIEND.

Looking out to Jesus.—Colos. ii. 1, 2.

*March* 20, 1840.

My dear Friend—I do not even know your name, but I think I know something of the state of your soul. Your friend has been with me, and told me a little of your mind; and I write a few lines just to bid you look to Jesus and live. Look at Numbers xxi. 9, and you will see your disease and your remedy. You have been bitten by the great serpent. The poison of sin is through and through your whole heart, but Christ has been lifted up on the cross that you may look and live. Now, do not look so long and so harassingly at your own heart and feelings. What will you find there but the bite of the serpent? You were shapen in iniquity, and the whole of your natural life has been spent in sin. The more God opens your eyes, the more you will feel that you are *lost in yourself.* This is your disease. Now for the remedy. Look to Christ; for the glorious Son of God so loved lost souls, that he took on him a body and died for us—bore our curse, and obeyed the law in our place. Look to him and live. You need no preparation, you need no endeavors, you need no duties, you need no strivings, you only need to look and live. Look at John xvii. 3. The way to be saved is to know God's heart and the heart of Jesus. *To be awakened,* you need to know your own heart. Look in at your own heart, if you wish to know your lost condition. See the pollution that is there—forgetfulness of God, deadness, insensibility to his love. If you are judged as you are in yourself, you will be lost. *To be saved,* you need to know the heart of God and of Christ. The four Gospels are a narrative of the heart of Christ. They show his compassion to sinners and his glorious work in their stead. If you only knew that heart as it is, you would lay your weary head with John on his bosom. Do not take up your time so much

with studying your own heart as with studying *Christ's heart.* "For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ."

Look at Romans xv. 13. That is my prayer for you. You are looking for peace *in striving*, or peace *in duties*, or peace in *reforming* your mind; but ah! look at his word. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and *peace in believing*." All your peace is to be found in believing *God's Word* about his Son. If for a moment you forget your own case altogether, and meditate on the glorious way of salvation by *Christ for us*, does your bosom never glow with a ray of peace? Keep that peace; it is joy in believing. Look as straight to Christ as you sometimes do at the rising or setting sun. Look direct to Christ.

You fear that your convictions of sin have not been deep enough. This is no reason for keeping away from Christ. You will never get a truly broken heart till you are really *in Christ.* See Ezekiel xxxvi. 25–31. Observe the order: *First*, God sprinkles clean water on the soul. This represents our being washed in the blood of Christ. *Then* he gives "  new heart also." *Thirdly*, he gives a piercing remembrance of past sins. Now, may the Lord give you all these! May you be brought as you are to the blood of the Lamb! Washed and justified, may he change your heart—give you a tender heart, and his Holy Spirit within your heart, and thus may he give you a broken heart for your past sins.

Look at Romans v. 19. By the sin of Adam, many were made sinners. We had no hand in Adam's sin, and yet the guilt of it comes upon us. We did not put out our hand to the apple, and yet the sin and misery have been laid at our door. In the same way, "by the obedience of Christ, many are made righteous." Christ is the glorious one who stood for many. His perfect garment is sufficient to cover you. You had no hand in his obedience. You were not alive when he came into the world and lived and died; and yet, in the perfect obedience, you may stand before God righteous. This is all my covering in the sight of a holy God. I feel infinitely ungodly *in myself*—in God's eye, like a serpent or a toad—and yet, when I stand *in Christ alone*, I feel that God sees no sin in me, and loves me freely. The same righteousness is free to you. It will be as white and clean on your soul as on mine. O do not sleep another night without it! Only consent to stand in Christ, not in your poor self.

I must not weary you. One word more. Look at Rev. xxii. 17. Sweet, sweet words. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The last invitation in the Bible, and the freest—Christ's parting word to a world of sinners! Any one that pleases may take this glorious way of salvation. Can you refuse it? I am sure you cannot. Dear friend, be persuaded by a fellow-worm not to put off another moment. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

You are sitting, like Hagar, within reach of the well. May the Lord open your eyes, and show you all that is in Christ! I pray for you, that you may spiritually see Jesus and be glad—that you may go to him and find rest. Farewell. Yours in the Lord, &c.

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### REV. W. C. BURNS.

**A minister's afflictions to be improved.**

*June* 10, 1840.

My dear Brother—I am truly thankful that you have been raised up again—renewed, I trust, both in the inner and outer man. "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." Sweet rod that drives the soul into such a precious resting place! "I will visit their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless, my loving kindness I will not take from him." This has been the experience of the greater part of my life, at least of my spiritual life. Remember Edwards' magnificent resolution, "Resolved to improve afflictions to the uttermost." Spread the sail when the breeze of adversity blows, and let it drive your vessel onwards on its course.

When I was laid aside from the ministry, I felt it was to teach me the need of prayer for my people. I used often to say, Now God is teaching me the use of prayer. I thought I would never forget the lesson, yet I fear I am grown slack again when in the midst of my work.

All these remarks I have transferred to myself that you may learn in the same things. Exhort one another daily. My object in writing now, is to say that I have engaged to be at Collessie next Wednesday, at Alloa on Thursday, and at Errol on Sabbath week. Now the people here were disappointed by your not appearing lately; and it would be very gratifying, if you are not better engaged, if the Lord would direct your steps towards us. If you would take both Thursday and the Sabbath it would be pleasant to me. I have been weakened a little by the hard labors of the Assembly, but I trust to recruit shortly for our glorious warfare. I feel there are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardor—personal holiness, and the honor of Christ in the salvation of souls.

The Lord give you both more than he has given me, and may he send you to us if it be his will. Send me a line quickly and believe me, ever yours in sweet bonds, &c.

### TO THE REV. DAN. EDWARDS.

Before his ordination as missionary to the Jews—What he must seek.

DUNDEE, *June* 15, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND— * * * The grand matter of study, however, must still be Divinity—a knowledge of Divine things, a spiritual discernment of the way of pardon for the chief of sinners. I feel that the best of ministers are but babes in this. Pray for more knowledge of your own heart—of the total depravity of it—of the awful depths of corruption that are there. Pray for glorious discoveries of Christ—his person, beauty, work, and peace. But I need not tell you these things, only I feel persuaded that God will put all natural and literary qualifications in the dust, if there be not the simple exhibition of Christ for us in the preaching of our missionaries. Yours, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.

Holiness and success.

DUNDEE, *October* 2, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I trust you will have a pleasant and profitable time in Germany. I know you will apply hard to German; but do not forget the culture of the inner man—I mean of the heart. How diligently the cavalry officer keeps his sabre clean and sharp; every stain he rubs off with the greatest care. Remember you are God's sword—his instrument—I trust a chosen vessel unto him to bear his name. In great measure, according to the purity and perfections of the instrument, will be the success. It is not great talents God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God. I am now almost well, but have not yet got my full strength. We had a sweet night last night, though there was no external movement. Some waited after; one from St. Andrews, awakened deeply, she knows not how. God is still working here, and I look for far greater things. I am very anxious to know how I could do more good to many people and to the whole world—and not to know only, but to do it. It is our truest happiness to live entirely for the glory of Christ—to separate between "I" and "the glory of Christ." We are always saying, what have *I* done —was it *my* preaching—*my* sermon—*my* influence; whereas we should be asking, what hath God wrought? Strange mixed beings we are! How sweet it will be to drop our old man, and be pure as Christ is pure. I hope you will come and see us again before your departure for your mission station. The Lord direct all your steps, comfort your heart, and establish you in every good word and work to do his will. Yours, &c.

### TO MRS. THAIN, HEATH PARK.

When invited to rest a while.

DUNDEE, *June*, 1840.

MY DEAR MRS. T.—You know how glad I would be of some such retreat as Elijah had by the brook Cherith, where I might learn more of my own heart, and of my Bible, and of my God, where I might while away the summer hours in quiet meditation, or talking of his righteousness all the day long. But it is only said of *the dead* in the Lord that they rest from their labors; and I fear I must not think of resting till then. Time is short, my time especially, and souls are precious; and I fear many are slumbering because I watch not with sufficient diligence, nor blow the trumpet with sufficient clearness.

I have to be away so much on business, that I feel I dare not be away on pleasure only—at least at present. I rather think I must be in Ireland next week, at the Synod of Ulster, which prevents me coming to Mr. Macdonald's communion.

There is some request as to another communion in St. Peter's also, which I shall be glad to see carried into effect, provided it be done with all the heart of the Lord's children. In these circumstances, you must not think me neglectful of your kindness, if I put off my visit to you a little longer.

I trust that you are keeping strong, and able to enjoy the open air, and that your souls all prosper—that you have often such times as Jacob had at Mahanaim, when the angels of God met him—or such times as that at Peniel, when God had to cry out, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Alas, we do not weary God now with our wrestlings, but with our sins. The dark clouds gather, and the Church and we should all be entering into our chambers, and shutting our doors upon us. "In that day sing ye unto her a vineyard of red wine." His song will be with us in the dark night. May you and yours be hid in the day of the Lord's anger! A smile of his can lighten up a thunder-cloud.

Read the xxix. Psalm, and meditate on the last verse. Live near to God, and so all things will appear to you little in comparison with eternal realities. Ever yours, &c.

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### TO A STRANGER.

Intended to lead on one whose face was Zionward, but who was not fully decided.

DUNDEE, *July*, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I do not even know your name, but your cousin has been telling me about your case, and wishes me to write you a line inviting you to lay hold on Jesus Christ, the only

refuge for a perishing soul. You seem to have been thinking seriously of your soul for some time. Do remember the words of Peter, (2 Peter i. 10,) "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." Never rest till you can say what John says, (1 John v. 19,) "*We know* that we are of God." The world always loves to believe that it is impossible to know that we are converted. If you ask them, they will say, "I am not sure—I cannot tell;" but the whole Bible declares we may receive, and know we have received the forgiveness of sins. See Psalm xxxii. 1; 1 John ii. 12. Seek this blessedness—the joy of having forgiveness; it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. But where shall I seek it? In Jesus Christ. "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." "He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life," 1 John v. 10. Get deeply acquainted with yourself, your sins, and misery. Most people are like the Laodiceans, Rev. iii. 17. Even those that are most deeply concerned about their souls, do not see the millionth part of the blackness of their hearts and lives. Oh! if we could but put our sins where God puts them, Psalm xc. 8, how we would cry out, Unclean, unclean! Woe is me, for I am undone! Have you ever discovered your lost condition? Many know that they are great sinners, but where God is teaching he will make you feel as an *undone* sinner. Have you felt this? What things were gain to you, those do you count loss for Christ. Do you know that no human righteousness can cover you? In his holy, pure sight, all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, Isaiah lxiv. 6. If you have been convinced of sin, have you been convinced of righteousness? John xvi. 8. Have you heard the voice of Jesus knocking at the door of your heart? Have you opened the door and let him in? Awfully momentous question! Your eternity depends upon the answer—yes or no. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Oh! what a simple thing the Gospel is! How fearful to think it is hid from so many, 2 Corinth. iv. 3, 4. Jesus stands at your door willing to be your shield, Psalm lxxxiv. 9, 11—your righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6—your all in all. Now, then, throw open the door and let him in. Accept his white raiment that you may be clothed. And oh! remember, if Christ justifies you, he will sanctify you. He will not save you and leave you in your sins. Why did he get the name Jesus? Mat. i. 21. Here is a prayer for every one that has been found of Christ. "Order my steps in thy Word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me." Psalm cxix. 133. If you are redeemed, you are not your own—not the world's—not Satan's. Think of this when you are tempted to sin. Now, did I not say well that you should make your calling and election sure? Oh, beware of being a hypocrite—a mere professor with an unholy heart and life. That your sister is on the road to Zion, I am glad, and pray that you may go hand

in hand. Be diligent—the time is short. Try and persuade your friends to go with you. It is an awful thing to separate at the throne of Christ, for that will be for eternity. Pray much for the Holy Spirit to open your eyes—to soften your heart—to make Christ lovely and precious—to come and dwell in your hearts, and fit you for glory. Come to the living stone, and you will be built up as living stones, 1 Peter ii. 4, 5. Oh! how sweet to be made living stones, in that glorious temple. Pray much in secret. Pray for ministers, that we may speak the word boldly. Christ is doing great things in our day, which should make us wrestle at a throne of grace. O that the Lord, that was pierced with many thorns, might soon be crowned with many crowns!

Praying that you and your sister may both be saved, I am, your friend in the gospel, &c.

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TO MISS A. S. L.

The person and heart of Jesus—Consolation to believers.

*August* 16, 1840.

My dear Friend—I fear I may not be able to see you for a little time, and therefore think of sending you a few lines to minister a little of the peace and grace of the Lord Jesus to you. I hear that you are worse in health than when I saw you, still I have no doubt you can say, "It is well," "He doeth all things well." You remember Jacob said, when they wanted to take Benjamin away from him, "All these things are against me." Gen. xlii. 36. But in a little while he saw that "all these things were working together for good to him." In a little while all his lost children were restored to him, and he and his seed preserved from famine. So will it be with you. If at any time unbelief steals over your heart—if you lose sight of Jesus, our Passover sacrificed for us—if you forget the hand of the all-tender gracious Father of Jesus and of your soul—you will be crying out, all these things are against me. But ah! how soon you will find that every thing in your history, except *sin*, has been *for* you. Every wave of trouble has been wafting you to the sunny shores of a sinless eternity. Only believe. Give unlimited credit to our God.

Think on Jesus when your mind wanders in search of peace—think where he came from—from the bosom of his Father. He was *from the beginning*. He is the life—the life of all that truly live. He is that eternal life which was with the Father. Let the beams of the divinity of Jesus shine in upon your soul. Think how he was manifested—God manifest in the flesh—to be a surety for sinners. Made sin for us, although he knew no sin—made a curse for us. Oh, if I could declare him unto you, you might

have fellowship with apostles, and with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. These things will we write unto you, that your joy may be full. Other joys do not fill the heart. But to know the Lord Jesus as our surety, satisfies the soul; it brings the soul unto rest under the eye of our pardoning God. I met,* the other day, with a thought which has filled my heart often since. It is intended to explain that wonderful verse, John xiv. 18, I will not leave you orphans—I will come to you. Jesus, at the right hand of the Father, is yet present with all his younger brethren and sisters in this vale of weeping. His *human nature* is at the right hand of God upon the throne—a lamb as it had been slain. But his divine nature is unlimited, fills all worlds, and is present in every dwelling of every disciple in this world. His Divine nature thus brings in continual information to his human heart of every thing that is going on in the heart and history of his people; so that his human heart beats towards us just as if he were sitting by our side. Hence he cried to Saul, "Why persecutest thou me?"

Dear friend, do you feel that Jesus is your surety and elder brother? Then remember that, by reason of his real divinity, he is now by your bedside, afflicted in all your afflictions, touched with a feeling of your infirmities, and able to save you to the uttermost. He is as really beside you as he was beside Mary when she sat at his feet. Tell him all your sorrows, all your doubts and anxieties. He has a willing ear. Oh, what a friend is Jesus! the sinner's friend. What an open ear he has for all the wants, doubts, difficulties of his people. He has an especial care for his sick, weakly, and dying disciples. You know how it is with a kind mother, even though a worldly person. In a time of danger she clasps her children to her breast. In a time of health she may often let them wander out of her sight, but in hours of sickness she will *watch* beside their bed. *Much more* will Jesus watch over you.

I trust you feel real desire after complete holiness. This is the truest mark of being born again. It is a mark that he has made us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. If a nobleman were to adopt a beggar boy, he would not only feed and clothe him, but educate him, and fit him to move in the sphere into which he was afterwards to be brought; and if you saw this boy filled with a noble spirit, you would say he is meet to be put among the children. So may you be made meet for glory. The farmer does not cut down his corn till it is ripe. So does the Lord Jesus: He first ripens the soul, then gathers it into his barn. It is far better to be with Christ than to be in Christ. For you to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Nevertheless, I trust God will keep you a little longer for our sake, that you may pray for us, and encourage us to work on in the service of Jesus till our change

* It was in a sermon by J. B. Patterson of Falkirk.

come. I began this letter about two weeks ago, and now send it away to you. I was called very suddenly to Edinburgh, and then sent to the north, and am just returned again, so that I did not get it sent away. I will try and see you this week, if it be the will of God. However, you must not be disappointed if I am prevented. I pray for you, that, according as your day is, so your strength may be. Keep your eye upon Jesus and the unsearchable riches that are in him; and may the gentle Comforter fill your soul, and give you a sweet foretaste of the glory that is to follow. May he leave his deep eternal impress upon your soul, not healing you and going away, but abiding within you, keeping the image of Christ in your heart, ever fresh and full—Christ in you the hope of glory. The Comforter is able to fill you with calmness in the stormiest hour. May he fill your whole soul and transform you into a child of light. Good-bye till we meet, if it be the Lord's will. If not in this world, at least before the throne, casting our crown at his feet. Ever yours in the gospel, &c.

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### TO THE REV. W. C. BURNS.

Awakenings—Personal holiness in ministers.

DUNDEE, *Sept.*, 1840.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have had a severe illness, or would have answered your kind note long before this. I fear you may have left Breadalbane before this can reach it; still I write in hope. You may be sure I ever follow you with my prayers and earnest longings of heart that God may humble, purify, and make use of you to carry glad tidings of great joy to the inmost hearts of poor, guilty, perishing sinners, wherever you go. I have been much interested by all that I have heard of the good that has attended you in the north. I long to hear still more. The very name of Moulin stirs up the inmost depths of the heart, when I remember what great things the Lord Jesus did there of old. Do write to me when you have a moment, and stir me up. You know a word to a minister is worth a word to three or four thousand souls sometimes. Nothing stirs me up so much to be instant and faithful as hearing of the triumphs of the Lord Jesus in other places. I am glad and thankful to say that we are not left quite desolate. There have been evident tokens of the presence of the Spirit of God among my dear people many nights—more I think upon the Thursday nights than on the Sabbaths. Some I have met with seemingly awakened without any very direct means. A good number of young mill-girls are still weeping after the Lord Jesus. I have been out of my pulpit only one Sabbath, and I hope to be back to it next Sabbath, if the Lord will.

What Mr. T. mentioned to you was true, of some having fol-

lowed after an enthusiastic kind of man, who in my absence came among them. Doubtless Satan wanted to carry off some of the sheep, and succeeded so far. Still, I trust, it will end in good. Some have been a good deal humbled in the dust on account of it, and I have been roused up to cry for more knowledge how to guide them in the right way. I think, if strength were restored to me, I will try, in name of the Lord Jesus, to catechise through my parish. I ask your advice and prayers on this. If it could be conducted humbly, and with patience, and aptness to teach, I am persuaded it would tend to ground them more deeply in Divine things. Hypocrites also might be denounced and warned, and the unconverted pointedly dealt with. I feel the immense difficulty of it in a town, and such a neglected, ignorant one as this. Still, if God were with me, who can be against me?

Everything I meet with, and every day I study my Bible, makes me pray more that God would begin and carry on a deep, pure, wide-spread, and permanent work of God in Scotland. If it be not *deep and pure*, it will only end in confusion, and grieving away the Holy Spirit of God by irregularities and inconsistencies. Christ will not get glory, and the country generally will be hardened and have their mouths filled with reproaches. If it be not *wide-spread*, our God will not get a large crown out of this generation. If it be not *permanent*, that will prove its impurity, and will turn all our hopes into shame. I am much more afraid of Satan than I used to be. I learned a good deal by being with Cumming in Strathbogie.

I am also deepened in my conviction, that if we are to be instruments in such a work, we must be purified from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Oh, cry for personal holiness, constant nearness to God, by the blood of the Lamb. Bask in his beams—lie back in the arms of love—be filled with His spirit—or all success in the ministry will only be to your own everlasting confusion.

You know how I have always insisted on this with you. It is because I feel the need thereof myself. Take heed, dear friend; do not think any sin trivial; remember it will have everlasting consequences. O, to have Brainerd's heart for perfect holiness—to be holy as God is holy—pure as Christ is pure—perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. Oh! what a cursed body of sin we bear, that we should be obliged by it to break these sweet gospel rules! How much more useful might we be, if we were only more free from pride, self-conceit, personal vanity, or some secret sin that our heart knows. Oh! hateful sins, that destroy our peace, and ruin souls!

But I must be done I have not attained the full use of the pen. Go on, dear brother; but an inch of time remains, and then eternal ages roll on forever—but an inch on which we can stand and preach the way of salvation to a perishing world. May he count us faithful, keeping us in the ministry. Ever yours, &c.

### TO THE REV. PATRICK L. MILLER.

Then laboring in Strathbogie; on his being elected minister of Wallacetown.

DUNDEE, *September* 18, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I cannot tell you how sincerely I thank God for the event of this evening. You are unanimously chosen minister of Wallacetown. I have already been on my knees to praise God for it, and to pray that you may be filled with the Holy Spirit for this glorious work. I hope you will see your way clear in leaving your attached people at Botriphnie. Make good use of your last days among them. Warn every man. Take each aside, and tell him you will be a witness against him at the Last Day if he do not turn and obey the Gospel. The Lord give you a spiritual family in that place; and may you come to us in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. I am persuaded the Spirit of God is still remarkably present in this town. You could not become a minister in a more blessed season, or in a more promising field. O pray to be fitted for the arduous work. I was just praying this morning over Matt. ix. 36–38, and little thinking that God was about to answer so graciously.

I have had a severe illness of late, and had been taught to look more toward the Church above. But I am better, and my heart warms again towards the Lord's work below. Now, farewell! The Lord humble, empty, satisfy, and fill you—make you a Boanerges and a Barnabas, all in one. May the Lord arise and his enemies be scattered; and may poor parched Angus become like the garden of the Lord. Ever yours, &c.

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### TO MR. GEORGE SHAW, BELFAST.

Prophecies concerning Israel—Revival—Conduct of studies.

DUNDEE, *September* 16, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND—It gives me great joy to be able to answer your kind letter, although I fear you have almost despaired of me. In writing your esteemed pastor, I mentioned to him my intention of writing you very soon; but I have since then been laid down upon a sick bed by a severe feverish illness, from which I am now only recovering. Like you, my dear friend, God has seen it meet to train me often by the rod, and I have always found that he doeth all things well. Indeed, who would have his own health in his own guidance? Ah! how much better to be in his all-wise, all-powerful hand, who has redeemed us, and is making us vessels to hold his praise, now and in eternal ages. I have been only twice in the open air, and cannot yet manage the pen with facility; but I cannot delay writing to you any longer. You cannot

tell how much real joy your letter gave me when you tell me of the dear brethren who meet along with you on Monday mornings, to read and pray concerning Israel. This is, indeed, a delightful fruit of my short visit among you, for which I give humble and hearty thanks to Him who has stirred up your hearts in what I have felt, by experience, to be his own blessed cause. I feel deeply persuaded, from prophecy, that it will always be difficult to stir up and maintain a warm and holy interest in outcast Israel. The lovers and pleaders of Zion's cause will, I believe, be always few. Do you not think this is hinted at in Jer. xxx. 13? "There is none to plead thy cause that thou mayst be bound up." And again, v. 14, "All thy lovers have forgotten thee; they seek thee not." And is not this one of the very reasons why God will at last take up their cause? See v. 18, "I will restore health unto thee, because they called thee an Outcast, saying, This is Zion whom no man seeketh after." It is a sweet encouragement also to learn, that though the friends of Zion will probably be few, so that it may almost be said no one seeketh after her, yet there always will be some, who will keep watch over the dust of Jerusalem, and plead the cause of Israel with God and with man. See Isa. lxii. 6, 7. If any of your company know the Hebrew, you will see at once the true rendering, "I have set watchmen *over* thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. *Ye that are the Lord's remembancers* keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish and till he make Jeruselem a praise in the earth." Oh! my dear brethren, into whose hearts I trust God is pouring a scriptural love for Israel, what an honor is it for us, worms of the dust, to be made watchmen by God over the ruined walls of Jerusalem, and to be made the Lord's remembrancers, to call his own promises to his mind, that he would fulfil them, and make Jerusalem a blessing to the whole world! Verse 1st is supposed to be the language of our Lord himself, our glorious advocate with the Father. O what an example does he set us of unwearied intercession! Verse 2d shows the great effect which the conversion of Israel will have on the Gentile world. Verse 3d shows how converted Israel will be a glorious diadem in God's hand, held out to show forth his praise. Verse 4th shows that it is *literal Israel* that is spoken of, for there is a sweet promise to *their land.*

I think you must take these two verses, 6, 7, as the motto of your praying society, not in boasting, but in all humility of mind, and with much self-upbraiding for the neglect of the past. Indeed, you will find it a difficult matter to keep your heart in tune really to desire the salvation of Israel, and the widely extended glory of the Lord Jesus. You must keep in close union to Jesus, and much in the love of God, and be much filled with the infinite, almighty spirit of God. He will help your infirmities. It is when you feel the sweetness of the kingdom of God within you, that you will truly fall down on your knees and pray, "Thy kingdom

come." The possession of grace fills us with very different feelings from the possession of anything else. A man who has much money is not very anxious that all the world should be rich—one who has much learning does not long that all the world were learned; but if you have tasted the grace of the gospel, the irresistible longing of your hearts will be, O that all the world might taste its regenerating waters! And if it be true, as I think it is, that God's method of bringing in the kingdom is to be by the salvation of Israel, how can an enlightened, gracious soul but pray, "Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion?"

As to the mode of studying prophecy, dear friend, I am far from being a capable adviser. My advice, however, is, that you begin with the simple and more unquestioned parts, and then advance to the more difficult ground. Begin with fulfilled prophecy—you will thus gain an intimate acquaintance with the language and manner of the prophetic writings. Then advance to the marks of unfulfilled prophecy, and cautiously and prayerfully to those parts that are obviously unfulfilled. This would be a most interesting course, and, if humbly followed out, cannot but give you great light and interest in the cause of Israel, and the world's conversion. For fulfilled prophecy, you might follow the guidance of Keith on Fulfilled Prophecy, or Bishop Newton, or both.

I am delighted to hear of the thank-offering you mention. It is sweet when thankfulness does not end in mere words, but in gifts to God and devotedness of our all to Him. I am happy to say that the Lord's cause seems still to advance in Scotland. On the very day I arrived from Ireland we had very sweet tokens of the presence of the Spirit of God in the congregation, and many Thursday evenings since.

I have been in Strathbogie also, and seen some of the Lord's wonders there. He that hath the key of David has opened a door there, for the salvation of many souls. I am still as anxious as ever that God's work should be pure, and unmixed with error and satanic delusions; and, therefore, when I pray for the revival of God's work, I always add that it may be pure and permanent. I have seen two awakened since I came home, with the use of hardly any means. If they shall turn out real conversions, I think I shall never despair of any.

I trust that your own studies get on well, dear friend. Learn much of your own heart, and when you have learned all you can, remember you have seen but a few yards into a pit that is unfathomable. Jer. xvii. 9, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Learn much of the Lord Jesus. For every look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ. He is altogether lovely. Such infinite majesty, and yet such meekness and grace, and all for sinners, even the chief. Live much in the smiles of God. Bask in his beams. Feel his

all-seeing eye settled on you in love, and repose in his almighty arms. Cry after divine knowledge, and lift up your voice for understanding. Seek her as silver, and search for her as for hid treasure, according to the word in Prov. ii. 4. See that v. 10 be fulfilled in you. Let wisdom *enter into your hearts* and knowledge *be pleasant to thy soul;* so you will be delivered from the snares mentioned in the following verses. Let your soul be filled with a heart-ravishing sense of the sweetness and excellency of Christ and all that is in Him. Let the Holy Spirit fill every chamber of your heart; and so there will be no room for folly, or the world, or Satan, or the flesh. I must now commend you all to God and the word of his grace. My dear people are just assembled for worship. Alas! I cannot preach to them to-night. I can only carry them and you on my heart to the throne of grace. Write me soon. Ever yours. &c.

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### TO HIS SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS, DURING A WEEK OF ABSENCE FROM THEM.

(Accompanied by notes on the Scripture Lesson that was to be taught in the classes that week.)

KELSO, *Feb.* 24, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-LABORERS—I send you a few notes on the parable for next Sabbath evening. May you find them profitable. You cannot tell what a sweet comfort it is to me, when I am so far distant from my flock, to know that you are in the midst of the lambs, speaking to God for them, and speaking to them for God. I thank my God without ceasing for your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope. Be not weary in well-doing, dear friends, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Do not be impatient—wait on the Lord. The blessing will come. Use a few spare half hours in seeking after the lambs on the week-days. This will prove to the parents that you are in earnest. To bring one child to the bosom of Christ would be reward for all our pains in eternity. Oh! with what glowing hearts we shall meet in heaven those whom God has used us as humble instruments in saving! Meditate on Phil. i. 8. And may the Lord meet with you and the lambs on Sabbath-day, and bless you, and do you good.

Farewell, dear fellow-laborers. Ever your affectionate friend and pastor, absent in body, not in spirit, &c.

## TO A SOCIETY IN BLAIRGOWRIE FOR DIFFUSING THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH.

### Advices.

DUNDEE, *March* 27, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I was happy indeed to receive your letter, and the Rules of your Society, which interested me very much. I would have answered you sooner, but have been laid down by my heavenly Father on a bed of sickness, from which I am just recovering by his grace. Spared fig-trees should bear much fruit; pray that it may be so with me. Luther used to say that "*temptations*, *afflictions*, and *prayer*, made a minister." I do trust that your society may be greatly blessed, *first*, in the comforting, enlivening, and sanctifying of your own souls, and *then* in the bringing others to know the same fountain where you have found peace and purity. Let Jesus come in to your meetings and sit at the head of the table. It is a fragrant room when the bundle of myrrh is the chief thing there. Let there be no *strife* among you, but *who* to be lowest at his feet, *who* to lean their head most fully on his breast. Let all your conversations, meditations, and readings, lead you to the Lamb of God. Satan would divert your minds away to questions and old wives' fables, which gender strifes. But the Holy Spirit *glorifies* Jesus—*draws* to Jesus—*makes you cleave* to the Lord Jesus with full purpose of heart. Seek advance of personal holiness. It is for this the grace of God has appeared to you. See Titus ii. 11, 12. For this Jesus died—for this he chose you—for this he converted you, to make you holy men—living epistles of Christ—monuments of what God can do in a sinner's heart. You know what true holiness is. It is *Christ in you the hope of glory*. Let him dwell in you, and so all his features will shine in your hearts and faces. Oh! to be like Jesus, this is heaven wherever it be. I think I could be happy among devils, if only the old man were slain in me, and I was made altogether like Jesus. But, blessed be God, we shall not be called to such a trial, for we shall not only be like Jesus, but be with Him to behold His glory. Pray to be taught to pray. Do not be content with old forms that flow from the lips only. Most Christians have need to cast their formal prayers away, to be taught to cry, Abba. Arrange beforehand what you are to pray for. Do not forget *confession of sin*, nor *thanksgiving*. Pray to get your closed lips open in intercession—embrace the whole world and carry it within the vail. I think you might with advantage keep a small book in which you might mark down objects to be prayed for. I pray God to make you very useful in the parish and in the world. Do all things without murmurings and disputings; see Phil. ii. 14, 16. Live for eternity. A few days more, and our journey is done. Oh! fight hard against sin and the devil—the

devil never sleeps. Be you also active for good. The Lord bless you and your dear minister. Pray for us. Pray for the dead parishes around you. Ever yours, &c.

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## LETTERS TO A SOUL SEEKING JESUS.—NO. I.

Seek to know your corruption.

Dundee, 1841.

Dear Friend—According to promise, I sit down to talk with you a little concerning the great things of an eternal world. How kind it is in God that he has given us such an easy way of communicating our thoughts, even at a distance. My only reason for writing to you is, that I may direct your soul to Jesus, the sinner's friend. "This man receiveth sinners." I would wish much to know that you were truly united to Christ, and then, come life, come death, you will be truly and eternally happy. Do you think you have been *convinced of sin?* This is the Holy Spirit's work, and his first work upon the soul, (John xvi. 8; Acts ii. 37; xxi. 29, 30.) If you did not know your body was dangerously ill, you would never have sent for your physician; and so you will never go to Christ, the heavenly physician, unless you feel that your soul is sick even unto death. Oh! pray for deep discoveries of your real state by nature, and by practice. The world will say you are an innocent and harmless girl; do not believe them. The world is a liar. Pray to see yourself exactly as God sees you; pray to know the worth of your soul. Have you seen yourself *vile*, as Job saw himself? Job xi. 3, 5; xiii. 5, 6—undone, as Isaiah saw himself? Isa. vi. 1, 5. Have you experienced anything like Psalm li.? I do not wish you to feign humility before God, nor to use expressions of self-abhorrence, which you do not feel; but, O pray that the Holy Spirit may let you see the very reality of your natural condition before God. I seldom get more than a glance at the true state of my soul in its naked self. But, when I do, then I see that I am wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; Rev. iii. 17. I believe every member of our body has been a servant of sin—Romans iii. 13, 18—throat, tongue, lips, mouth, feet, eyes. Every faculty of our mind is polluted; Gen. vi. 5. Besides you have long neglected the great salvation; you have been gainsaying and disobedient. Oh! that you were brought to pass sentence upon yourself, *guilty of all.* Hear what a dear believer writes of himself—"My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination, like an infinite deluge, or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. When I look into my heart and take a

view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deep, and yet it seems to me that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small and faint." Perhaps you will ask, why do you wish me to have such a discovery of my lost condition? I answer, that you may be broken off from all schemes of self-righteousness; that you may never look into your poor guilty soul to recommend you to God; and that you may joyfully accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, who obeyed and died for sinners. Oh! that your heart may cleave to Christ. May you forsake all and follow Jesus Christ. Count everything loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. You never will stand righteous before God in yourself. You are welcome this day to stand righteous before God in Jesus. Pray over Phil. iii. 7, 9. I will try and pray for you. Grace be with you. Your friend in Jesus, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.—NO. II.

Seek the righteousness of Christ.

Dear Friend—I was glad to hear of your safe arrival, and that your health had not suffered by the voyage. I trust the Lord is dealing gently with your frail body, so that your mind may get leave freely to fix itself on Jesus Christ and him crucified. Above all, I pray that the Holy Spirit may sweetly and silently open your heart, to relish the way of salvation through the blood and obedience of Immanuel. Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things; Acts xiii. 38, 39. You would be deeply concerned to hear that your room-mate —— has been so suddenly and awfully called away. Should it not be a solemn warning to you? Oh, that you may be even now clothed in the righteousness of Jesus! so that, if you were called away, you may meet God in peace, and hear Jesus say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In yourself you never will stand righteous before Jehovah. Psalm cxliii. 2, answers your case. "Enter not into judgment with me," must be your cry. In your nature, in your past life, in your breaking of the holy law, in your contempt and neglect of Jesus, in your indwelling sin, God can see nothing but what he must condemn. O that you would be of the same mind with God about your own soul! Do not be afraid to look upon its loathsomeness; for God offers to clothe you in Jesus Christ. Romans v. 19. By the obedience of *one* shall many be made righteous. There is only *one* in all the world on whose face God can look and say, "He is altogether lovely." Jesus is that one. Now God is willing that you and I should *hide in Jesus*. I feel at this moment that he is my righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. This is his name whereby he shall be called, "the Lord our righteousness."

I feel that the love of God shines upon my guilty soul through Jesus. This is all my peace. Your tears will not blot out sin; they do nothing but weep in hell, but that does not justify them. Your right views of the gospel will not justify you; you must be covered with a spotless righteousness. Your change of heart and of life will not justify you; it cannot cover *past sins*—neither is it perfect. Your amended life is still fearfully sinful in Jehovah's sight, and yet nothing but perfect righteousness can stand before him. Jesus offers you this perfect righteousness; in him you may stand and hear God say, "Thou art all fair, my love." There is no spot in me. Do you thus look to Jesus? Do you believe the record that God has given concerning him? Do you receive Christ with open arms? Do you cry, "My Lord and my God;" my surety, my all? Dear friend, do not tarry. Eternity may be near. *Now* is your best time, perhaps your only time, of closing with Christ. How many worlds would a lost soul in hell give for such an opportunity of cleaving to Christ as you have now. "He that hath the Son, hath life." This is all my prayer and desire for your precious, precious soul. Ever yours in the gospel, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.—NO. III.

Joy in believing

Dear Friend—I send you another line to tell you Jesus is *the way*. I would like much to hear how your weak body prospers, and whether your soul is resting under the apple tree, (Song. ii. 3;) but till some opportunity occurs, I must just content myself with committing your soul and body into the hand of Jesus, your faithful Creator. 1 Peter iv. 19. We are now looking forward to another communion season, and I am busy instructing young persons for that holy and blessed ordinance. I think you said you were a good deal impressed at our last communion, and wished that you had been one of those seated at the table; perhaps you may never be permitted to sit at the table on earth; perhaps your first communion may be in glory. There is a text in Romans xv. 13, which expresses all my desire for you, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." You see here who is the author of conversion—"The God of hope." He must open your heart to attend to the things that are spoken. The truths that are presented to you will not convert your heart, the God of hope must breathe on your heart and water it oft. Then see how he gives you joy and peace—"in believing." When Jesus revealed himself to Thomas (John xx. 28), Thomas cried out with joy, "My Lord and my God;" if Jesus reveal himself to you in all the glory of his person—the completeness of his work,

and the freeness of his love—you too will be filled with appropriating, joyful faith, and will cry, "My Lord and my God." It is a difficult thing to explain what it is to believe—I suppose it is impossible. But when Jesus unveils his matchless beauty and gives you a sweet glimpse of his matchless face that was buffeted and spit upon, then the soul joyfully clings to him. This is believing, and this is joy and peace in believing. The truest, purest joy flows from a discovery of Jesus Christ. He is the hidden treasure that gives such joy to the finder. Matth. xiii. 44. Do you think you have found that treasure? Touching question! for if not, you are poor indeed. But how much joy may you have in Christ? "The God of hope *fill* you with all joy." You need not be afraid to take the full joy that Jesus gives. If you really come unto Christ, you come unto the love of Jehovah, and that is a filling love. The love of the creature does not fill the heart, but God's love coming full upon the soul gives fulness of joy (1 John i. 4). It is holy love, sovereign love. I have been interrupted several times in writing this little note. I will not be long in writing you again. Do decide the question of your eternity. One thing is needful; have you closed with the great Mediator? Have you got saving knowledge of Jesus? Then only will death lose its power, and the grave become the bed of peaceful rest.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Lean all your care for time and eternity on Jesus; that in the softest of all pillows—the bosom of our guardian Immanuel. I am ever yours, &c.

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TO THE SAME.—NO. IV.

Taste that Christ is precious.

*December*, 1841.

Dear Friend—It is written, "*Unto you who believe he is precious*," and if you are a child of God you will know and feel what the words mean. 1 Peter ii. 7. At one time Christ was "like a tender plant" to you, and like "a root out of a dry ground." You saw "no form nor comeliness in him, no beauty that you should desire him." At that time you were at ease in Zion—you had no concern for your soul. Do you remember that time? Is it otherwise with you now? Have you been pricked in your heart by the Holy Spirit? Have you been made to see how impossible it is for man to be just with God? and has the Spirit drawn away the veil from the fair face of Immanuel, and given you an unfeigned glance at the brow that was crowned with the thorns, and the cheek from which they plucked off the hair? Has

the Spirit opened a window into the heart of Jesus, and let you see the fountain head of that love that "passeth knowledge?" Then you will be able to say, "To me *He is precious.*" If you see plainly that all your standing before God is in him, that he is your foundation-stone—your fountain—your wedding garment, then you will feel him to be precious. Most people refuse to come to Christ. Read Luke xiv. 16, 24. They all with one consent began to make excuse. Why is this? Just because they do not see and feel that he is precious. But, oh! if you, my dear friend, feel that he is your only righteousness—your only fountain of living water—your high priest—your shepherd—your advocate; then you will say, "*He is precious!*" You will never say, "Have me excused." I carry to you the sweet invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready." Jesus is ready to wash and clothe you in his own blood and righteousness. The Holy Spirit is ready to come into your heart and make it new. The Father is ready to put his arms round your neck and kiss you. Luke xv. 20. The angels are ready to give thanks for you and to love you as a sister for eternity. Now, will you come, for *all things are ready?* Are you now saying in your heart, "I cannot but believe I am the chief of sinners, and Jesus offers to be my refuge, my mediator, my all in all; I feel he is precious?" O dear friend, I trust you do. This only will make you happy in living, and blessed in dying. This is a poor dying world. Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. There is no part here that death cannot take from us. But if you have Christ, you have the only imperishable portion! Oh! may the Holy Spirit give you a firm hold of Jesus. Then we shall meet in that sweet place, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. The Lord deal kindly and gently with you, both soul and body. Farewell, dear friend. Ever yours, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.—NO. V.

**Be found in Christ.**

*December* 8, 1841.

Dear Friend—I send you another line to tell you of him who is altogether lovely. I have a very dear boy in my parish who is dying just now. He said to me the other day, "I have just been feeding for some days upon the words you gave me, 'His legs are like pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold' (Song v. 15); for (said he) I am sure he is able to carry me and all my sins." You may say the same, if your eyes have been opened to see the beauty, fulness, freeness, and compassion of the Lord Jesus. Nothing but the hand of God can open your eyes to see your lost condition as it truly is. Flesh and blood cannot reveal him unto

you, but my Father. Oh! call upon him to do this for you. A spiritual discovery of yourself and of Jesus is better than a million of worlds to you, and to me also. Remember, you cannot be fair in yourself before God. Song i. 6, must be all your prayer —"*Look not upon me.*" Take yourself at your best moments, you are but a vile worm in Jehovah's sight, and so am I. Remember, you may be "perfect in Christ Jesus." Allow yourself to be found in Christ. Oh! what will come of you if you are found in yourself? Where will you appear? You will shrink back, and call on rocks and mountains to fall upon you and cover you. But if you are hiding in Jesus—if your eye and heart are fixed upon his wounds made by our sins—if you are willing to be righteous in his righteousness—to lie down under the stream of his blood, and to be clothed upon with the snowy fleece of the Lamb of God—then God will love you with his whole soul exceedingly. The pure, full love of God streams through the blood and obedience of Jesus to every soul that is lying under them, however vile and wretched in themselves. Have you tried—have you tasted the holy love of a holy God? Thy love is better than wine. It is better than all creature-love or creature-enjoyments. Oh! do not live—oh! do not die, out of this sweet, sweet, sin-pardoning, soul-comforting, love of God! Remember, Jesus is quite willing to gather you under his wings. Matt. xxiii. 37. Put that beyond all doubt. Remember also, the present is your only time to be saved. Eccles. ix. 10. There is no believing, no repenting, no conversion in the grave—no minister will speak to you there. This is the time of conversion. We must either gain you now, or lose you for ever. Oh! that you would use this little time. Every moment of it is worth a world. Your soul is very dear to me—dearer far to Jesus. Look to him and you will be saved. Ever yours, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.—NO. VI.

Go up, leaning on Jesus.

Dear Friend—I have heard of you from ——, and have been praying for you, that your eye may rest on Jesus, and that your soul may lie in perfect peace under his blood shed for the sins of many. I have been thanking my Father, too, for dealing so bountifully with you. "He is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforts." I will give you a sweet verse to meditate upon. "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon the beloved?" Song viii. 5. Do you think this is your position? Truly this world is a wilderness if you have seen it rightly. It is a place of guilt and shame. Every natural heart is a wilderness —a dead place without a drop of living water—and then all natu-

ral hearts put together make up a wilderness world. The whole world lieth in wickedness. There are few that know and love Jesus, and these few are panting to get more of the living water. But if you have truly fled to Jesus, you are coming up from the wilderness. Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Have you found Jesus truly? Do you feel willing to be all vile, all hell-deserving in yourself, and to let God's dear Son be all your shield and righteousness? Oh! make sure of this. Never mind what *man* thinks of you. I would not give a straw for the opinions of men, as to whether I was safe or no. It is not what man thinks of us that will cover us on the judgment-day. Oh no! You must be in Jesus, sitting at his feet, allowing him to wash your stains away, allowing him to enwrap your guilty soul in divine righteousness. If you were lying at the bottom of the sea, no eye could see your deformities; so when the infinite ocean of Immanuel's righteousness flows over the soul, you are swallowed up as it were in Christ. Your blackness is never seen, only his fairness; and thus a God of truth can say, "Behold thou art fair; behold thou art fair, my love. Thou art all fair my love; there is no spot in thee." Song iv. 1–7. Keep this always in memory; and when guilt comes on the conscience, as it will, lie down again beneath the righteousness of Jesus. Never lose sight of this. Jesus must be seen by the Father, instead of our guilty soul. It is no change in our black soul that is to be our covering. You must leave self, and stand in your elder brother. Hide behind him. Let the Father's eye fall on him, not on you. This is what Jesus wants. He died to be a shelter for such as you. This is what the Father wants; for he is not willing that any should perish. If you are seen by the Father a naked, guilty sinner, you must die. There is no help for it. But if Jesus appear for you—if you hide in his wounds like the dove in the cliffs of the rock, and under his snowy raiment—then the Father himself loveth you, and now you are coming up from the wilderness. Every hour that strikes, that is an hour less between you and glory. Oh! do not grieve to part with the world if you are in Christ—an hour with Christ will make up for all your griefs and pains. Half an hour in the presence of our God will make us forget a lifetime of agony. "Leaning on her beloved!" Is this the position of your soul? Do you feel empty, weak, and helpless; and do you see Him mighty to save, able to save to the uttermost. His legs are like pillars of marble. This is Christ's glory, that he justifies sinners who have no righteousness, and sanctifies souls that have no inborn holiness. Let Jesus bear your whole weight. Remember he loves to be the only support of the soul. He is a jealous Saviour. He wants to be entirely trusted. There is nothing that you can possibly need but you will find it in him. "*All my springs are in thee.*" Do you want

righteousness? He has the spirit of a weaned child to give you. Ps. cxxxi. Do you want love? he is the fountain of love; all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen. I am sure if you get a glimpse of him you would lay your head in his breast and die there. May the Spirit anoint your eyes to see him more and more, and soften your heart to lean on him. Those that have leaned on him through the wilderness shall sit with him on the throne. Rev. iii. 21. Farewell, dear soul! the Lord feed you sweetly, as he feeds the flowers, by silent drops of dew. Ever yours, &c.

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## TO THE MEMBERS OF A PRAYER MEETING.

Parable of the Sower.

My dear Friends,—It has been a matter of great joy to me to hear that you meet together from time to time to read the Word of God and pray—to pray for a blessing on yourselves and families, that you may be brought to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to pray for ministers, that they may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and made insatiably greedy for the salvation of souls, and that the Word of God preached on the Sabbath, may rise and be glorified till the whole world bow the knee at the name of Jesus.

O you that have had your eyes opened to see your lost condition by nature and by wicked works—you that have been drawn by the Father, to believe in Jesus, to wash in the blood of the Lamb, and to put on the righteousness of God,—oh! pray with all your heart that your dear friends may be brought to take the peace you feel—that your enemies may be brought to the same Saviour, and that all the world may be brought to know him, whom to know is life eternal.

If you look at the xiii. chapter of Matthew, verse 3–9, you will see how much of our preaching is in vain, and what need there is to pray that God would open the hearts we speak to.

Many among you, I fear, are like the hard wayside, so that, when the seed falls, it cannot get into your hearts, and the devil plucks it all away. Verse 3, 4. Is it not true that some of your hearts are like the footpath, trodden all the week by wicked thoughts? "*Free passage this way*" is written over your hearts —common worldly thoughts—busy covetous desires of money—malicious thoughts—impure, abominable thoughts. O who can tell what a constant thoroughfare of wicked imaginations is passing night and day through every unconverted mind! O look at Genesis vi. 5, and weep over the Bible description of your own hard hearts. Now, when you come to the church on Sabbath, your heart is like a footpath; the seed cannot fall in, it lies upon

the surface. You do not understand the minister. Perhaps he preaches of the desperate wickedness of the heart, and the danger you are in, of going to hell, if you be not born again. You feel it to be a dry subject, and turn your head away. Perhaps he is preaching of the love of Jesus, in tasting death for every man; and that he will in no wise cast the vilest sinner out. Still, you feel no interest, and, perhaps you fall asleep during the sermon. O you are the wayside hearers—the devil plucks all the seed away. When you turn your back on the church, you turn your back on divine things; and before you have got half way home, the devil has carried off every word of the sermon. Yea, often, I fear, before you have got a sight of your own cottage, or the trees before the door, the devil has filled your hearts with abominable worldly thoughts, and your tongue with evil talk, unworthy of the Sabbath. O Satan, Satan! what a cunning fiend thou art! Even when the hard hearts will not receive the word, thou wilt not suffer it to remain; lest it should come back in a time of sickness or danger, thou carriest all away.

Dear believers, pray that it be not so with you, nor with your friends; pray for a soft heart and a retentive memory: and often speak together of the sermons you hear, and get them harrowed into your hearts, that Satan may be cheated, and your soul saved.

Many, I fear, among you, are receiving the seed into stony places (Matt. xiii. 6)—receiving the word for a while—but soon withering away in time of persecution. I fear there may be some among you who are charmed with something about the gospel, instead of cleaving in heart to Christ. I can imagine that some of the wounded Israelites, that were bitten by the serpent, were much taken with Moses, as he held up the brazen serpent, instead of looking at the serpent itself. Many are fond of ministers, who are not fond of Christ. Read over Ezekiel xxxiii. 30–32, and pray that this be not your case.

Now, I will give you two marks, by which you may know whether you are one of these unfruitful hearers. 1st, The *rocky heart* will remain the same. If you find that your liking to the gospel is from the surface, from curiosity, or fancy, or love to a minister—if you find that your rocky heart has never been broken by conviction of sin—has never melted to flow towards Jesus—then you are an empty professor; you have a name to live, while you are spiritually dead.

2d, *You will endure for a while.* A really converted soul is like a branch. I am the vine, ye are the *branches.* It will cleave to it summer and winter. But if you have only a mock conversion, you will wither away when persecution comes. God knows how soon days of trial may come in Scotland. Be ye therefore ready. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. I fear, dear friends, that many of you receive the seed among thorns; Matt.

xiii. 7. Look into your heart and see, when you read your Bible in the morning, how many cares and anxieties are dancing before your eyes, so that you can hardly see the page you are reading. How often you come to the House of God, and you see the minister preaching of eternal things with all his might, but your heart is stuffed full of cares, and plans, and pleasures. Alas, alas! the world has got the first hold of your heart, and so you can think of nothing else. What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?

One thing is plain, that thorns and wheat cannot grow on the same spot of ground; so that, if you will keep to your thorns, you must burn with them. O dear souls, if you got but a glimpse of the beauty of Jesus, you would leave all and follow him. If you got but a taste of the sweetness of forgiveness, you would count everything else but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ. See how Matthew did? Matt. ix. 9. He was once as worldly as yourselves, and as greedy of money as any one of you; and yet a word from the sweet mouth of Christ made him leave all. Read that sweet command of Christ; Matt. x. 37, 38. Oh! pray to be made willing to leave all for Christ. He is kinder than father or mother—more precious than son or daughter. Take up your cross, then, and follow him.

Last of all, I trust there are some among you like the good ground (Matt. xiii. 8), who receive the word into a heart broken up by the Spirit of God—watered by prayer—and who bear fruit unto *life eternal.* HAVE YOU HAD YOUR HEARTS BROKEN, dear friends? Has God ploughed up your hard, unbelieving hearts? Have you had real concern for your perishing soul? Have you been driven to your knees? Have you ever wept in secret for your sins? Have you been made to tremble under your load of guilt? Do you come thus to the House of God—*your heart like an open furrow, waiting for the seed?* Enquire earnestly whether the fallow-ground of your heart has ever been broken up; Jeremiah iv. 3. *A broken heart alone can receive a crucified Christ.*

HAVE YOU UNDERSTOOD THE GOSPEL? Have you believed the record that God has given concerning his Son? Do you feel that it is true that God is love?—that Christ has died the just for the unjust?—that he is beckoning you to come to him? Do you believe on the Son of God? He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned; Mark xvi. 16.

DO YOU BEAR FRUIT? Without holy fruit all evidences are vain. How vain would it be to prove to a farmer that his fields were good and productive, if they produced no corn. You might say to him, "Neighbor, your land is good; the soil is dry and well trenched." "Oh, but," he would say, "where is the yellow grain—where are the full ears falling before the sickle of the reaper?" Dear friends, you have awakenings, enlightenings, ex-

periences, a full heart in prayer, and many due signs ; but if you want holiness, you will never see the Lord. If you are a drinker, a swearer, a liar, a lascivious talker, a wanton, a slanderer, you are in the broad way that leads to destruction.

Read Matthew vii. 21—23 ; and pray that you may not be deceiving your own souls. Dear believers, pray that you may bear fruit an hundredfold. Do not be content with bearing thirtyfold or sixtyfold ; pray to be *sanctified wholly ;* 1 Thes. v. 23. Pray that the whole lump may be leavened ; Matt. xiii. 33. Pray that, day or night, in company or alone, Sabbath and week day, you may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. I often pray for you all ; and desire that in secret, and in your families, you will not forget me. Your friend and soul's well-wisher, &c.

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TO M. S.

Trying dispensations.

DUNDEE, *February* 28, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND—I have heard from J. S. of your brother's death, and I write a line to comfort you. There is no true comfort to be found but in Christ. He is a fountain of living waters, and you must go with your thirsty soul to him and drink. John vii. 37 ; Psa. lxiii. If your brother died in the Lord, then he is far better than if he were here. Phil. i. 23. If he died out of the Lord, you must be like Aaron when "he held his peace." Lev. x. 3. Be not moved by these afflictions, knowing that you were appointed thereunto. Seek more and more abiding peace in Christ. He is not only a Saviour, but a sympathizing elder brother.

Read the xi. of John, and Lamentations iii., and you will see what a compassionate bosom Christ has. Lean your head more and you will find rest. "Do not despise the chastening of the Lord." Enquire what change he would have wrought in you and in all your friends. Are there any need to be awakened ? let them listen to this warning. Are there any need to be brought off from love of the world ? let them hear the voice of God from your brother's grave, saying, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Your brother, though dead, still speaketh. To you he says, "Lean on the beloved as you come up out of the wilderness. The Lord is at hand." Keep your eye fixed on Jesus. Pray much for his spirit and likeness ; and be ready for his coming.

Our communion is on Sabbath next. Your friend J. thought you would perhaps love to be here. Farewell for the present ; may the Lord Jesus be very near you, to comfort and sanctify and bless you. Ever yours, &c.

### TO E. R., ASKING COUNSEL.

A sight of corruption drives to Christ.

DUNDEE, 1842.

DEAR FRIEND—I send you a hurried line, and may the Spirit accompany it with his divine power to your heart! It is a good thing to be shown much of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of your heart, provided it lead you to the Lord Jesus, that he may pardon and subdue it. Slightness and carnal ease are much more to be dreaded than discoveries of our leprosy.

The groans and triumphal song of a believer are not far separated, as you may see in Paul, Rom. vii. 24, 25, "O wretched man," and "I thank God," all in one breath. David felt the same—see lxxiii. Psalm. At one verse he feels himself a fool and a beast in the sight of a holy God, and in the very next verses he is cleaving to Christ with a song of unspeakable joy; v. 22, 23, 24. Ah! there is a sweet mystery here—bitter herbs along with our passover Lamb. It is sweet to see ourselves infinitely vile, that we may look to Jehovah our Righteousness, as all our way to the Father.

The sweet Psalmist of Israel felt this on his dying bed, 2 Sam. xxiii. 5, "Although my house be *not so* with God, yet hath he made with me," &c. His house had been the scene of many a black sin; and now, when dying, he could not but confess that it was not right with God. Not a day he had lived appeared clean —not a moment. So may you say in the house where you live, and looking at the pollutions of your own heart, "Although my house be not so with God"—although my heart and life be not so, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.

God makes that covenant with you, when he brings you to lay hold on Jesus as your surety—your curse-bearing, law-fulfilling surety. Then you are brought into the bond of the everlasting covenant, and all its blessings are yours—pardon, righteousness, consolation, grace upon grace, life, love, the spirit of supplications —all are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Pray to be made like Caleb, who had another spirit, and followed the Lord fully. Follow Christ all the day. He is the continual burnt-offering in whom you may have peace. He is the Rock that follows you, from whom you may have constant and infinite supplies. Give yourself wholly away to him. You are safe in no other keeping but in the everlasting arms of Jehovah Jesus.

Keep yourself from other men's sins. Do not go *to the end of the string*—that is, going as far as you can in dallying with temptation without committing open sin. Remember that it is our happiness to be under grace, and every sin will be bitterness in

the end, and will take something out of your eternal portion of glory.

Grace be with your dear and much honored minister, and with all that love Christ in sincerity. Never cease to pray for the parish, and for all parishes, that God would pour down his life-giving spirit, to the conversion of perishing sinners and the glory of his own great name. I will remember you on the 12th of June

May the Lord remember us. Ever truly, &c.

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TO J. T.

A young boy anxious about his soul.

COLLACE, *Jan.* 27, 1842.

MY DEAR BOY—I was very glad to receive your kind note, and am glad to send you a short line in return, although my time is much taken up. You are very dear to me, because your soul is precious; and if you are ever brought to Jesus, washed and justified, you will praise him more sweetly than an angel of light. I was riding among the snow to-day, where no foot had trodden, and it was pure, pure white; and I thought again and again of that verse, "*Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.*" That is a sweet prayer—make it your own. Often go alone and look to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins, and say, "*Wash me.*" Amelia Geddie was one day dressed in a new white frock, with red ribbons in her bonnet, and some one said to her, "No doubt you will think yourself very trim and clean?" "Ah no," she said, "*I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me.*" I am glad, my dear boy, you think that God is afflicting you to bring you to himself. It is really for this that he smites you; his heart, his hand, and his rod, are all inscribed with love. But then, see that he does bring you to *himself.* Do not delay. The lake of fire and brimstone stretches beneath every soul that lives in sin. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. If the Lord Jesus would but draw the curtain and let you see his own fair face, and his wounded side, and how there is room for the guiltiest sinner in him, you would be drawn to Jesus with the cords of love. I was preaching in Perth last Sabbath; when I came out, a little girl came up to me, I think about three or four years old. She wanted to hear of the way to be saved. Her mother said she had been crying the whole night before about her soul, and would take no comfort till she should find Jesus. Oh! pray that the same Spirit may waken you. Remember, Johnnie, you once wept for your soul too, and prayed and sought Jesus. Have you found him? or have you looked back, like Lot's wife, and become a hard, cold pillar of salt? Awake again and call upon the name of the Lord. Your

time may be short, God only knows. The longest lifetime is short enough. It is all that is given you to be converted in. They are the happiest who are brought soonest to the bosom of Jesus.

Write me again. At present I must draw to a close. Give my kindest remembrances to your mamma, and to A. when you write. Tell him to write to me. May you all meet at the table of Jesus above, and may I be there too, a sinner saved by grace. Ever yours, &c.

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TO A. T.

On the death of his brother, the little boy to whom the preceding letter was written

St. Peter's, *March* 1, 1842.

My dear A.—I did not think I was to have answered your kind letter in the time of bitter grief. But so it pleases Jehovah, whose will must be our will, if we would be happy. It is good for you to bear the yoke in your youth. This is the way God trains his saints, and especially his ministers. I saw your dear little brother twice on his dying bed, and indeed I could not believe he was dying, except that his calm eye was directed to the hills of Immortality, and he seemed already to breathe some of the atmosphere of the world of sinless joy. I do trust and believe that he was a saved boy. You know I am rather slow of coming to this conviction, and not fond of speaking when I have not good evidence; but here, I think, God has not left us in doubt.

At Blairgowrie he used several times to speak to me about divine things, and the tear would gather in his eye when he said that he feared he had never been brought to Jesus. Once, when he had a sore throat, he told me he was not ready to die. But now he was quite different. The veil seemed to be lifted away from his heart, and he saw divine things simply and fully.

Over and over he told me that he was not afraid to die, for Christ had died. "How kind it was in God to send Jesus to die for sinners." He seemed tranquil and happy, even when the pain came on in his head and made him knit his brows. You have reason to mingle praise with your tears. Do not sorrow as one who has no hope. Only seek a right improvement of this bereavement. He is not lost but gone before, and we shall soon put off this clay cottage also. And soon we and he, made new, body and soul, shall meet the Lord in the air, and so be forever with the Lord. I was at your house on Sabbath night, and saw them all, sorrowful, yet rejoicing. Your dear little brother lies like a marble statue in the peaceful sleep of death, till Jesus' voice shall waken him. Happy boy! he shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on him nor any heat.

The days of his mourning are ended, and his eternity of love and holy joy is begun.

Improve this sharp wind, dear A., for you will soon lose the benefit, if not carefully sought after. Search out the Achan in your heart at such an hour. Let affliction strike heavy blows at your corruptions, your idolatries, and self-pleasing, and *worldly schemes*. Learn much of Christ at such an hour. Study him at the grave of Lazarus—John xi.; and at the gate of Nain—Luke viii. 11; and also within the vail—Rev. i. 18. Do not be ashamed to grieve deeply, but let your sadness find relief in the bosom that was pierced with the spear.

"Is any afflicted? let him pray." Strange, Satan often tempts us to restrain prayer at such a time. Be very gentle towards the souls of your kindred now.

Remember D—— and H—— at the throne of grace. If God had taken them, where would they have been? Learn also that ministers must care for lambs. "Preach the gospel to every creature."

Pray for me, also, that I may do so; that I may be made a better man and a more faithful pastor of old and young. Ever yours, till we meet in glory, &c.

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### TO REV. D. CAMPBELL OF LAWERS.

Advice to a brother in sickness.

My dear Brother—Like yourself, I have been laid aside from the work of the ministry for two Sabbaths, but am now recovering.

I am truly afflicted to hear of your trouble, and yet I pray it may turn out to the furtherance of the gospel. The time of my absence from my flock in 1839 was more blessed to my people than even my presence had been. Our God can work through means or above them. He that puts the treasure into earthen vessels, often allows the vessels to be chipped and broken, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. Fear not for your flock. The Chief Shepherd who sent you to them is faithful, and his name is The Mighty God. He can feed them with or without you. And none that are his can perish.

Use all prudent means for your recovery. Commit yourself entirely to God, and he will turn the shadow of death into the morning. I have been often brought very low, but it has been always good for me. In this way God educates his ministers, both for his temple below, and for being pillars in the temple above.

I do not think Broughty Ferry a safe place for you, if your lungs are at all affected. The air is damp, and east wind cold.

If it is only your stomach that ails, then it will do well; but if you have any chest complaint, do not think of the east coast. Blairgowrie would be much more suitable; when you would have the kind care of a good Christian Doctor, and the ministry of dear R. M.

I fear my illness will prevent me leaving home this summer; but I do not know. Your absence will make us pray more that your flock may not be forgotten.

Do not be afraid at leaving home. His compassions are new every morning. Great is his faithfulness. He doth not afflict willingly.

All grace be with you from the fountain of living waters. Ever yours, &c.

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### TO THE REV. H. BONAR, KELSO.

Ministerial arrangements—Breathings after holiness.

*August* 18, 1842.

My dear Horace—I laid aside your note, and cannot find it again. I think you ask me for the second Sabbath of November, on my way back from London. I fear I must not do it, but abide by my former arrangement. Mr. Hamilton presses me hard to stay two Sabbaths, and I would have agreed, but am to elect elders on the second Sabbath of November. According to the new law of the Church the signed lists are read in a meeting of session on the third Sabbath after the intimation is given, so that I will need to be back, even though I should need to be in Edinburgh the week after. If spared then, I shall hold to our former arrangement.

We have had a very sweet season here during the Concert, which was also our communion week. Andrew, Candlish, Cormick, Cumming, Milne, and Graham from Ireland, all assisted me. We had meetings every morning.

Your scheme was very helpful; I enclose mine. About 700 people attended each morning; and on the Fast-day, and Sabbaths too. Several souls have been deeply awakened.

I have great desire for personal growth in faith and holiness. I love the Word of God, and find it sweetest nourishment to my soul. Can you help me to study it more successfully? The righteousness of God is all my way to the Father, for I am the chief of sinners; and were it not for the promise of the Comforter, my soul would sink in the hour of temptation.

Did you observe that the Charlinch Revival took place in the week of the Concert for prayer last year?

The trials of the Church are near. May we be kept in the shadow of the Rock. Farewell! May Jesus shine on you. Yours, &c.

TO THE REV. R. MACDONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Inward life—Words of Counsel

DUNDEE, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND—This is Friday evening, and I do not know what to preach on Sabbath next, else I would have written you at greater length; but as I am to see you so soon face to face there is the less need of communing with ink and pen.

I hope your health keeps good, and your labors abundant—that you have a continued interest in the blood which speaketh peace—a sense of forgiveness and acceptance in the beloved—that you feel "his right hand under your head," and the power of his indwelling Spirit dwelling in you and walking in you. These sweet experiences alone make the minister's life calm and serene, like this autumnal evening. Ah, how easy it is to speak or write about them. What a different thing to feel them. It is my constant desire, and yet I am constantly disappointed. I think I never was brought to feel the wickedness of my heart as I do now. Yet I do not feel it as many sweet Christians do, while they are high above it, and seem to look down into a depth of iniquity, deep, deep in their bosoms. Now, it appears to me as if my feet were actually in the miry clay, and I only wonder that I am kept from open sin. My only refuge is in the word, "I will put my Spirit within you." It is only by being made partakers of the *divine nature* that I can escape the corruption that is in the world through lust.

All things go on here much as they did. I cannot say that my sermons are much shorter, though I have tried to shorten them. My meeting is still the hour and half, nor do I see how I can shorten it. It is very well attended. A stranger started up and prayed one evening. I did not interrupt him, or take notice of it, but have thought it best to forbid it. None but ordained servants should speak in churches.

I hope you have got all your preparations well forward. Deal faithfully by all that speak to you for the communion, especially the young. If you would have a clear conscience, none but those who are seeking really to close with Jesus Christ should be allowed to take the bread and wine, if a word of yours can help it.

Be decided in keeping back the scandalous. Stir up your elders to this. They are very apt to be remiss. May you have much grace given you at this time and peace—droppings of the Spirit, and refreshings of peace in the heart. I invite all who have any wish to speak to their minister before communicating to do so. May you have much fruit at this time that shall appear many days hence! I have been surprised to find even a poor table service blessed. Expect much, and much will be given Pray for me, for I am all but desolate. Yours faithfully, &c.

### TO ONE OF HIS FLOCK, WHO HAD BEEN APPOINTED TO THE CHARGE OF A FEMALE SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.

Do what you can.

COLLACE, *July* 25, 1842.

DEAR FRIEND—I have been laid aside for a short time, and did not receive your letter till it was too late to send the communicant's line, which you desired. I have no doubt Mr. B. would give you a token, however, even without a line. I am truly glad to hear that you are so fully employed, and earnestly trust that your labors may be owned by God. Souls are perishing every day, and our own entrance into eternity cannot be far distant. Let us, like Mary, "do what we can," and no doubt God will bless it, and reward us openly. Sit under a living ministry if you can. Seek much personal holiness and likeness to Christ in all the features of his blessed character. Seek to be lamb-like; without which all your efforts to do good to others will be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Pray for dear St. Peter's, that the dew may never cease to fall there; continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving. Ever truly, &c.

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### TO ONE AWAKENED.

Call upon a soul to choose Jesus.

DUNDEE, *Sept.* 1842.

MY DEAR G.—I was glad indeed to see, by the line you sent me, that though your mind is dark and troubled you have not gone back to the world. Ah, it is a false, deceiving world. It smiles only to betray. Fain would I lead you to taste the peace that passeth understanding, and that is to be found only in Jesus. You are quite wrong in thinking that I do not understand your misery. I know it well. It is true Jesus does give me peace. He washes me from all sin in his own blood. I often feel him standing by my side and looking down upon me, saying, "thou art mine." Yet still I have known more misery than you. I have sinned more deeply than you. I have sinned against more light and more love, and yet I have found mercy; why may not you? Remember what James Covey said: "Tell poor sailors that none of them need to despair, since poor blaspheming Covey found mercy." I was interrupted just while writing this, by a very little girl coming to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Poor thing, she has been weeping till I thought her heart would break. She lives several miles off, but a companion was awakened and told her, and ever since she has been seeking Christ with all

her heart. I was telling her that sweet verse, 1 Tim. i. 15, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." It will answer you also, dear friend. Christ Jesus was God's dear son. He made all things, sun, moon, and stars, men and angels. He was from all eternity in the bosom of the Father, and yet he came into the world. He did not say, "I will keep my throne and my happiness, and leave sinners to die and perish in their sins." No; "He came into the world." He became a babe, and was laid in a manger, for there was not room in the inn. The inn was like your heart; it was filled with other lodgers, and had no room for Jesus. He became "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He bore our sins upon his own body on the tree. While we were sinners, "Christ died for us." Why did he do all this? Ah! it was to save sinners. Not to save good people—not to save angels—but sinners. Perhaps you will say, "but I am too bad a sinner;" but Paul says, "of whom I am the chief." Paul was the chief of sinners, and yet he was saved by Christ. So Christ is willing and able to save you, though you were the chief sinner on the face of the earth. If Christ came into this world and died to save such as you, will it not be a fearful thing if you die without being saved by him? Surely you have lived long enough without Christ. You have despised Jesus long enough. What has the world done for you, that you love it so much? Did the world die for you? Will the world blot out your sins or change your heart? Will the world carry you to heaven? No, no! You may go back to the world if you please, but it can only destroy your poor soul. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth," 1 Timothy, v. 6. Read these words in your Bible, and mark them, and if you go back that mark will be a witness against you before the great white throne, when the books are opened. Have you not lived long enough in pleasure? Come and try the pleasures of Christ—forgiveness and a new heart. I have not been at a dance or any worldly amusement for many years, and yet I believe I have had more pleasure in a single day than you have had all your life. In what? you will say. In feeling that God loves me—that Christ has washed me—and in feeling that I shall be in heaven when the wicked are cast into hell. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand;" Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

I do not know what is to be the result of your anxieties. I do not know whether you will be drawn to Christ, or driven back into the whirlpool of a perishing world; but I know that all will soon be settled for eternity. I was in a very wicked family to-day, where a child had died. I opened my Bible, and explained this verse to them over the coffin of their little one, Heb. ix. 27, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Solemn words! we have only once to die, and the day is fixed. If you die wrong the first time, you cannot come back to die better

a second time. If you die without Christ, you cannot come back to be converted and die a believer—you have but once to die. Oh! pray that you may find Christ before death finds you. "After this the judgment." Not, after this purgatory. No farther opportunity to be saved—"after this the judgment." As death leaves you so judgment finds you. If you die unsaved, you will be so in *the judgment*. May I never see you at the left hand! If I do, you will remember how I warned you, and prayed for you, and besought you to come to the Lord Jesus.

Come to Jesus—he will in nowise cast you out. Your affectionate friend, &c.

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### TO A SOUL INQUIRING AFTER JESUS.

The wise men—Guilt in us, righteousness in Jesus.

St. Peter's, *Monday, Sept.* 18, 1842.

My dear C.—I do not and cannot forget you, and, though it is very late, I have to write you a few lines to say, follow on to know Jesus. I do not know if you can read my crooked writing, but I will make it as plain as I can. I was reading this morning, Luke ii. 29, what old Simeon said when he got the child Jesus into his arms—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." If you get a firm hold of the Lord Jesus, you will be able to say the same.

If you had died in your ignorance and sin, dear soul, where would you have been this night? Ah! how shall we sufficiently praise God if he really has brought you to the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ! Psalm xxxvi. 12, 13, will suit your case. If you all are really brought to Christ, it will be something like the case of the wise men of the east. Matt. ii. When they were in their own country, God attracted their attention by means of a star. They followed it, and came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we are come to worship him." Herod and Jerusalem were troubled at the saying. No one was seeking Christ but themselves. The world thought they were mad; but soon they saw the star again, and it led them to the house where the infant Saviour lay—his robe of state a swaddling band—his cradle the manger. Yet they kneeled down and called him, "my Lord and my God"—they got their own souls saved—and gave him gifts, the best they had, and then departed into their own country with great joy in their hearts, and heaven in their eye. So may it be with you. The most around you care not for Jesus. But you are asking, "Where is he—we are come to be saved by him?" None around you can tell. They think you are going out of your mind. But God is leading you to the very spot

where the Redeemer is—a lowly, despised, spit-upon, crucified Saviour. Can this be the Saviour of the world? Yes, dear soul; kneel down and call him your Redeemer. He died for such as you and me. And now you may go away into your own country again, but not as you came. You will carry with you joy unspeakable and full of glory. A young woman called upon me on Wednesday last, whom I had never seen before. She said she was a stranger from another part of Scotland; she came to this town about a year ago, and attended St. Peter's, and there for the first time, learned that she was a sinner and needed Christ. About four weeks ago she found rest and joy at the Saviour's feet. I said to her, "Then you will bless God that he brought you from your own country to this place." She said, "I often do that." Another woman came the same evening, whom I had never seen. She said she had been married eight years to a wicked husband. One of her neighbors had brought her to our Church, and now she feels that Christ has saved her soul.

Thus the work goes on—"The Lord added to the Church daily such as shall be saved." A young woman was with me to-night in great distress. She said, "I have a wicked heart within me that would sink a world." I said, "I am thankful to hear you complain of your wicked heart, dear friend, it is unsearchably wicked. There is not a sin committed on earth or in hell but has its spring and fountain in your breast and mine. You are all sin—your nature is sin—your heart is sin—your past life is sin—your prayers are all sin." Oh! that you would despair of being righteous in yourself. Then take the Lord Jesus for your righteousness. In him is no sin. And he stood for us, and offers to be your shield, your way to the Father. You may be righteous in Christ with a perfect righteousness, broad as the law, and pure as the light of heaven. If you had an angel's righteousness, you might well lay it down and put on Jesus. The robe of a blood-washed sinner is far whiter than that of an angel. Do not fear the frown of the world. When a blind man comes against you in the street, you are not angry at him; you say he is blind, poor man, or he would not have hurt me. So you may say of the poor world, when they speak evil of Christians—they are blind. If they knew their sin, and misery, and the love of Jesus, they would cleave to him also. Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. Keep close to the Lord Jesus. He is greater than all that can be against you—he is the shepherd of his sheep—he will defend you from wolves. Pray for the Holy Spirit, dear friend. Ask him to come into your heart, and abide there. It is a mean dwelling for such a guest Still he will make it clean and holy by dwelling in it. Ask him to teach you to pray; Rom. viii. 26, 27. He will give you "groanings that cannot be uttered." Ask him to change your heart and make it like that of Jesus. Ask him to write the law upon your

heart, and to keep you in every time of need. I fear you are weary of my long sermons. Remember, if you are not saved, I will be a witness against you in the judgment day.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall:
If ye tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—sinners Jesus came to call.

Farewell! Write me soon all your heart. Ever yours, till glory, &c.

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### TO THE SAME.

Trials from a blind world—How the death of Christ is an atonement.

London, *Nov.* 5, 1842

My dear C.—I pray for you, that your faith may not fail. Hold fast by Jesus for a little while, and then we shall be forever with the Lord, where the unbelieving will never be. I got safely up to town without stopping. The young man in the coach with us was Lord P. He and I were alone all night in the railway carriage, and I would fain have told him the way to be saved, but when morning dawned I lost him. I preached twice on Thurs day, and once last night, and now I am preparing for to-morrow. I feel, like John the Baptist, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The mad world presses on like a bird hasting to the snare. They do not know that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell.

I thank God without ceasing when I remember you all—how God opened your eyes and hearts, and made you flee from the wrath to come and believe the record which God hath given concerning his Son. "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. ii. 10. Do not be surprised if worldly people mock you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely. Jesus told you it would be so. "If you were of the world, the world would love its own." You have been long enough of the world. Did the world ever hate you then? So now, when you have come out from among them, and are cleaving to Jesus, do you think they will love you? Remember Jesus loves you. God is for you, and who can be against you? Remember, all who have gone to heaven before you, suffered the same things; see Rev. vii. 14, "These are they that came out of great tribulation."

You wish to understand more about Christ's death being an atonement. I shall try and explain. The curse which Adam by his sins brought upon us all, was this, "Thou shalt surely die;"

Genes. ii. 17. This included the death of the body, the death of the soul, and the eternal destruction of both in hell. This is the curse that hangs over every unpardoned sinner. And our sins have only added certainty and weight to the awful curse, for the "wages of sin is death." Now, when the Son of God said he would become our surety and Saviour, the Father said, "Thou must die for them;" see John x. 17, 18. "I lay down my life." "This commandment have I received from my Father." It is true, Christ did not suffer eternal destruction in hell; but He was a person so glorious and excellent—God's own Son—that his short sufferings were equal in value to our eternal agonies. So that, in the eye of law, and in God's account, Jesus has suffered all that you and I were condemned to suffer. Hence that sweet, sweet passage, Isa. xl. 1, 2, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, * * * for she hath received (in Christ) of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Christ's dying for us is as much in God's account as if we had twice over borne the eternal agonies of hell. Hence that sweet song which God enabled you and G. to sing, Isa. xii. 1, "I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." Hence also that triumphant question, Rom. viii. 34, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died."

Keep looking then to Jesus, dear soul, and you will have the peace that passeth all understanding. Whenever Satan accuses you, send him to the stripes of the Lord Jesus. Deal gently and tenderly with your unconverted friends. Remember you were once as blind as they. "He was despised and WE esteemed him not," Isa. liii. Honor your mother in the Lord. Give her all reverence and obedience in things not sinful. Ask —— to read and pray over Mat. xviii. 3, 6. I would love much to visit the cottage on my return, but I fear I shall be kept in town till Friday, so that I must travel night and day home. The Lord bless you, and keep you cleaving to Christ the true vine. You have found the pearl of great price. Go and sin no more. "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." God is able to keep you from falling. In his dear arms I leave you. Yours, &c.

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### TO A SOUL THAT HAD BEGUN TO SEE CHRIST.

**What you want in yourself is to be found in double measure in Christ.**

DUNDEE, *Nov.* 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Why did you not write me a few lines? It would be occupation to you, and your soul might find rest, even when pouring itself out to another. I do trust you are seeking hard after him whom your soul loveth. He is not far from any one of us. He is a powerful and precious Saviour, and happy

are they who put their trust in him. He is the Rose of Sharon, lovely to look upon, having all divine and human excellencies meeting in himself; and yet he is the Lily of the Vallies—meek and lowly in heart, willing to save the vilest. He answers the need of your soul. You are all guilt; he is a fountain to wash you. You are all naked; he has a wedding garment to cover you. You are dead; he is the life. You are all wounds and bruises; he is the Balm of Gilead. His righteousness is broader than your sin; and then he is so free. Remember the word we read at the draw-well—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Look at Isa. xl. 1, 2, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." If you receive Christ as your surety, you have realized double punishment for all your sins. The sufferings of Christ for us were as honoring to God as if we had suffered eternal punishment thrice over. If you will only open your arms to receive Christ as your surety, then your iniquity is pardoned. You will taste immediate forgiveness. Your warfare with the law and an accusing conscience will be immediately accomplished. If you will only lay hold on Christ now, you will feel the force of that sweet command, "Comfort ye, comfort ye;"—double comfort, double peace, for in Jesus you have suffered double wrath. Pray over that verse; and may He who first made the light to shine out of darkness shine into your heart, to let you see the way of salvation clearly. Soon may you sing, "Thou wast angry with me; but thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." "O, to grace, how great a debtor!" You are always in my prayers, that God would reveal himself unto you. O the joy of being able to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Ever yours in the gospel, &c.

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### TO THE REV. P. L. MILLER, WALLACETOWN.

A word in season to the weary.

*Sept.* 14, 1842.

My dear Patrick—When I last saw Horatius, I agreed not to ask him at all at the autumn communion, but only in the spring. I know not well where to look, as A. is to undertake the Edinburgh communion.

Don't be cast down except for sin. Lie low in self, and set both feet on the Rock of Ages. The sun, by one blink, can give a smile to nature, so can the Lord's face give life to our dark souls. Numbers do not prove life always. Remember the well of Sychar. Get much of the hidden life in your own soul; soon it will make life spread around.

Try prayer when preaching fails. He can turn the water into wine. Farewell! Ever yours in Jesus, &c.

TO THE REV. J. MILNE, PERTH.

Another word in season to a brother.

*Sept.* 24, 1842.

My dear Brother—I long after you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. If I make you sorry, who is he that maketh me glad, but the same who is made sorry by me. I often try to carry you to Jesus, as the four friends did the palsied man, and I have been longing to hear you say that his word to you was—"Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven;" and then, "arise and walk." I wonder often God does not hide his face from me and lay me low, yet he restores my soul after many falls. He holds me by my right hand, and I believe will bring me to glory, though the weakest and most inconstant of all his saved ones. We shall praise more loudly than other men, and love more ardently, and gaze upon his wounds more wistfully, and say—He gave himself for us. Cheer up, brother, and tell poor sinners what Jesus can do; for if he could not save the vilest of them all, we had never preached the good news.

If I could be with you, how gladly would I, but I do not see my way. I have promised to be in London the first Sabbath of November, which will take me soon away, and for a long time, from this poor flock.

Will you come to me on Monday the 17th, the last day of the Concert for prayer? I think of printing a similar tract to last year's or perhaps the same, with improvements. Suggest something.

This is Saturday, and I am empty. O for fulness out of Him! Why do we not take all out of Jesus? Ever yours till glory dawn, &c.

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TO THE REV. J. MILNE, PERTH.

Breathings of heart.

*December* 13, 1842.

My dear Brother—We are to have the communion, if God permit, on 1st January, 1843. A. B. is to be with me. Could you come down on the Thursday or Friday previous, and give us a good and comfortable word in the evening, 29th or 30th December—either you choose, or both if you prefer that?

I preach at Newtyle to-night, and to-morrow evening at Lintrathen in a barn, and on Thursday at Kirriemuir. Pray for me, for I am a poor worm, all guilt and all helplessness, but still able to say—In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. When shall the day break and the shadows flee away? When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done

away. I long for love without any coldness, light without dim ness, and purity without spot or wrinkle. I long to be at Jesus feet, and tell him I am all his, and ever will be. Yours till then, &c.

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### TO ONE WHO HAD LATELY TAKEN UP THE CROSS.

Kept by God—Meeting with God.

St. Peter's, *Jan.* 31. 1843.

My dear M.—I was glad indeed to hear that you are prospering, and that you do not repent having made Moses' choice—Heb. xi. 24, 25—of which I used to tell you so often. Happy is that people whose God is the Lord. You remember what Ruth said when she clave to Naomi? "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

I have not got your note by me, and it is late, but I will answer it to-morrow. I only write a line to-night to strengthen your faith—"that I may be comforted together with you, by the mutual faith both of you and me," Rom. i. 12. I have been remaining quiet since I wrote you last, that I may gather strength for the north. I expect hard service, but I hope Jesus will be with me. You remember the sweet promise Jacob got at Bethel while he slept at the foot of that wondrous ladder, "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." That promise is to you and me as truly as to Jacob. Therefore, do not fear though you may be taken among those who are strangers to Jesus and his love. There is a sweet promise; Ezek. xi. 16. I have felt its preciousness in foreign lands. Jesus himself will be our sanctuary not made with hands. I was preaching on Thursday last, on Rev. xix. 12, "On his head were many crowns;" trying to teach them the kingly office of the Lord Jesus. It was a very solemn night. On Sabbath I lectured on Heb. ix. 9, 10, and preached in the evening on Isaiah xlix. 5, "Though Israel be not gathered:" showing that however many will be lost by unbelief, still Christ would not lose one beam of his glory. If all the world were blind, and said the sun was dark, that would not take away one bright ray from it. It was a very awful subject, and my heart yearned over poor lost sinners. Four little girls have come since, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Three of them were awakened before, and one very lately. A widow came last night whom I never saw before, to tell me that she had found the Lord Jesus. To-night we have been at a large meeting about the tracts which are distributed monthly to every house in town—a very sweet society. It is now late, and I am talking a little while with you as we used

to do before retiring. Did you read Gen. xxxii. to day? What a solemn chapter. Do you ever come to a spot you can call Mahanaim, where the angels of God meet you? I trust you are one of the heirs of salvation, and that the angels are sent forth to minister to you. Unconverted souls have no such privilege. You see Jacob was going on God's errand, at God's command, (see xxxi. 3,) when the angels of God met him. O it is sweet to go on God's errands! How long we went Satan's and the world's, and our own, "serving diverse lusts and pleasures." Do you not feel your heart lighter now as you walk on the narrow way? Is not a Christian's darkest hour calmer than the world's brightest? Is not Jacob's prayer in his distress an interesting one? (v. 9—12.) He puts God in remembrance of his promise. This is what we should do—"The Lord which said unto me." And "thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." God commands us to do this; Isa. xliii. 26, "Put me in remembrance." It is a blessed way of praying, to pray upon a promise, and to plead, "Do as thou hast said." You remember "Faith's Plea," a little book Miss C. gave you. Who do you think the man was that wrestled with Jacob? Was it not Jesus? the sinner's friend. At the daybreak Jacob began to see his blessed features, and when his thigh was out of joint, he could do nothing but hang upon him. This is what you and I should do. Say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Are there not some spots that you can call Peniel, where you have met Jehovah-Jesus face to face? When you do get into his presence, O do not weary of it; do not soon let go your hold. I am sure we lose much by our slight hold on Jesus. I was telling an interesting story to-night. Thirty thousand Spaniards lately came over the Pyrenees into France, to escape the civil wars. Some Geneva youths determined to take the opportunity of providing them with Spanish Testaments. The London Society granted them 10,000 copies. With these they set off and distributed freely. But the Spanish priests had come over and would not allow the Spaniards to receive or keep them. Many were burned or torn; they called them "The plague." One Spanish youth bought a Testament—kept it—read it—believed on Jesus; and when his countrymen returned to Spain, he staid behind to hear more of these wonders of redeeming love. Was not this one precious soul worth all the expense and trouble a thousand times over? "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Be active for God; you have lost much time already." Do nothing rashly, nothing unfeminine—give no just cause for reproach, but do not fear ridicule or proud men's sneer. If they knew what you know, they would rather inquire, "O that I knew where I might find him!" Meanwhile, good night. May he who never slumbers nor sleeps watch over you all, and keep you till your dying day! May Jesus be near you, and make you

his own! I fear I must not visit Kelso this season. I leave for the north on Monday, and do not expect to be home till the 25th. I fear this cuts off all hope of my visiting R—— the time you mention. I do hope to be in England early in the summer, but before that I do not see my way. But I shall gladly leave myself in Jehovah's hand. Present duty is ours; neither must we consult our mere wishes. If I hear from you before I leave, I shall try and send you another line. I am glad you teach in the classes, and I think I see you telling all you know. Remember Paul; when his heart was changed, for thirty years he did nothing else than serve Jesus. He labored away in the service of Him who died for him, and plucked him from the burning. It is interesting to notice also, how often Paul told them of his own conversion. He told it to the Jews; Acts xxii.—then to Agrippa; Acts xxvi.—then to the Galatians; Gal. i. 13–16—then to the Philippians; Phil. iii. 4. I think this is an example for us to do the same, cautiously and wisely. John Newton once preached in Newgate to the prisoners. He chose 1 Tim. i. 15, for his text, and told them his own history, so that they wept and he wept. Pray for me still that my way may be made plain. This is one of the blessings of having spiritual children, that you will surely pray for me. Do not cease to pray for —— that her eyes may be opened to see her true condition, and that she may call upon Jesus before it be too late. I must now leave you and write a little to others. I preach at Wallacetown to-night. May the Master be there! Oh he is a sweet Master! One smile from Jesus sustains my soul amid all the storms and frowns of this passing world. Pray to know Jesus better. Have no other righteousness—no other strength but only Jesus. Soon we shall see him coming in the clouds of heaven. May you be kept faithful to death. Ever your loving friend, &c.

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TO M. B.

One of his flock who had felt deserted in soul.

PETERHEAD, *Feb.* 7, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND—I was very happy to hear from you. I grieve to hear of your sorrow; but Job's sorrow was deeper, and David's also, in the xlii. Psalm. If you cannot say, "I found him whom my soul loveth," is it not sweet that you can say, "I am sick of love"—he is my beloved still, though he has withdrawn himself and is gone for a time? Seek into the cause of your declension. See that it be not some Achan in your bosom—some idol set up in the corner of your heart. See that it be not some allowed sin—an unlawful attachment that is drawing you away from the bleeding side of Jesus, and bringing a cloud between you

and that bright sun of righteousness. When you find out the cause, confess it and bewail it in the ear of a listening God. Tell him all. Keep nothing back. If you cannot find out the cause, ask him to tell it you. Get it washed in the blood of Jesus. Then get it subdued. Micah vii. 19. None but the Lord Jesus can either pardon or subdue. Remember not to rest in a state of desertion. "I will rise now and go about the city." And yet do not think that you have some great thing to do before regaining peace with God. The work on which peace is given has all been done by Jesus for us. "The word is nigh thee." Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

The sunshine is always sweeter after we have been in the shade; so will you find Jesus in returning to him. True it is better never to wander; but when you have wandered, the sooner you return the happier you will be. "I will go and return to my first husband, for then it was better with me than now." Hosea ii. 7.

Do not delay, but humble yourself under his mighty hand, and he will exalt you in due season. I have been speaking to-night in this place to a large and attentive audience on Zech. ix. 9. May you be enabled to apply it. Remember me to Mrs. K——, and also to all your fellow servants whom I know and love in the truth. Tell N—— C—— to make sure that she is in Christ, and not to take man's word for it. Tell E—— L—— to abide in Jesus; and tell her brother to take care lest he be a rotten branch of the true vine. Tell W—— J—— to be faithful unto death.

I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in the truth. I am your loving pastor, &c.

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### TO THE REV. ALEX. GATHERER, DUNDEE.

During his visit to the north.

ELLON, *Feb.* 20, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND—I was glad to hear from you in this far off land. I am deeply grieved to hear that fever still prevails. God is pleading hard with my poor flock. I am glad to hear of your preaching on such precious texts, and hope they were blessed to many. Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people. I feel more and more that it is God's cause in which we are embarked. King Jesus is a good master. I have had some sweet seasons of communion with an unseen God, which I would not give for thousands of gold and silver. May you have much of his presence with you! Write me to Cruden, or, if immediately, to Captain Shepherd's, Straloch, New Machar.

Ever yours in Jesus, &c.

## TO ONE WHO HAD MET WITH A BEREAVEMENT.

Sorrow of the world—Incidents.

*March* 8, 1843.

My Dear ——— I know you will be wearying to hear from me, but it has scarcely been in my power till now; I have had so many things to do since my return. I trust Jesus is making known to you his power to calm the soul in the deepest trials. "Where is your faith?" he said to the disciples; and he says to you, "All things are possible to him that believeth."

I was much afflicted for your sakes to read the solemn letter you sent me. Do you remember the words, "We must needs go through Samaria?" We are getting new light upon their meaning.

I was reading to-day about godly sorrow, and the sorrow of the world. Do you know the difference between these two?

Had this blow come upon you in your unconverted state, it would have wrought, perhaps, only the sorrow of the world—carnal sorrow—sorrow that drives us away from God—makes us murmur and complain of his dealings. Like Pharaoh, who turned harder every blow that God struck—even the loss of his first-born only hardened him. But godly sorrow, or, more literally, "sorrow towards God"—grief that brings us to the feet of God—worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of. It is used as an instrument to bring the humbled soul to cleave to Jesus. O may it be so with you. Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and he shall exalt you in due season. Improve the season while it lasts. The farmer improves the seed-time, to cast in the seed into the furrows. Now, when God has made long the furrow, by the plough of affliction, in your heart, O see that you let the sower sow the good seed deep in your hearts. I trust H. B—— may be made a great blessing and comfort to you next Sabbath. May you all be enabled to meet with Jesus at his own table, and to tell him all your sorrows there, and ask grace to keep you in the evil day.

I would like well to be with you; but in body this may not be. In heart I am often with you, because I can say what I was reading to-day, "Ye are in my heart to live and to die with you." 2 Cor. vii. 3.

I preached twenty-seven times when I was away, in twenty-four different places. I was very, very tired, and my heart has beat too much ever since, but I am wonderfully well. I have "fightings without and fears within" just now. Do pray earnestly for me—as indeed I know you do. I wish you had been with me last night. When I was away, the people agreed to meet twice a week in the lower school-room to pray for me; and, now that I have come back, we have continued the meetings. The school

is quite crammed. Such sweet loud singing of praise I never heard, and many tears.

I stood by a poor socialist in the agonies of death to-day. He was quite well yesterday. He anxiously wished me to come and pray. O to be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

Farewell. Peace from above fill your soul, your friend and brother prays, &c.

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### ANOTHER TO ONE BEREAVED.

Betake yourself to Him that is ever the same

*March* 9, 1843.

My dear ——— I did not think I would have been so long in answering you in your time of sorrow, but I have been more than occupied. I earnestly trust that this sad bereavement may be greatly blessed by God to you. Pray that you may not lose this precious opportunity of giving your hand and heart forever away to the Lord Jesus. May Hosea ii. 14, be fulfilled in you all. "Behold, I will allure her, and *bring her into the wilderness*, and speak comfortably unto her;" and that clear promise (Ezek. xx. 35–37), "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." This solemn event shows you what I always used to tell you, *how short* your life is—what a vapor—how soon the joys that depend on the creatures may be dried up—that "one thing is needful"—and that Mary was wise in choosing *the good part that cannot be taken away from her.* You remember the first night you were in St. Peter's I showed you this preaching from Psalm xvi. 6, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage." I am indeed more than ever anxious about you, that you receive not the grace of God in vain. It is the furnace that tries the metal, and it is affliction that tries the soul whether it be Christ's or not. I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy, lest the furnace should show you to be reprobate silver. Do let me hear how your soul truly is—whether you can see the hand of a father in this bereavement—and whether you are more than ever determined, through grace, to be the Lord's. How sweet, that *Jesus ever liveth.* He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. You will never find Jesus so precious as when the world is one vast howling wilderness. Then he is like a rose blooming in the midst of the desolation—a rock rising above the storm. The Bible, too, is more full of meaning. Have you ever prayed over that verse (Lam. iii. 33), "*He doth not afflict willingly?*" O precious book, that conveys such a message to the mourner's dwelling! And does not trial bring more meaning out of that verse (Romans viii. 28), "We know that *all* things work together for good to them

that love God—to them who are the called according to his purpose?" The Bible is like the leaves of the lemon tree; the more you bruise and wring them, the sweeter the fragrance they throw around. "Is any afflicted?—let him pray." Do you not find that prayer is sweeter now. The soul finds vent for his feelings towards God. "*Call upon me in the day of trouble*—I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." When I had my fever abroad, Mr. Bonar whispered that verse into my ear. I had nearly lost all my faculties—I could remember nothing except that I was far from home; but that verse kept sounding in my ears when I was nearly insensible, "I called, and he delivered me."

Are you preparing to go to the Lord's table next Lord's-day? May you indeed have the wedding garment—righteousness without works—and see the King in his beauty—and give yourself away to him, saying, "I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine!" It should be a solemn sacrament to you. I can add no more. Write me soon, dear G——, and tell me all that is in your heart, and whether the voice of the Comforter does not say, Be still! when death has left so deep a silence in your family. Believe me ever your friend in Jesus, &c.

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### TO ONE COMPLAINING OF THE PLAGUES OF THE HEART.

Passing on to glory.

St. Peter's, *March* 8, 1843.

My dear Friend—I send a few lines to you in answer to yours. You complain of the plague of your own heart, and so you will till you die. You know little yet of its chambers of imagery. All that is ours is sin. Our wicked heart taints all we say and do; hence the need of continual atonement in the blood of Jesus. It is not one pardoning that will serve the need of our souls. We must have daily, hourly pardons. I believe you are in the furnace, but it is a short one. Soon the bridegroom will come, and we shall be with him, and like him, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. I burst through all the cobwebs of present things, and, his spirit anointing my eyes, look at Jesus as one beside me. Blessed elder brother, with two natures—God and man—ever-living, never-dying, never-changing! I was preaching last Sabbath on Heb. ix. 13, 14. "He through the eternal Spirit offered himself." It was very sweet to myself. In the afternoon I preached on Rev. ii. 4, 5, "I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love." I fear many of my people have done so; therefore it was very suitable. Several I see have felt it very deeply. In the evening I preached on Psalm lxxviii. 41—"They turned back, and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel"—on the sinfulness of limiting God. It

was a very sweet and solemn day. Meantime, stay your soul on God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." A few more trials—a few more tears—a few more days of darkness, and we shall be forever with the Lord. "In this tabernacle we groan, being burdened." All dark things shall yet be cleared up—all sufferings healed—all blanks supplied, and we shall find fulness of joy (not one drop wanting) in the smile and presence of our God. It is one of the laws of Christ's kingdom, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.' We must not reckon upon a smooth road to glory, but it will be a short one. How glad I am that you have "received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost." Cleave closely to Jesus, that you may not have to say in a little, "O that I had affliction back again to quicken me in prayer, and make me lie at his feet."

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

This land will soon be strangely convulsed, if God prevent not. The plans now preparing for carrying the gospel into every corner of the land are sweet indeed. If I be spared and strengthened, I go to London towards the end of April. My stay must be very short. It is also intended to send me to the General Assembly in May. My poor flock; how I yearn over them! So many of them careless, and judgment at the door! Mr. Burns comes to me to-morrow.

I must add no more, as I have work before me. May you experience more and more that, "When he giveth quietness, none can make trouble!"—even as you once experienced the other, "When he hideth his face who then can behold him?" Soon we shall see him as he is; then our trials shall be done. We shall reign with him, and be entirely like him. The angels will know us by our very faces to be brothers and sisters of Jesus.

Remember Jesus *for us* is all our righteousness before a holy God, and Jesus *in us* is all our strength in an ungodly world. Persevere ever to death; eternal life will make up for all. I was reading to-day. "God hath granted repentance unto life." Remember Barnabas's advice, "Cleave to the Lord;" not to man, but the Lord. May He perfect all that concerneth you. Do not fear the face of man. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity. Till then, believe me, your friend in gospel bands, &c.

# SKETCHES OF HIS SERMONS

WHICH HE EXTENDED IN THE DELIVERY.

"Oh! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."—ISAIAH xlviii. 18.

I. *Their peace would have been like a river.*—1. It has a source. It begins at the fountain of Christ's blood. 2. It is fed from above. Rains and showers feed the rivers. The shower of grace swells the rivers of peace. 3. It has inundations, as the Nile. An awakening providence often makes it overflow.—Afflictions and the consolations under them always, if the sufferings are the sufferings of Christ. Sacramental times, also; hence the desirableness of frequency in the administration of the Lord's Supper. 4. It gets broader and broader to the sea. The Tay. "The path of the just is like the shining light." Try yourselves by this text. 5. It is fertilizing. It conveys nourishment. Egypt owes all its fertility to the Nile. The peace of Christ makes every grace grow. Holiness always grows out of a peaceful breast.

II. *Their righteousness would have been as the waves of the sea.*—The righteousness of Christ is compared to the waves of the sea. Because, 1. It covers over the highest sins. 2. It covers over again and again. 3. It is infinite righteousness. You cannot count the waves of the sea.

*Inference.*—God wishes men to be saved. God sometimes pleads with men to be saved for his own pleasure; it would be pleasant to him; it would make him glad; as in the parable of the lost sheep. Sometimes he pleads for his own glory. Jer. xiii. 16; Mal. ii. 1. But here it is for the happiness of sinners themselves. So Psalm lxxxi. 13. Once more he pleads with men, because unwilling that any should perish. 2 Pet. iii. 9.

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"Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin."—ROMANS iv. 4-8.

I. *The way in which the natural man seeks salvation.*—Verse 4 "Worketh." Wishes it to be of desert.

II. *The better way.*—The old way. David's, Abel's. "Worketh not."

III *The blessedness.*—David speaks of this.

*At a later period he took the same text, dividing it thus :—*

I. *The working plan.*

II. *The believing plan.*

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"Fools make a mock at sin: but among the righteous there is favor.—PROVERBS xiv. 9.

I. *What the natural heart thinks of sin.*—1. Men sin easily. As a fountain casting out its waters. Jer. vii. Such is the natural flow of their heart. 2. They bear the load lightly. At ease in Zion. 3. The heavier the load, they sin the more easily. Like a river filled, Eph. iv. 19.

II. *What God thinks of sin.*—1. He says he hates it. Jer. xliv. 4. 2. He has prepared hell for it. 3. He has punished it in his Son.

III. *What awakened souls think of it.*—Rom. vii. 9; John xvi.; Ps. li. The jailor. The sting.

IV. *What believers think of it.*

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"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit."—1 JOHN iv. 7–13.

I. *It is a delicate love.*—"*Beloved, let us love one another.*"

II. *It is self-denying love.*—Verse 11. Hear its language—"If God so loved us, we ought," &c.

III. *It is God-like love.*—Verse 12. It is produced by the Spirit of God moving in the heart, and it imitates God. "If God so loved," &c.

IV. *It is never-failing love.*—For no fountain is so unfailing as the heart of God, which is its fountain.

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"And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and they shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first born.....In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECHARIAH xii. 10; xiii. 1.

I. *The great spring.*—"I will pour."

II. *The great agent.*—"The spirit of grace and supplication."

III. *The effect.*—They look; they mourn; they see the fountain opened.

"The Lord our Righteousness."—JEREMIAH xxxiii. 16.

Deep wounding, from views of Christ pierced by our sins, precedes deep peace from views of his righteousness. Originally spoken to Judah and Israel.

I. *It is the sight of a Divine righteousness.*—Jehovah has made the atonement.

II. *It is a living righteousness.*—Jehovah is the righteousness. A living one gives it. He is exalted to give it. He comes to you with the offer of it.

III. *It is an appropriated righteousness.*—It would not give me peace to see all the world clothed in Christ, if I were not. No delight to me except I am sitting under his shade myself—under the rock. The joy of Paul was, "Christ is made unto us;" of Thomas, "My Lord."

*Application.*—1. The rest of a believer consists in knowing that Jehovah is his righteousness. 2. The folly of those who rest in seeking is evident—"ever learning." 3. We see the misery of unbelievers. There is a glorious divine righteousness that would make the blackest fair. It will be your eternal torment, that so glorious a righteousness was offered you, and you died without it.

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"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—REVELATION xx. 11–15.

I. *The Throne and the Judge.*

*The Throne.* 1. *Great.*—Because so many are to stand before it; because so great a Saviour is to sit down upon it; because everlasting sentences are to be given out from it. 2. *White.*—Because of his holiness, because of his equity. He will be righteous in acquitting and in condemning. None can cast a stain upon it. *The Judge.*—Christ himself. 1. Because he is the Son of Man; knows by experience our inmost feelings. John v. 22–27. 2. As a reward for his pains. Philip. ii. 3. For the comfort of the godly. 4. For the confusion of the Christless.

*Lessons.*—1. Prepare for it. 2. Go to a throne of grace. 3. Care for one another's souls.

II. *The judged.*—1. All. The dead, small and great; men of all ranks and degrees; rulers and subjects; parents and children; pastors and people; none too high, none too low. 2. From all places; grave, sea, death, hell. 3. Stand together. Philip. iv. 1.; 1 Thes. ii. 4. Before God. 5. Must come forth. John v.

III. *The Books opened.*—1. *The Book of Remembrance*—Malachi iii.; Ps. lvi. Thoughts, words, and actions; secret sins done in the heart, or in the dark; secret fraud and uncleanness; forgotten sins. The good deeds of the saints; a cup of cold water; Mary's ointment; not according to your appearance, nor your professions, nor the thoughts of other men, nor your own self-flatterers, but by "works."—2. *The Bible*—John xii. 48. The law; the gospel; not according to your present rule; men judge themselves by one another, or by themselves, or by their fancy.—3. *Book of Life*—To show that his everlasting counsels have been fulfilled. To show the source from which every one was saved.

IV. *The Sentence.*—1. This explains why God does not now take vengeance. Did not the hand wither? The Atheist in France. The railway. 2. The folly of secret sin. 3. Repent. God commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world.

## LEBANON—ITS SCENERY AND ALLUSIONS.

[It will be interesting to many to see how his rich imagination used at times to revel amid the beautiful images and figures of the Divine Word. I insert two specimens, of which the first was written in his earlier days, when his taste for Scripture imagery was fresh, and his peculiar style just forming. It is a critical essay read in the Exegetical Society, while he was a student in the Divinity Hall.]

"O, Lord God, I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." Such was the prayer of Moses in the land of Moab. Whether he had heard by report of the glory of snow-capped Lebanon from Egyptian traffickers in balm and myrrh and spiceries, or knew of it only by finding it in the charter of Israel's promised inheritance; there is a peculiar beauty and fulness in the prayer, when, as descriptive of the good land, he asks to see the chief object of its moral beauty, and that of its chief natural beauty—Zion and Lebanon—the one the type of all spiritual, the other of all temporal blessings to Israel. What a refreshing sight to his eye, yet undimmed with age, after resting for forty years on the monotonous scenery of the desert, now to rest upon Zion,* embosomed in olive-clad hills, and Lebanon with its vine-clad base, and overhanging forests, and towering peaks of snow! "I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."

The same taste which inspired the wish of the venerable lawgiver, descended to the people whom he led to Canaan to such a

* That Zion was known to the Israelites before they reached Canaan, if not by name, at least as a holy mountain, see such passages as Exod. xv. 17. "Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in *the mountain* of thine inheritance, in *the place which thou hast made for them to dwell in, in the sanctuary which thy hands have established.*"

degree, that Zion and Lebanon have afforded more materials for figure and allusion to the prophets and sweet singers of Israel than perhaps any other individual natural objects whatever. To consider the beauty and propriety of a few of these allusions to *Lebanon* is the object of my present investigation.

I. The first passage I mean to observe upon is the 29th Psalm —"a Psalm of David," in which the strength of Jehovah is celebrated; and the exemplification of it is evidently taken from a thunder-storm in Lebanon. The Psalm seems to be addressed to the angels; see Psalm lxxxix. 7. It thus begins—

"Render unto Jehovah, ye sons of the mighty,
Render unto Jehovah glory and strength;
Render to Jehovah the glory of his name;
Bow down to Jehovah in the majesty of holiness!"

Immediately follows the description of the thunder-storm, in which it does not seem fanciful to observe the historical progression which is usual on such occasions. The first lines seem to describe only the noise of the thunder, the description growing more intense as the rumbling draws nearer.

"The voice of Jehovah is above the waters;
The God of Glory thundereth!
Jehovah is louder than many waters.
The voice of Jehovah is strength,
The voice of Jehovah is majesty!"

But now the effects become visible; the storm has descended on the mountains and forests:—

"The voice of Jehovah shivers the cedars,
Even shivers Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon;
And makes them to skip, like a calf,
Lebanon and Sirion, like a young buffalo.
The voice of Jehovah forketh the lightning's flash!"

From the mountains the storm sweeps down into the plains, where, however, its effects are not so fearful as on the mountains.

"The voice of Jehovah causeth the desert to tremble—
The voice of Jehovah causeth to tremble the desert of Kadesh—
The voice of Jehovah causeth the oaks to tremble,
And lays bare the forests!
Therefore, in his temple every one speaks of his glory."

The description of the swollen torrents closes the scene—

"Jehovah upon the rain-torrent sitteth,
Yea, sitteth Jehovah a king forever."

And the moral or application of the whole is—

"Jehovah to his people will give strength;
Jehovah will bless his people with peace."

I have to remark several things in connection with Lebanon which may illustrate this beautiful Psalm. That thunder-storms are frequent in these mountains is matter of historical fact; inso-

much that Volney could not give a description of the magnificent view from the top of Lebanon without mentioning, "clouds rolling at your feet," as one ingredient in the scenery. As the Mediterranean stretches away from the very foot of Lebanon, we can be at no loss to find the "*many waters*," whose roaring was drowned in the voice of Jehovah's thunder. Or, if our interpretation of the particle ("above") be thought not the usual one, we may imagine that the storm came over the sea, and that the spectator, standing on Lebanon, and watching its progress as it advances towards him, says—

> "The voice of Jehovah is upon the waters—
> The God of Glory thundereth!
> Jehovah is upon many waters!"

The increasing growling of the thunder when it reaches the mountains, and reverberates among the vallies, is well represented in the increasing power of the lines,

> "The voice of Jehovah is in strength,
> The voice of Jehovah is majesty!"

The only remark which I make upon the cedars at present is, that, by the testimony of all travellers, "These noble trees grow amongst the snow, near the highest peak of Lebanon."—(See Maundrell.) This fact gives peculiar significancy to their being placed first in the work of devastation: and also their great size. "The old ones which remain (says Maundrell) are of a prodigious bulk. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree." The testimony of Pococke, in 1738, is very similar. The testimony of another traveller, quoted by Rosenmuller, is also interesting, showing well the intensiveness of the parallelism. "We saw others, indeed," says he, "on the confines of Judea and Samaria, but nowhere so lofty as in Lebanon."

> "The voice of Jehovah shivers the cedars,
> Jehovah shivers even *the cedars of Lebanon*."

These mighty trees of God, which for ages have stood the force of the tempest, rearing their ever green colossal boughs in the region of everlasting snow, are the first objects of the fury of the lightning, which is well known to visit first the highest objects.

The sixth verse presents rather more difficulty. The original is,

> "And makes them skip like a young calf,
> Lebanon and Sirion, like a young buffalo."

At first sight it might appear that the cedars were still meant, and that Lebanon and Sirion were used by metonymy for the cedars which grew upon them. But, 1. We never hear of cedars growing upon *Sirion*, or Shenir, or Hermon, for it has all these

names ; and, 2. There is a parallel passage where this interpretation will hardly answer in Psalm cxiv. Describing the exodus of Israel, it says.

> "The mountains skipt like rams,
> And the little hills like lambs."

The same verb* occurs here, the verb which means "to skip, to dance," used in Nahum iii. 2, to signify the jolting of chariots, and also in Joel ii. 5. In both these instances, rough motion, accompanied with noise, seems intended. Now, though this may very well be understood as a highly figurative description, as it undoubtedly is, of the usual effects of a thunder-storm ; yet it is interesting to compare it with the following passage of Volney, which describes certain phenomena as frequent in Mount Lebanon, which may give a new meaning to the "*skipping of the mountains* :—

"When the traveller," says he, "penetrates the interior of these mountains, the ruggedness of the roads, the steepness of the declivities, the depth of the precipices, have at first a terrific effect ; but the sagacity of the mules which bear him soon inspires him with confidence, and enables him to examine at his ease the picturesque scenes which succeed one another so as almost to bewilder him. There, as in the Alps, he sometimes travels whole days to arrive at a spot which was in sight when he set out. He turns, he descends, he winds round, he climbs ; and under this perpetual change of position, one is ready to think that a magical power is varying at every step the beauties of the landscape. Sometimes villages are seen, ready as it were to slide down the steep declivities, and so disposed that the roofs of the one row of houses serve as a street to the row above. At another time, you see a convent seated on an isolated cone, like Marshaia in the valley of Tigré. Here a rock is pierced by a torrent, forming a natural cascade, as at *Nahr-el-Leban ;* there another rock assumes the appearance of a natural wall. Often on the sides, ledges of stones, washed down and left by the waters, resemble ruins disposed by art. In some places, the waters, meeting with inclined beds, have undermined the intermediate earth, and have formed caverns, as at Nahr-el-Kelb, near Antoura. In other places, they have worn for themselves subterranean channels, through which flow little rivulets during part of the year, as at Mar Hama. Sometimes these picturesque circumstances have become tragical ones. Rocks loosened or thrown off their equilibrium by thaw or earthquake, have been known to precipitate themselves on the adjacent dwellings, and crush the inhabitants. An accident of this kind, about twenty years ago, buried a whole village near Mar Djordos, so as to leave no trace of its existence. More recently, and near the same spot, the soil of a hill, planted with mulberry trees and vines, detached

* The original Hebrew words are given in the MS. throughout.

itself by a sudden thaw, and, sliding over the surface of the rock which it had covered, like a vessel launched from the stocks, established itself entire in the valley below."

In the next line, the storm has forced its way to the unenclosed plains, or to the Arabian desert, according to Rosenmuller.

> "The voice of Jehovah causeth the desert to tremble,
> The voice of Jehovah causeth to tremble the desert of Kadesh."

That Kadesh-Naphtali is meant, the geographical position of Lebanon would make us believe; though this is not necessary. And although Syria is much exposed to earthquakes—as, for example, that of Aleppo in 1822, which was sensibly felt at Damascus—yet it does not seem necessary to imagine anything farther than the usual effects of a thunder-storm.

The *oaks and forests* of verse 9 suit well with the description given of the lower limbs of Lebanon, which abound in "thickets of myrtle, woods of fir, walnut-trees, carob-trees, and Turkish oaks." And *the rain-torrent* of verse 10 is admirably descriptive of the sudden swell of the thousand streams which flow from Lebanon. According to modern travellers, the number of water-courses descending from Lebanon is immense; and the suddenness of the rise of these streams may be gathered from the contradictions in their accounts. The Nahr-el-Sazib is described by one as "a rivulet, though crossed by a bridge of six arches;" by another it is called "a large river." The Damour (the ancient Tamyras), which flows immediately from Lebanon, is "a river (says Maundrell) apt to swell much upon sudden rains; in which case, precipitating itself from the mountains with great rapidity, it has been fatal to many a passenger." He mentions a French gentleman, M. Spon, who, a few years before, in attempting to ford it, was hurried down by the stream, and perished in the sea. This is one instance of very many in the mountains of Lebanon, where the brook, which is usually nearly dry, becomes all at once an impassable torrent. When *Volney* looked upon the rivers of Syria in summer, he doubted whether they could be called rivers. But had he ventured to cross them after a thunder-storm, his scepticism would no longer have had room or time to exercise itself, and he would have felt the propriety of the Psalmist's painting, when he says—

> "Jehovah sitteth on the rain-torrents,
> Jehovah sitteth a king forever."

But the imagery of this Psalm is not more beautiful and appropriate than is the moral application. To what end this painting of fearful power—of strength able to break through all obstacles, shiver the cedars and shake the mountains? All this might, so fearfully exemplified in the thunder, is exercised by Jehovah *for his people.* Every attribute of Jehovah is *on their side.* And the sweet calm which follows upon the thunder-storm—when the

sun breaks through the dusky clouds and makes all nature smile again with renewed and heightened brightness—is not more brilliant and delightful than the peace with which Jehovah blesses those for whose sakes he has displayed the might of his arm.

"Jehovah to his people will give strength;"

Or,

"Jehovah for his people will display strength;
Jehovah will bless his people with peace."

II. The next passage wherein I shall attempt to examine the allusion to Lebanon, is in Psalm lxxii. 16, rendered in our version thus:—

"There shall be a handful of corn in the earth,
Upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon;
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth."

The original words for "*handful of corn*" are rendered by Gesenius, "Abundance of corn"—deriving the word from the Arabic verb "to disperse," compared with a similar root in Chaldee and Hebrew. Though the Septuagint and Syriac are both obscure, they yet manifestly favor this rendering. And this being the meaning, I would understand the whole as a species of introverted parallelism, where the outside lines answer to one another, and the inside lines form a sort of parenthesis.

"There shall be abundance of corn in the earth,
Upon the top of the mountains,
His fruit shall shake like Lebanon,
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth."

The earth is to be so thoroughly cultivated in Messiah's day that there shall be corn on the very tops of the mountains, for "his fruit shall shake like Lebanon." It is, however, altogether worthy of inquiry, with what propriety Lebanon can be brought in to paint the extreme fertility and productiveness of the very tops of the hill, which is to signalize Messiah's day. The following passage of Volney may perhaps throw some light upon the subject:—"By dint of skill and labor, they have compelled a rocky soil to become fertile. Sometimes, to avail themselves of the waters, they have made a channel for them by means of a thousand windings on the declivities, or have arrested them in the valleys by embankments. At other times, they have propped up the earth that was ready to roll down by means of terraces and walls. Almost all the mountains being thus husbanded, present the appearance of a staircase, or of an amphitheatre, each tier of which is a row of vines or mulberry-trees. I have counted upon one declivity as many as a hundred or a hundred and twenty tiers from the bottom of the valley to the top of the hill. I forgot for the moment that I was in Turkey."

The evidence of Volney is unexceptionable. For confirmation,

however, I may add a sentence from another exellent observer: "We passed through a beautiful and romantic country, inhabited by the Maronites. The road was along the roots of Libanus. The sides of the mountains are interspersed with numerous villages, around which the ground is highly cultivated, either *with corn*, vines, olive or mulberry trees, the earth being supported by terraces, formed of dry masonry, having the appearance of the seats of an amphitheatre."

To understand the images taken from Mount Lebanon, it is necessary to remark, that four enclosures of mountains are described as rising one upon another. The first and lowest of these is described as rich in grain and fruits. The second is barren, being covered only with thorns, rocks, and flints. The third, though higher still, is blessed with a perpetual spring; the trees are always green. There are innumerable orchards laden with fruit, and it forms altogether a terrestrial paradise,

> "Where fruits and blossoms blush,
> In social sweetness, on the self-same bough."

The fourth, or highest ridge of all, is the region of perpetual snow. Now, the imagery in the 72d Psalm is evidently taken from the first of these ridges of Lebanon, where (most probably following the ancient mode of cultivating) the monks of Lebanon, for they were the chief cultivators of the terraced soil, industriously husband every particle of productive earth. In the expressive words of Burckhardt, "*Every inch of ground* is cultivated,"—so that no image could have been more singularly expressive of the universal cultivation under Messiah's reign, than to say, that "His fruit shall shake like Lebanon;" or, understanding the Psalmist to speak figuratively, what moral landscape could be painted more richly than he does when he intimates that those barren mountains of our world, which at present yield no fruit unto God, shall be cultivated in that day so industriously and so fully that the fruit shall wave like the terraced corn-fields, or shake like the hanging mulberry-trees on the terraced heights of Lebanon?

III. My only other allusion from the Psalms is in Psalm xcii. 12, 14—

> "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree;
> He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
> They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
> They shall be fat and flourishing."

Laying aside entirely any inquiry as to the palm-tree, and laying aside the difficulty contained in the 13th verse, I have only to compare this description of the cedar in Lebanon with the accounts of those who have visited them in modern days. Without believing (as the Maronites or Christian inhabitants of the mountains do) that the seven very ancient cedars which yet remain in the neighborhood of the village of Eden in Lehanon are the re-

mains of the identical forest which furnished Solomon with timber for the Temple, full three thousand years ago, they can yet be proved to be of very great antiquity. These very cedars were visited by Belonius in 1550, nearly three hundred years ago, who found them twenty-eight in number. Rawolf, in 1575, makes them twenty-four. Dandini, in 1600, and Thevenot about fifty years after, make them twenty-three. Maundrell, in 1696, found them reduced to sixteen. Pococke, in 1738, found fifteen standing, and a sixteenth recently blown down, or (may we not conjecture?) shivered by the voice of God. In 1810, Burckhardt counted eleven or twelve; and Dr. Richardson, in 1818, states them to be no more than seven. There cannot be a doubt, then, that these cedars, which were esteemed ancient nearly three hundred years ago, must be of a very great antiquity; and yet they are described by the last of these travellers as "large, and tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that we had seen." The oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. Pococke also remarks, that "the young cedars are not easily known from pines. I observed, they bear a *greater quantity* of fruit than the large ones." This shows that the old ones still bear fruit, though not so abundantly as the young cedars, which, according to Richardson, are very productive, and cast many seeds annually. How appropriate, then, and full of meaning, is the imagery of the Psalmist—

> "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree;
> He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
> They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
> They shall be fat and flourishing."

IV. In the *Song of Songs* the allusions to Lebanon are very many and of exquisite beauty. I am sorry that my time will suffer me only to glance at one in chap. iv. 8–15:—

> "Come with me from Lebanon,
> My spouse with me from Lebanon:
> Look from the top of Amana,
> From the top of Shenir and Hermon,
> From the lions' dens,
> From the mountains of the leopards."

It is evident here that the bridegroom is pressing the bride to quit Lebanon along with him, because of the dangers to be apprehended from the beasts of prey. He seems to bid her look from these dangerous heights down into the secure and pleasant valleys below, where many a delicious wilderness of flowers and fruits are visible. In the mountains above Canobin, tigers are said to be frequently met with. I suppose, says Burckhardt, ounces are meant. Speaking of some sepulchres cut in the limestone mountains opposite Saide (ancient Sidon), Hasselquist says, a great part of them are now open, and serve for huts for shep-

herds, or dens for *wild beasts*. And, lastly, we have the story of Thammuz—

> "Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day:
> While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
> Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

These testimonies show the propriety with which Lebanon is described as dangerous from wild beasts. Looking from the summits of the hills, the view, as described by travellers, is exquisite in the extreme. Every valley seems cultivated like a garden, watered by numberless fountains and rivulets, such as the scene to which the bridegroom points the eye of the spouse. By a fine turn of thought, he immediately breaks out into a comparison of his beloved to one of these gardens:—

> "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse—
> A spring shut up—a fountain sealed.
> Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
> With pleasant fruits, camphire, and spikenard,
> Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
> With all trees of frankincense;
> Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;
> A fountain of gardens,
> A well of living waters,
> And streams from Lebanon."

I have not now leisure to show, from modern travellers, the immense variety of fruit, and flower, and aromatic shrubs with which the vales of Lebanon are enriched. The village of Eden and the convent of Canobin might alone give illustration of this remarkable passage. On the last verse alone do I offer a remark. The spouse is compared to *three* kinds of fountains—1. To a fountain of gardens; an artificial fountain, so distributed that it supplies more than one garden, or different parts of the same garden. 2. To a well of living waters; a fresh springing well to supply the fountain. And, 3. To streams from Lebanon, rivulets constantly descending from the snow of Lebanon, and subterraneously supplying the well of living waters. This is a most precise and accurate description of a great number of the garden-fountains at the foot of Mount Libanus. Of the *first*, the garden of Fahkr-el-din, near Tyre, gives a good example. "The walks are shaded with orange-trees of a large spreading size, and all of so fine a growth that one cannot imagine anything more perfect in their kind. Every one of these lesser squares was bordered with stone; and in the stone-work were troughs, very artificially contrived, for conveying the water all over the garden, there being little outlets at every tree for the stream as it passes by to flow out and water it." Ras-el-ayin, where are Solomon's cisterns, may illustrate the whole passage. "There are three cisterns entire at this day; one about a furlong and a half from the sea,

the other two a little further up. The former is of an octagonal figure, twenty-two yards in diameter. Upon the brink of it you have a walk round eight feet broad, from which descending you have another walk twenty-one feet broad. The whole vessel contains a vast body of excellent water, and is so well supplied *from its fountain*, that, though there issues from it a stream like a brook during four miles, yet it is always brimful. On the east side of this cistern was the ancient outlet of the water by an aqueduct, raised about sixty yards from the ground, and containing a channel one yard wide.

"The *fountain* of these waters is as unknown as the author of them. It is certain, from their rising so high, that they must be brought from some part of the mountains, which are about a league distant; and it is as certain that the work was well done at first, seeing it performs its office at so great a distance of time. Hasselquist is probably right in concluding that the water which fills these reservoirs comes from subterranean springs, and rises in their bottoms, as it does in the *birkets*, or reservoirs, in the road from Damascus to Jacob's Bridge. Are we to suppose the source fictitious, and formed by a subterraneous canal drawn from the mountains? But why not have brought the cistern to the rock itself? It is a more simple explanation to suppose it natural, and to conclude that advantage has been taken of one of these ancient or subterranean rivers, of which Syria presents numerous instances. The idea of imprisoning this stream to make it re-ascend and gain its level, is worthy of the Phœnicians."—(*Modern Travels in Syria*, p. 36.)

Such, then, in some degree, is the image by which the bridegroom portrays the bride; and in reflecting upon it, it is hardly possible to resist the risings of imagination when we remember that the bridegroom is the Saviour, and the bride the Church of the Redeemed. The subterranean streams from Lebanon answer so well to the unseen supplies of grace, and the well of living waters to the living water which is in the believer springing up unto everlasting life, and the fountain of gardens to the fertilizing stream of love and of good works wherewith he nourishes and diffuses his good things to all around, that we may be pardoned for thus laying aside for a moment the severity of sober criticism to indulge the dream of a not unholy imagination.

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## SOME NOTES ON THE TYPES FOUND IN THE TABERNACLE.

When you would teach a little child in the simplest and most interesting way, you do it by means of pictures. In the very same way did God teach Israel concerning him who was the consolation of Israel. When they sat under the shadow of the Pillar

Cloud, and were sheltered from the burning rays of an eastern sun, God wanted to teach them that Christ was a shade on their right hand—that he would come between them and the burning wrath of God. When they followed the light of the pillar of fire, God wanted to teach them that Christ was the light of this world—that whoso followeth him shall not walk in darkness. When they gathered the snow-white manna, and ground it in mills, and baked it in pans, God wanted to teach them that a bruised Saviour must be the daily food of our soul. When they drank of the gushing river that flowed out of the smitten rock, God wanted to teach them that they might daily receive the full streams of the Holy Spirit from the smitten Saviour—that if any man thirst he should come to Christ and drink.

### I. THE HIGH PRIEST.

But of all the types and images of the glorious Saviour, the most living, the most wonderful, was *the Jewish High Priest*, with his holy garments for glory and for beauty.—See Exodus xxviii. 2. These garments were glorious and beautiful in two respects,—first, They had a natural glory: they were made of the costliest materials—of gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, verse 5. No expense of labor or of riches was spared to make them splendid and attractive. But second, They had a spiritual glory—a glory and a beauty that far excelled the other, inasmuch as they clearly represented the excellencies of Christ our glorious High Priest and Saviour.

May the Lord lift away the veil, and reveal to us from under the covering, our glorious Immanuel, so that every soul may cry out, He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

I. *The Ephod and the Robe of the Ephod*, verse 6–8, 31, 32.—Observe three things with regard to it. 1. It was made of the finest materials (v. 6)—of gold, and of blue, of purple, of scarlet, and of fine twined linen—the richest of metals was there—the deepest, most beautiful dyes—the finest and purest linen; 2. It was wrought with the greatest skill, (v. 32)—God seems actually to have given the spirit of wisdom to the workmen who made it; it is said to have been made with "cunning work," and the girdle, which was part of the ephod, is called the "curious girdle;" 3. It covered the Priest from head to foot. The ephod and the robe, when put together, formed a complete garment.

How plainly does this point out the beautiful garment of our Redeemer's righteousness—his glorious finished work which he came from heaven to work out. 1. It is of the finest materials—it is the sufferings and obedience of the Son of God—of God manifest in flesh. Ah, who can tell the costliness of that robe! It is called (Psalm xlv.) "clothing of wrought gold," "raiment of

needlework." It is called (Rev. iii. 18) gold and fine linen—"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire." 2. It was wrought with all the skill of heaven; for the Gospel is the power of God and the wisdom of God. In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Angels desire to look into these things. It is the mystery of God and of Christ. 3. It covered Christ from head to foot—it covered his whole soul from the cradle to the cross; so that he was beautiful and glorious in the eyes of the Father. "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Dear friends, put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Have no confidence in the flesh; but rejoice in Christ Jesus. Put on this ephod of righteousness, this cunning work of God, this curious girdle of a Redeemer's righteousness. There is the gold of Christ's Godhead in it—the purple and scarlet of a Redeemer's blood—the fine twined linen of his spotless obedience. With what confidence the High Priest could enter the holiest when clothed with this wonderful garment; so you, clothed in Christ, may come boldly to the throne of grace, to find mercy and grace to help in time of need. "I counsel thee," &c.

II. *The Stones on his shoulders*, 9–12.—Observe three things here—1. That they were precious stones on which the names of the children of Israel were engraved, "two onyx stones;" 2. That they were set in ouches, or sockets of gold, and fastened by chains; 3. That these two stones were put upon the high priest's shoulders, and he was to bear them before the Lord upon his shoulders.

How plainly does this point out the care that the great Redeemer takes of all that are his own! 1. They are precious in his sight—they are his jewels; and "they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." "Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine." They are redeemed with his blood: no wonder they are precious. When a man has spent much on anything it becomes precious to him. 2. They are set in sockets of gold, and bound to him with chains of gold. These chains and sockets of gold are the love of Christ—his electing love—his drawing love—his covenant love. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." 3. They are on his shoulders; so are all believers. "When he hath found it he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." Never does the Saviour find a lost soul, but he sets him high on his shoulder. "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

Have you taken Christ to be your surety and High Priest? 1. Then you are on his shoulder—engraved there, set in gold there, chained there—you shall never perish. He has set you as a seal

upon his arm. Lean all your weight on him. Do not distrust him. You cannot carry yourself. Lean all on him. 2. Be like Christ. You too are a priest. Be like Christ in this. Bear up the children of God. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Look not every one on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Be helpers of one another's joy.

III. *Breastplate of Judgment*, 15–29.—Observe three things. 1. Here also all the names of the children of Israel were graven on precious stones; but observe the difference. Before there were two onyx stones; here are twelve different stones—all different—all precious. 2. Here also the stones were set in gold enclosings, and the whole was bound to the ephod with golden chains. 3. It was fastened, not upon his shoulders, but upon his breast over his heart, verse 29. Aaron shall bear.

How plainly does this point out a new feature in the love and tenderness of Christ for his own redeemed ones!

1. Observe how precious his people are to him. There is a variety among the stones—every one is different, yet all are precious. So there is a great variety among Christ's people, yet all are precious to Christ. Some are chosen in infancy, like John the Baptist and Jeremiah, sanctified from the womb. Some are chosen in old age. Some are taken who have committed but little sin, like Martha and Mary. Some who have committed much, like the woman which was a sinner, and the dying thief. Some are taken from a cottage, some from a palace; all different, yet all jewels in the eyes of the Redeemer.

2. Observe they are all bound upon his heart. So believers are bound on Christ's heart when he goeth in before the Father. He is able to save to the uttermost. Dear children of God, you often think that Christ forgetteth you, that the glories of heaven have dazzled his eyes, that the songs of angels have entranced his ear, that the joys of his Father's right hand have filled all his heart, that he has no thought of you. See here, you are bound to his heart, you are enclosed there, graven there. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "Behold, my mother and my brethren." He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Can a mother forget her sucking child? Will you ever distrust Christ any more? "I will pray the Father;" "he maketh intercession for us." "I pray for them; I pray not for the world;" "neither pray I for these alone."

Be like Christ. Ye are priests. Let the children of God be precious to you: bound to your hearts with golden chains of love. Love all God's children; especially pray for them. Brethren pray for us.

IV. *The Plate on forehead*, 36–38.—Observe three things.

1. That it was a plate of pure gold—not wrought gold, nor mixed with any thing else, but pure gold. 2. That holiness to the Lord was deeply engraven on it; it was not superficially written, but graven like a seal. 3. It was to be always on the forefront of his mitre, and on his forehead—conspicuous without concealment.

How plainly does this point out the native holiness of our glorious Redeemer! From first to last he was a holy Saviour. 1. His holiness was like the fine gold—without mixture, without alloy. 2. It was deeply engraved in his heart—not mere appearance, outside holiness. 3. It was obvious, open holiness. It was visible in his holy brow, in his meek and dove-like eye. His whole life was holiness to the Lord. Such an high priest became us, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. Even in his mother's womb he was "that holy thing." In his life "he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." In his death "he through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot unto God." He was as it were the essence of holiness. This might well be the motto on his brow—HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

1. Learn what a complete Saviour we have. If he had had one sin or infirmity he would have needed to have died for his own sin. But he knew no sin, and was therefore made sin for us. O rejoice in this holy Saviour.

2. Learn to be like him. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. If you are saved by Christ's blood, be filled with Christ's spirit. Remember you too must be holiness to the Lord. The Spirit must write the law upon your heart—grave it deeply; and yet let your light so shine before men, that they seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven. Your holiness must be in your heart, and yet upon your forehead too. Let every thing you have and are be devoted to him. On the bells upon the horses, let it be written—"Holiness to the Lord."

V. *The Bells and Pomegranates*, 33–35.—1. The pomegranate is a tree with a beautiful flower and fruit, growing in fruitful gardens. It was used in the high priest's garments to mark fruitfulness and fragrance. 2. The bell was to give a pleasant tinkling sound whenever the high priest walked, in going in or coming out. How plainly did this signify that wherever Christ goes there is the fragrance of sweetest gardens, and a gladsome sound of melody! There was once a time in Scotland when our glorious High Priest walked amid the golden candlesticks—when he came into his garden, and fed among the lilies. O that Christ would come in among you, and reveal himself unto you! Then would the winter be past—the rains would be over and gone—the flowers would appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds be come. His presence makes summer—all his garments smell of myrrh. Your souls would become a well-

watered garden. When Jesus comes in it is gladsome music to the soul. It is like the sound of the silver trumpets; it is the melody of bells. Happy is the people that know the joyful sound—"I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." Has the sound of a present Saviour ever fallen upon your ear?

Christians, you are priests. Be like Christ in this. 1. Wherever you go carry a savor of Christ. His name is like ointment poured forth; it is like the vine flourishing and the pomegranate budding. Let men take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus; let it be plain that you come from within the vail let the smell of your garments be as a field which the Lord hath blessed. 2. Carry a sound of Christ wherever you go. Not a step, Christians, without the sound of the gospel bell! Even in smallest things be spreading the glad sound. Edwards says wherever a godly person enters, he is a greater blessing than if the greatest monarch were entering. So be it with you.

Now, my dear friends, it appears to me that even the tracts for which you contribute are like those little bells. They are small and despised by some, yet they carry the clear sound of the gospel wherever they go. What Christian among you would not love to see them multiplied, till every family on the globe should hear the message of mercy? Come, then, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

### II. THE HOLY PLACE.

The Holy Place was *the first* character of the tabernacle, into which all the priests were allowed to enter continually to trim the lamps, and light them at evening—to burn incense at the golden altar, and to arrange the shew-bread on the golden table. Its contents were, the golden candlestick, the altar of incense, not here mentioned, and the table of shew-bread.

I dare not speak positively on so difficult a subject, but I will open up freely what appears to me to be the true meaning of the Holy Place.

I think it represented the condition of Christ mystical, that is, of Christ and his Church before the vail was rent—*i. e.* before the death of Christ.

1. *There was a bright golden candlestick*, filled with beaten oil, lighted every evening by the priest. This clearly represented Christ and his members, filled with the Holy Spirit. But then the light was confined to a small chamber; it did not spread afar, like a beacon across the dark world. So Christ and his people, during the Old Testament Church, were a *shrouded light.* It was a golden candlestick filled with oil and lighted, but its beams confined within boards and curtains. It is true, a few stray beams did escape, so as to attract the Queen of Sheba from a far country, and the Ethiopian eunuch in his chariot, and the

Roman centurion, who loved their nation, and built them a synagogue. Still the Jewish Church was not evangelistic. It was not intended at that time to spread the light to other nations. But when Jesus comes, he breaks down the boards and curtains, and says, "Ye are the light of the world," "among whom ye shine as lights *in the world.*"

2. In like manner, there was *a golden altar where incense was burnt* every morning and evening, representing the intercession of Christ and his saints. Still, it is remarkable that this altar was not within the vail; it was not in the holiest of all.

The Holy Ghost here plainly signified, that the Church in the wilderness had not that liberty in prayer which we now have. They had not that intimate nearness to God which the New Testament believers enjoy. It is true, Israel were a praying people. David sought God's face seven times a-day, and Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a-day; and the 67th Psalm shows that they often remembered us poor Gentiles in their intercessions. "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known on the earth, and thy saving health among all nations." Still, they had not that *near, full, intimate* liberty at the throne of grace which is granted to those who are taught by the Spirit to pray,—Let us draw near, Abba, Father.

3. *There was a pure table covered with twelve loaves*, a loaf for each tribe of Israel; and only the priests were allowed to eat it. This plainly intimated Christ offered only to the twelve tribes of Israel—the dispensation in which the offer of salvation was nearly confined to the Jews. How different from the day when Jesus broke the loaves, and distributed to the multitudes! or that day when Jesus said, "I am the bread of God which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto *the world.* I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst?"

The holy place was then a shadow of good things to come. O how great is our privilege who live in the clear gospel day! and how awful your condemnation, if, when the shadows are fled away, and Christ the substance is freely offered, you still reject him. "If he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses, of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

### III. THE MOST HOLY PLACE.

I. *Its situation and name*, verse 3.—After the second vail. The vail here spoken of is described Ex. xxvi. 31–33. It was made of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. It hung upon four pillars, and divided between the holy place and

the most holy. It is the same vail that was rent in twain when Jesus died; Matt. xxvii. 51.

The chamber here mentioned then was the innermost of all—four square, the walls composed of boards overlaid with gold, covered in with curtains, having no light except the bright cloud that dwelt between the cherubims, the token that God had his dwelling there.

II. *Its contents.*—

1. *The golden censer.*—Verse 4. "Which had the golden censer." This was not the golden altar of incense, which was not in the holiest of all, and is not here mentioned. It is the censer spoken of, Lev. xvi. 12. On the solemn day of atonement, when the high priest entered into the holiest, he first took this *golden censer* and filled it with burning coals from the altar of burnt offering. He then entered the holy place and took a handful of sweet incense from the golden altar of incense, the incense beaten small, and then he drew aside the second vail and entered the holiest of all, burning the incense all the time. He was thus surrounded with a cloud of fragrant incense as he stood before the mercy-seat.

The meaning of this is very obvious—the Holy Ghost signified by this *Jesus our Intercessor*. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. This is the angel of intercession whom John saw, Rev. viii. 3, offering up the prayers of *all* saints with much incense. The prayers of the highest believers are all sinful and polluted. There is so much unbelief, so much selfishness, so much forgetfulness mingling with all, that every prayer is sin. But if you put them into the golden censer, Jesus Christ the righteous will cover all the sin, and offer them up with much incense. This is the only way of acceptable worship. Is this your way of praying? Have you such a sense of sin that you are ashamed of your prayers? or do you put them into Christ's censer? It is an affecting thought that the censer of Christ is so often empty—so few prayers put into it. Here is the reason why the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to God; Prov. xv. 8. You do not put it into the censer of Jesus to be perfumed with the cloud of incense.

2. *The Ark.*—This was a chest made of shittim wood, and overlaid round about, *i. e.* within and without, with pure gold. The only thing which it contained in its bosom was the *two tables of stone* on which God wrote, with his own finger, the Ten Commandments. 1 Kings viii. 9. The ark was the chief thing about the tabernacle. It is the first thing Moses was commanded to make. Exodus xxv. When Israel brought the ark into the field of battle, the Philistines cried out, "God is come into their camp." It was for the ark of God that Eli's heart trembled; and when his daughter-in-law died, she called her child Ichabod, saying, "The

glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken." 1 Samuel iv. 13–22. It was for looking into the ark of God that God smote the men of Bethshemesh. 1 Samuel vi. 19, 20. It was for putting out his hand to touch the ark of God that Uzzah died. 2 Samuel vi. 6. It was the ark of God that brought such blessing into the house of Obed-edom. 2 Samuel vi. 11. When Solomon had built the temple, all was incomplete until the ark was brought into it; as it is written in the 132d Psalm, v. 8. "Arise, O Lord, into thy rest, thou and *the ark* of thy strength."

Although we have no express warrant in the Word of God, yet I have no doubt that the ark was intended to represent Christ, the fulfiller of all righteousness.

Jeremiah spake of him, xxiii. 6, "This is his name whereby he shall be called, *the Lord our righteousness*;" and in the 40th Psalm he says to the Father (v. 8), "I delight to do thy will, O my God, yea, *thy law is within my heart*." And thus when he came he told John, "It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." And Paul tells us (Rom. v.), "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." This is the main thing in the Gospel, just as the ark was the main thing under the law. Without the ark the tabernacle was but an empty form. Without Christ, our law-fulfilling righteousness, religion is but a form and a shadow.

Is the Lord our righteousness the main thing in your soul? Has the ark of God its proper place in your heart? Arise, O Lord, into thy rest, thou and the ark of thy strength.

3. *The hidden manna.*—"Wherein was the golden pot that had manna." When God led Israel through the wilderness, "he fed them with the corn of heaven; man did eat angels' food." He rained down manna on them every morning for forty years. At that time God commanded them to preserve an omer of it (enough for one person) in a golden pot (Exodus xvi. 32), "that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness." Paul here tells us it was kept in a *golden* pot, beside the ark within the vail.

There can be no doubt that the manna was a type of *Jesus—the nourishment of his people.* The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. John vi. 33. "I am the bread of life." But the hidden manna represented Christ within the vail; and accordingly the promise to him that overcometh in the Church of Smyrna runs thus—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." Rev. ii. 17. Jesus is not to be our food only in the wilderness, but in eternity; we shall still feed on that hidden manna—that bread of God.

4. *Aaron's Rod.*—"And Aaron's rod that budded." This rod was originally the branch of an almond tree, which Moses cut in the wilderness. It became his shepherd's rod. It was the same which God changed into a serpent (Exodus iv. 3–17), and made

it the wonder-working rod. By it the waters were made blood; the Red Sea was divided. By the same rod the rock was smitten at Meribah, and gave drink to the many thousands of Israel (Exodus xvii.); and by it the rock was smitten a second time, when Moses spoke unadvisedly with his lips. Num. xx. 9. The same rod was laid up before the Lord in the rebellion of Korah (Num. xvii.) to prove that the priesthood belonged to the family of Aaron. "It budded, and brought forth buds, and blossomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." And God commanded it to be kept in the holiest of all, as a token against the rebels. We have no positive Scripture authority for saying that this rod represented Christ; and yet, who can doubt it? Originally an almond wand, growing in the wilderness, it represents Jesus, the root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, having no beauty that we should desire him. The man whose name is the Branch.

*As the wonder-working rod*—it represents Jesus, the power of God—mighty to save, mighty also to destroy—doing as never man did, and speaking as never man spake; so that the people said, "It was never so seen in Israel."

*As smiting the rock*—it represents Jesus as the priest pouring out his soul unto death, submitting to the stroke of his own holy law, consenting to his own death, and bringing out streams of life from his own wounds.

*As blossoming and bearing almonds before the Lord*—it represents the root out of a dry ground becoming a fruitful vine. It represents the fruitfulness of Jesus' priesthood—that his sufferings are now past, that he blossoms within the vail.

5. *The mercy-seat.*—This was a lid or covering to the ark of pure gold, of the same length and breadth as the ark itself; Exodus xxv. 17. It was the only lid which the ark had, and it fitted in exactly, so as to cover it close. The two cherubims stood upon it, being of one piece, beaten out of the same pure metal. It was upon this lid that the bright cloud, which showed a present God, rested, so that it was called the mercy-seat.

There can be no doubt that this was intended to represent *Christ, our propitiation.* 1st, He is called by this very name, Romans iii. 25, where the word rendered a "propitiation" is literally "a *mercy-seat.*" 2d, The mercy-seat was sprinkled with blood, Lev. xvi. 14, 15.—The blood of the bullock and the blood of the goat was sprinkled on the mercy-seat, and before the mercy-seat upon the ground. We are nowhere told that the blood was ever wiped off that golden mercy-seat, so that there can be no doubt it was kept perpetually stained with the blood. The bright shining gold of the mercy-seat was kept constantly dimmed with the blood, and the ground before it was kept always stained with the same. 3d, It was the meeting-place with the sinners, Ex. xxv. 22; "There will I meet with thee and commune with thee from off the mercy-seat." It is the same with "the

throne of grace," Heb. iv. 16; "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy." Sinners, have you come to this mercy-seat, this throne of grace, this propitiation—all washed with blood. It is here God is willing to meet with you, and bless you, and do you good. Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.

6. *The cherubim.*—"And over it the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy-seat." The cherubims were first seen at the entrance of the garden of Eden, one on each side of the flaming sword that kept the way of the tree of life. Moses was commanded to make two of gold; Exodus xxv. 18. They were to be beaten out of the mercy-seat, of the same piece of metal; they were to stand upon the mercy-seat, their wings overshadowing it, and their faces bending toward it. The same creatures seem to be described by Isaiah, as seraphim standing above the throne; and by Ezekiel, as bearing God's throne, Ezekiel i. 10; and by John as standing round it, Rev. iv.

It is now generally agreed by interpreters, that the cherubims were emblems of the Church of the redeemed in heaven. 1st, They were of one piece with the mercy-seat, even as the Church is united to Christ. 2d, They stood upon the mercy-seat, sprinkled with blood; they have no other standing. The blood that was sprinkled on the mercy-seat sprinkled them also. 3d, They gazed down upon the mercy-seat, even as the redeemed shall spend eternity in beholding that amazing propitiation, which brought glory to God in the highest, and peace to guilty men. 4th, They are the dwelling-place of God, Ps. lxxx. 1; "Thou that dwellest between the cherubim"—literally, thou that inhabitest the cherubim; but this is said to be the privilege of the redeemed alone. "An habitation of God, through the Spirit." Ye are the temple of the living God. 5th, They sing, thou hast redeemed us; Rev. iv. Are you ever to be in heaven, dear friends, you must stand there like the cherubims, your feet upon the blood-stained mercy-seat, your eyes fixed on Jesus, our ever-fulfilling Saviour; dwelt in by God and singing, "Thou hast redeemed me."

III. Let us consider now the meaning of *the chamber itself*, "The holiest of all." It typified three things.

1. *Christ.*—He was the true holiest of all; Daniel ix. 24. The vail is expressly said to be his flesh; Heb. x. 20. The bright cloud, dwelling in frail boards and curtains, represented God manifest in the flesh.

2. *The gracious presence of God.*—This it undoubtedly means, Heb. x. 19. Having boldness to enter into the holiest. Believers are there invited to draw near into the holiest—to him that dwelleth between the cherubims. It is here we are invited to pour out our hearts to God. Have you learned to spend much of

your time within the vail? You would be less moved by all the changes, and bereavements, and disappointments of a passing world. Verse 16—throne of grace—mourners come draw near and pour out your sorrows there.

3. *Heaven itself.*—Verse 24, "*Into heaven itself.*"—Proved also by the promise of the hidden manna; Heb. vi. 19. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and which entered in within the vail. Christ is the sum of heaven. He is the *ark* in which God's law eternally dwells—the mercy-seat where we shall ever meet with God. He is *the hidden manna* on which we shall eternally feed. He is *the rod* that budded —the true vine that shall nourish us to all eternity.

Just as the cherubim there stood gazing on the mercy-seat, and on the bright cloud that covered it; so the Redeemed shall spend eternity in beholding the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus. Are you to enter there? you must have blood, the blood of Jesus, in your hand. You must have the smoke of the incense around you, and the white linen coat girding you. Thus and thus only will you enter into glory. Even in heaven we must be covered with Christ's death and righteousness. You must live in Christ, and die in Christ, and spend eternity in Christ.

# PIECES ALREADY PUBLISHED.

## EVIDENCE ON REVIVALS.

ANSWER TO QUERIES ON THE SUBJECT OF THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN ST. PETER'S PARISH, DUNDEE,

*Submitted to a Committee of the Presbytery of Aberdeen.*

In December, 1840, the Presbytery of Aberdeen appointed a Committee to inquire into the Revivals which had recently occurred in different parts of the country, or were taking place at that time. The Committee, besides hearing evidence *viva voce*, issued queries, which were sent, amongst other ministers, to Mr. M'Cheyne. The following are copies of these queries and of his answers:—

"I. Have Revivals taken place in your parish or district; and, if so, to what extent, and by what instrumentality and means?

"II. Do you know what was the previous character and habits of the parties?

"III. Have any who are notorious for drunkenness, or other immoralities, neglect of family duties, or public ordinances, abandoned their evil practices, and became remarkable for their diligence in the use of the means of grace?

"IV. Could you condescend on the number of such cases?

"V. Has the conduct of any of the parties been hitherto consistent; and how long has it lasted?

"VI. Have the means to which the Revivals are ascribed been attended with beneficial effects on the religious condition of the people at large?

"VII. Were there public manifestations of physical excitement, as in audible sobs, groans, cries, screams, &c.?

"VIII. Did any of the parties throw themselves into unusual postures?

"IX. Were there any who fainted, fell into convulsions, or were ill in other respects?

"X. How late have you ever known Revival meetings last?

"XI. Do you approve or disapprove of these meetings upon the whole? In either case, have the goodness to state why.

"XII. Was any death occasioned, or said to be occasioned, by over excitement in any such case? If so, state the circumstances, in so far as you know them.

"XIII. State any other circumstances connected with Revivals in your parish or district, which, though not involved in the foregoing queries, may tend to throw light upon the subject."

ADDITIONAL QUERIES.

"XIV. What special circumstances in the preaching or ministrations of the instruments appear to have produced the results in each particular case which may have come under your notice?

"XV. Did the person or persons whom you described as the instruments in producing the effects above adverted to address children? At what hour? In what special terms? And what might be the age of the youngest of them?

MR. M'CHEYNE'S ANSWERS.

*Answer to Query* I.—It is my decided and solemn conviction, in the sight of God, that a very remarkable and glorious work of

God, in the conversion of sinners and edifying of saints, has taken place in this parish and neighborhood. This work I have observed going on from the very beginning of my ministry in this place in November, 1836, and it has continued to the present time; but it was much more remarkable in the autumn of 1839, when I was abroad on a mission of inquiry to the Jews, and when my place was occupied by the Rev. W. C. Burns. Previous to my going abroad, and for several months afterwards, the means used were of the ordinary kind. In addition to the services of the Sabbath, in the summer of 1837, a meeting was opened in the church on Thursday evenings for prayer, exposition of Scripture, reading accounts of Missions, Revivals of Religion, &c., Sabbath schools were formed, private prayer meetings were encouraged, and two weekly classes for young men and young women were instituted with a very large attendance. These means were accompanied with an evident blessing from on high in many instances. But there was no visible or general movement among the people until August, 1839, when immediately after the beginning of the Lord's work at Kilsyth, the Word of God came with such power to the hearts and consciences of the people here, and their thirst for hearing it became so intense, that evening classes in the school-room were changed into densely crowded congregations in the church, and for nearly four months it was found desirable to have public worship almost every night. At this time, also, many prayer-meetings were formed, some of which were strictly private or fellowship meetings, and others, conducted by persons of some Christian experience, were open to persons under concern about their souls. At the time of my return from the Mission to the Jews, I found thirty-nine such meetings held weekly in connection with the congregation, and five of these were conducted and attended entirely by little children. At present, although many changes have taken place, I believe the number of these meetings is not much diminished. Now, however, they are nearly all of the more private kind—the deep and general anxiety, which led to many of them being open, having in a great degree subsided. Among the many ministers who have assisted here from time to time, and especially in the autumn of 1839, I may mention Mr. Macdonald of Urquhart, Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, Mr. Bonar of Larbert, Mr. Bonar of Kelso, and Mr. Somerville of Anderston. Some of these were present here for a considerable time, and I have good reason for believing that they were eminently countenanced by God in their labors.

As to the extent of this work of God, I believe it is impossible to speak decidedly. The parish is situated in the suburb of a city containing 60,000 inhabitants. The work extended to individuals residing in all quarters of the town, and belonging to all ranks and denominations of the people. Many hundreds, under deep concern for their souls, have come, from first to last, to converse

with the ministers; so that I am deeply persuaded the number of those who have received saving benefit is greater than any one will know till the Judgment-day.

II., III. The previous character of those who seem to have been converted was very various. I could name not a few in the higher ranks of life that seem evidently to have become new creatures, who previously lived a worldly life, though unmarked by open wickedness. Many, again, who were before nominal Christians, are now living ones. I could name, however, far more, who have been turned from the paths of open sin and profligacy, and have found pardon and purity in the blood of the Lamb, and by the spirit of our God; so that we can say to them, as Paul said to the Corinthians, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified," &c. I often think when conversing with some of these, that the change they have undergone might be enough to convince an Atheist that there is a God, or an Infidel that there is a Saviour.

IV. It is not easy for a minister, in a field like this, to keep an exact account of all the cases of awakening and conversion that occur; and there are many of which he may never hear. I have always tried to mark down the circumstances of each awakened soul that applied to me, and the number of these, from first to last, has been very great. During the autumn of 1839, not fewer than from 600 to 700 came to converse with the ministers about their souls; and there were many more, equally concerned, who never came forward in this way. I know many who appear to have been converted, and yet have never come to me in private; and I am, every now and then, meeting with cases of which I never before heard. Indeed, eternity alone can reveal the true number of the Lord's hidden ones among us.

V. With regard to the consistency of those who are believed to have been converted, I may first of all remark, that it must be acknowledged, and should be clearly understood, that many who came under concern about their souls, and seemed, for a time, to be deeply convinced of sin, have gone back again to the world. I believe that, at that remarkable season in 1839, there were very few persons who attended the meetings without being more or less affected. It pleased God, at that time, to bring an awfully solemn sense of divine things over the minds of men. It was, indeed, the day of our merciful visitation. But many allowed it to slip past them without being saved; and these have sunk back, as was to be expected, into their former deadness and impenitence. Alas! there are some among us, whose very looks remind you of that awful warning, "Quench not the spirit."

Confining our view, however, to those who, as far as ministers could judge by the rules of God's Word, seemed to be savingly converted, I may with safety say, that I do not know of more than two who have openly given the lie to their profession.

Other cases of this kind may have occurred, but they are unknown to me. More, I have little doubt, will eventually occur; for the voice of God teaches us to expect such things. Some of those converted have now walked consistently for four years; the greater part from one to two years. Some have had their falls into sin, and have thus opened the mouths of their adversaries, but the very noise that this has made shows that such instances are very rare. Some have fallen into spiritual darkness; many, I fear, have left their first love; but yet I see nothing in all this but what is incident in the case of every Christian Church. Many there are among us, who are filled with light and peace, and are examples to the believers in all things. We had an additional communion season at my return from the continent, which was the happiest and holiest that I was ever present at. The Monday was entirely devoted to thanksgiving, and a thank-offering was made among us to God for his signal mercies. The times were hard, and my people are far from wealthy, yet the sum contributed was £71. This was devoted to Missionary purposes. It is true that those whom I esteem as Christians do often grieve me by their inconsistencies; but still I cannot help thinking that, if the world were full of such, the time would be come when "they shall neither hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain."

VI. During the progress of this work of God, not only have many individuals been savingly converted, but important effects have also been produced upon the people generally. It is indeed amazing, and truly affecting to see, that thousands living in the immediate vicinity of the spot, where God has been dealing so graciously, still continue sunk in deep apathy in regard to spiritual things, or are running on greedily in open sin. While many from a distance have become heirs of glory, multitudes, I fear, of those who live within the sound of the Sabbath bell, continue to live on in sin and misery. Still, however, the effects that have been produced upon the community are very marked. It seems now to be allowed, even by the most ungodly, that there *is* such a thing as conversion. Men cannot any longer deny it. The Sabbath is now observed with greater reverence than it used to be; and there seems to be far more of a solemn awe upon the minds of men than formerly. I feel that I can now stop sinners in the midst of their open sin and wickedness, and command their reverent attention, in a way that I could not have done before. The private meetings for prayer have spread a sweet influence over the place. There is far more solemnity in the house of God; and it is a different thing to preach to the people now from what it once was. Any minister of spiritual feeling can discern that there are many praying people in the congregation. When I came first here, I found it impossible to establish Sabbath-schools on the local system; while, very lately, there were instituted with ease, nineteen such schools, that are well taught and well attended.

VII., VIII., IX. As I have already stated, by far the most remarkable season of the working of the Spirit of God in this place was in 1839, when I was abroad. At that time, there were many seasons of remarkable solemnity, when the house of God literally became "a Bochim, a place of weepers." Those who were privileged to be present at these times will, I believe, never forget them. Even since my return, however, I have myself frequently seen the preaching of the Word attended with so much power and eternal things brought so near, that the feelings of the people could not be restrained. I have observed at such times an awful and breathless stillness pervading the assembly; each hearer bent forward in the posture of wrapt attention; serious men covered their faces to pray that the arrows of the King of Zion might be sent home with power to the hearts of sinners. Again, at such a time, I have heard a half-suppressed sigh rising from many a heart, and have seen many bathed in tears. At other times I have heard loud sobbing in many parts of the church, while a deep solemnity pervaded the whole audience. I have also, in some instances, heard individuals cry aloud, as if they had been pierced through with a dart. These solemn scenes were witnessed under the preaching of different ministers, and sometimes occurred under the most tender Gospel invitations. On one occasion, for instance, when the minister was speaking tenderly on the words, "He is altogether lovely," almost every sentence was responded to by cries of the bitterest agony. At such times I have seen persons so overcome, that they could not walk or stand alone. I have known cases in which believers have been similarly affected through the fulness of their joy. I have often known such awakenings to issue in what I believe to be real conversion. I could name many of the humblest, meekest believers, who at one time cried out in the church under deep agony. I have also met with cases where the sight of souls thus pierced has been blessed by God to awaken careless sinners who had come to mock.

I am far from believing that these signs of deep alarm always issue in conversion, or that the Spirit of God does not often work in a more quiet manner. Sometimes, I believe, he comes like the pouring rain; sometimes like the gentle dew. Still I would humbly state my conviction, that it is the duty of all who seek the salvation of souls, and especially the duty of ministers, to long and pray for such solemn times, when the arrows shall be sharp in the heart of the king's enemies, and our slumbering congregations shall be made to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

X., XI. None of the ministers who have been engaged in the work of God here have ever used the name "Revival meeting;" nor do they approve of its use. We are told in the Acts that the Apostles preached and taught the Gospel daily; yet their meetings are never called Revival meetings. No other meetings have

taken place here, but such as were held for the preaching and teaching of the Gospel, and for prayer. It will not be maintained by any one, that the meetings in the sanctuary every Lord's Day are intended for any other purpose than the revival of genuine godliness, through the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints. All the meetings in this place were held, I believe, with a single eye to the same object. There seems, therefore, to be no propriety in applying the name peculiarly to any meetings that have been held in this place. It is true, indeed, that on week evenings there is not generally the same formality as on Sabbaths —the congregation are commonly dressed in their working clothes, and the minister speaks with less regular preparation.

During the autumn of 1839, the meetings were in general dismissed at ten o'clock; although, in several instances, the state of the congregation seemed to be such as to demand that the ministers should remain still longer with them, that they might counsel and pray with the awakened. I have myself, once or twice, seen the service in the house of God continue till about midnight. On these occasions, the emotion during the preaching of the word was so great, that after the blessing had been pronounced at the usual hour, the greater part of the people remained in their seats, or occupied the passages, so that it was impossible to leave them. In consequence of this, a few words more were spoken suited to the state of awakened souls; singing and prayer filled up the rest of the time. In this way the meeting was prolonged by the very necessity of the case. On such occasions, I have often longed that all the ministers in Scotland were present, that they might learn more deeply what the true end of our ministry is. I have never seen or heard of anything indecorous at such meetings; and, on all such occasions, the feelings that filled my soul were those of the most solemn awe, the deepest compassion for afflicted souls, and an unutterable sense of the hardness of my own heart. I do entirely and solemnly approve of such meetings, because I believe them to be in accordance with the Word of God, to be pervaded by the Spirit of Christ, and to be ofttimes the birth-places of precious never-dying souls. It is my earnest prayer that we may yet see greater things than these in all parts of Scotland.

XII. There was one death that took place in very solemn circumstances at the time of the work of God in this place, and this was ascribed by many of the enemies to religious excitement. The facts of the case, however, which were published at the time, clearly show that this was a groundless calumny.

XIII. I have been led to examine, with particular care, the accounts that have been left us of the Lord's marvellous works in the days that are past, both in our own land and in other parts of the world, in order that I might compare these with what has lately taken place at Dundee, and in other parts of Scotland. In

doing this, I have been fully convinced that the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the Kirk of Shotts, and again, a century after, at Cambuslang, &c. in Scotland, and under the ministry of President Edwards in America, was attended by the very same appearances as the work in our own day. Indeed, so completely do they seem to agree, both in their nature and in the circumstances that attended them, that I have not heard a single objection brought against the work of God now, which was not urged against it in former times, and that has not been most scripturally and triumphantly removed by Mr. Robe in his Narrative, and by President Edwards in his invaluable Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England:—"And certainly we must throw by all talk of conversion and Christian experience; and not only so, but we must throw by our Bibles, and give up revealed religion, if this be not in general the work of God."

XIV. I do not know of anything in the ministrations of those who have occupied my pulpit, that may with propriety be called peculiar, or that is different from what I conceive ought to characterize the services of all true ministers of Christ. They have preached, so far as I can judge, nothing but the pure gospel of the grace of God. They have done this fully, clearly, solemnly; with discrimination, urgency, and affection. None of them read their sermons. They all, I think, seek the *immediate* conversion of the people, and they believe that, under a living gospel ministry, success is more or less the rule, and want of success the exception. They are, I believe, in general, peculiarly given to secret prayer; and they have also been accustomed to have much united prayer when together, and especially before and after engaging in public worship. Some of them have been peculiarly aided in declaring the terrors of the Lord, and others in setting forth the fulness and freeness of Christ as the Saviour of sinners; and the same persons have been, at different times, remarkably assisted in both these ways. So far as I am aware, no unscriptural doctrines have been taught, nor has there been a keeping back of any part of "the whole counsel of God."

XV. The ministers engaged in the work of God in this place, believing that children are lost, and may through grace be saved, have, therefore, spoken to children as freely as to grown persons; and God has so greatly honored their labors, that many children, from ten years old and upwards, have given full evidence of their being born again. I am not aware of any meetings that have been held peculiarly for children, with the exception of the Sabbath-schools, the children's prayer-meetings, and a sermon to children on the Monday evening after the Communion. It was commonly at the public meetings, in the house of God, that children were impressed; often also in their own little meetings, when no minister was present.

*26th March*, 1841.

# ANOTHER LILY GATHERED.*

## CONVERSION OF JAMES LAING.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden to gather lilies."—Song vi. 2.

God loves his mighty works to be remembered. We easily forget the most amazing displays of his love and power, and therefore it is right often to set up a stone of remembrance. When Israel passed over Jordan on dry land, God commanded Joshua to take twelve stones out of the dry bed of the river, and to set them up at Gilgal for a memorial, "That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty;" Joshua iv. 24. Whenever the children of Israel looked upon these massy stones, they would remember how God brought their fathers through the swellings of Jordan.

God has done great things for us in this corner of his vineyard, whereof we are glad. The word has often grown mightily and prevailed. Many old sinners and many young ones have given clear evidence of a saving change. And though we cannot say that "the Lord added to the Church *daily* such as should be saved," yet we can say that from the first day until now he has never left himself without a witness.

We have done little in the way of making known the doings of the Lord. The record of many a saved soul is on high, and many in their heavenly walk amid a polluted world are living monuments of what a God of grace can do. In this little narrative we would raise up an humble stone to the memory of a dear boy who now sleeps in Jesus, and to the praise of that God and Saviour who planted, watered, and gathered his own lily.

James Laing was born on the 28th July, 1828, and lost his mother before he was eight years old. Of the living members of the family I do not mean to speak; they have not yet finished their course, but are still in the valley of tears, and trials, and temptations. This only must be noticed, that not long after God took away the mother, he dealt so graciously with the elder sister that she was henceforth fitted to watch over the other children with a mother's tenderness.

James was seized with the same fever as that of which his mother died, and he never enjoyed good health afterwards. He was naturally a very quiet and reserved boy, not so rough in his language as many of the boys around. One day when he was lying on his dying bed, I was asking his sister what kind of boy he had been. She said that he was as wicked as other boys, only he did not swear. After I was gone, he told his sister that she was

* Published by James Gall and Son, Edinburgh, of whom it may be had in a separate form.

wrong. He never used to swear at home, because he was afraid he would be punished for it; but when among his companions he often used to swear. "Ah!" added he, "it is a wonder God did not send me to hell when I was a swearer." Another day, hearing some boys swearing near his window, he said, "It is a wonder God did not leave me to swear among these boys yet." Such was the early life of this boy. He did not know the God who guided him, and in whose hand his breath was; and such is the life of most of our children—they "cast off fear, and restrain prayer before God."

The Holy Spirit strives even with children. And when they grieve him, and resist his awakening hand, he suffers long with them. The first time that James showed any concern for his soul was in the autumn of 1839. It was a solemn time in this place; St. Peter's was like Bethel. The divine ladder was set down in the midst of the people, and its top reached up to heaven, and even strangers were forced to say, "Surely God is in this place." O that these sweet days would come back again! His elder brother, Alexander, a sailor boy, was at that time awakened, and the same glorious Spirit seemed to visit James for a time. One evening their sister Margaret, returning home from a meeting, found her two brothers on their knees earnestly crying for mercy. She did not interrupt them, but Alexander afterwards said to her, "Jamie feels that he needs Christ too. We will easily know if he be in earnest, for then he will not need to be bidden to pray." The test was a trying one; James soon gave up secret prayer, and proved that his goodness was like a morning cloud and the early dew which goeth away. This is the mark of the hypocrite laid down by Job, "Will he always call upon God.?" Job xxvii. 10.

Another night Margaret observed James coming from the prayer-meeting in the school in great distress. He kept close by the wall of the church that he might escape observation. He was much concerned that night, and, after retiring to rest, said to his sister, in his own Scottish dialect. "There's me come awa' *without Christ* to-night again."

One Thursday evening he attended the weekly meeting held in the Church. The passage explained was Romans iv. 4–6, and sinners were urged to receive the "righteousness without works." Many were deeply affected, and would not go away even after the blessing. James was one of those who remained, and when I came to him he was weeping bitterly. I asked him if he cared for his soul: he said, "Whiles." I asked if he prayed; he said, "Yes." He was much concerned on his return home that night both for others and for his own soul. But these dew-drops were soon dried up again.

He attended the Sabbath-school in the lane where their cottage stands. Often when the teacher was reading the Bible, or some

awakening anecdote, the tears flowed down his cheeks; but he tried to conceal his emotion from the other boys lest they should laugh at him. He afterwards said in his last illness, "O that I had just another night of the Sabbath-school! I would not care though they should laugh at me now." Sometimes during the reading and prayer in the family, the word of God was like a fire to him, so that he could not bear it, and after it was over he would run to his wild companions in order to drown the cries of his awakened conscience.

In July, 1841, he went up to Glammiss for his health. I was preaching in the neighborhood, and he wished much to go and hear, but was not able to walk the distance. One night he heard Mr. Cormick of Kirriemuir preach in a cottage on John vii. 37. He felt it deeply, and wept bitterly, but he remarked that none of the people wept. He knew well when people showed any concern for their soul; and he often remarked that to be anxious is not to be *in Christ*. When he came home he spoke much of the carelessness of the people where he had been. "Ah! Margaret, there was no Bible read yonder. The people a' went to their bed just as if there had not been a God." What a faithful picture is this of the state of many of our country parishes!

One night after his return a neighbor was sitting by the fire reading the work of an old divine. It stated that even carnal men sometimes receive a conviction they never can forget. She turned to James and asked him if he had never received a conviction that he could not forget. "Yes," he said, "I can never forget it; but we cannot seek Christ twice." Thus did the long-suffering of God wait upon this little boy; the good Spirit strove with him, and Jesus stood at the door and knocked; but he would not hear.

The day of Immanuel's power, and the time of love, was however near at hand. As the cold winds of October set in, his sickly frame was much affected; he became weak and breathless. One Tuesday, in the end of October, he turned decidedly worse, and became intensely anxious about the salvation of his soul. His lamentable cry was, "Oh, Jesus, save me—save me!" Margaret asked if his concern was real, for he had often deceived her hopes before. He wept, and said "Yes." His body was greatly pained, but he forgot all in the intense anxiety for his precious never-dying soul. On the Saturday I paid a visit to their humble cottage, and found the little sufferer sitting by the fire. He began to weep bitterly while I spoke to him of Jesus having come into the world *to save sinners*. I was enabled in a simple manner to answer the objections that sinners make to an immediate closing with Christ. Margaret wondered; for the minister could not have spoken more to the case of her brother if he had known it; and she inwardly thanked God, for she saw that he was directing it. James spent the rest of the day on his knees in evident dis-

tress of soul. O how little the most of those called Christians know what it is to pass through such deep waters! Margaret asked him if he was seeking Jesus: he said, "Yes." She asked, "If he would like anything—a bit of bread?" he said, "No; but I would take a bit of the bread of life if you would give it me." She replied, "I cannot give you that; but if you seek it you will get it." He remained alone till evening, and was never off his knees. Towards night he came to the other end of the cottage, and put this question—"Have I only to believe that Jesus died for sinners? Is that all?" He was told, "Yes." "Well, I believe that Jesus died for me, for I am a poor hell-deserving sinner. I have been praying all this afternoon, that when Jesus shed his blood for sinners, he would sprinkle some of it upon me, and *he did it.*" He then turned up Rom. v. 8, and read these words, "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." His sister wept for joy, and James added, "I am not afraid to die now, for Jesus has died for me." Often after this he bade his sister read to him Rom. v., Psalm ciii., and Psalm cxvi. These were favorite portions with him.

From that day it was a pleasant duty indeed to visit the cottage of this youthful inquirer. Many a happy hour have I spent beneath that humble roof. Instead of dropping passing remarks, I used generally to open up a passage of the word, that he might grow in knowledge. I fear that, in general, we are not sufficiently careful in *regularly instructing* the sick and dying. A pious expression and a fervent prayer are not enough to feed the soul that is passing through the dark valley. Surely if sound and spiritual nourishment is needed by the soul at any time, it is in such an hour when Satan uses all his arts to disturb and destroy.

One Thursday afternoon I spoke to him on Matt. xxiii. 37, "How often would I have gathered your children." He was in great darkness that day, and, weeping bitterly, said, "I fear I have never been gathered to Christ; but if I have never been gathered, O that I were gathered to Christ *now!*" After I was gone he said, "It would give me no peace though the minister and every body said I was a Christian, if I had not *the sense* of it between God and myself."

He was very fond of the Song of Solomon, and many parts of it were opened up to him. One day I spoke on Song v. 13, "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." I told him that these were some of the drops that fell from the lips of Jesus —"If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." "Wilt thou be made whole?" "I give unto them eternal life." He said solemnly, "That's fine."

Another day, Song i. 5, "I am black, but comely," was explained. He said, "I am black as hell in myself, but I'm all fair

in Jesus." This was ever after a common expression of his. Another day I spoke on Song v. 15. "His legs are like pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold;" and showed the almighty strength of the Lord Jesus. The next day when I came in, I asked him how he was; but, without answering my question, he said, "I am glad you told me that, about Jesus' legs being like pillars of marble, for now I see that he is able to carry me and all my sins."

On one occasion, he said, "I am glad this psalm is in the Bible." "What psalm?" He answered, "Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale." "He has promised to be with me, and God is as good as his word."

At another time I read to him Isaiah xliii. 2. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" and explained that when he came to the deep, deep waters, the Lord Jesus would put his foot down beside his, and wade with him. This often comforted him, for he believed it as firmly as if he had seen the pierced foot of Jesus placed beside his own; and he said to Margaret, "If Christ put down his foot beside mine, then I have nothing to fear."

One Sabbath I had been preaching on Caleb following the Lord fully (Numbers xiv. 24,) and had stated that every sin committed after conversion would take away something from the believer's weight of eternal glory. Alexander, his brother, was present, it being his only Sabbath on shore. He was much troubled, and said, "Ah, I fear mine will be all lost." He told the statement to James, who was also troubled. Alexander said, "You don't need to be troubled, Jamie; you are holy." James wept and said, "I wonder to hear you speak." Alexander said, "Ah, but you are holier than me."

In the same sermon I had said, that if believers did nothing for Christ, they would get in at the door of heaven, but nothing more. The sailor-boy told this to his brother, who wept again, saying, "I have done nothing for Christ." Alexander said he had done less. James added, "I would like to be *near* Jesus. I could not be happy unless I was near him." Speaking of those who had gone to glory long ago, James said, that "those who died in Christ now, and did most for him, Jesus would take them *in by* (that is near to himself,) though they were late of coming."

How lovely this simple domestic scene! Happy families; but, ah! how few where the children fear the Lord, and speak often one to another. Surely the Lord stands behind the wall hearkening, and he will write their words in his book of remembrance. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Some of my dear brethren in the ministry visited this little boy, to see God's wonderful works in him, and to be helpers of his joy. It is often of great importance in visiting the dying, to call in the

aid of a fellow-laborer. Different lines of testimony to the same Saviour are thus brought to meet in the chamber of sorrow. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, visiting him one day, asked him if he suffered much pain. *James*, Sometimes." *Mr. C.*, "When you are in much pain, can you think on the sufferings of the Lord Jesus?" *James*, "When I see what Jesus suffered for me it takes away my pain. Mine is nothing to what he suffered." He often repeated these words, "My light affliction, which is but for a moment."

At another time Mr. Miller of Wallacetown called with me, and our little sufferer spoke very sweetly on eternal things. *Mr. M.*, "Would you like to get better?" *James*, "I would like the will of God." *Mr. M.*, "But if you were getting better, would you just live as you did before?" *James*, "If God did not give me grace I would." During the same visit I was asking Margaret when he was first awakened. She told me of his first concern, and then of the first day I had called. James broke in and said, "Ah, but we must not lean upon that." His meaning was, that past experiences are not the foundation of a sinner's peace. I never met with any boy who had so clear a discovery of the way of pardon and acceptance through the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus laid to our account. One time I visited him, I said, "I have been thinking of this verse to-day, 'The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake.'" Isaiah xlii. 21. He said, "Explain that to me, for I don't understand it." I opened it up to him, but I feared he did not take up the meaning. Some days after he said to his sister, "Margaret, I have been thinking of a sweet verse to-day." She asked what it was; but it had slipped from his memory. *M.*, "Was it about Christ?" *James*, "Aye." She quoted one. *James*, "No that's not it." At length she quoted, "The Lord is well pleased," &c. "Ah, that's it (he said), I was thinking, it's no for my righteousness' sake, but for *his* righteousness' sake." This shewed how fully he embraced what so few comprehend, the way of salvation by "the obedience of one" for many. Surely God was his teacher, for God alone can reveal the sweetness and glory of this truth to the soul of man.

Mr. Bonar of Collace often visited him, and these were sweet visits to little James. One day when Mr. Bonar had been opening up some Scripture to him, he said, "Do you *know* what I am saying, Jamie?" *James*, "Yes, but I canna get at it (I cannot feel its power); I see it all." *Mr. B.*, "I think there would be a pleasure in seeing the people drink when Moses struck the rock, even though one did not get a drink themselves." *James*, "Ah, but I would like a drink."

One of the loveliest features in the character of this little boy was his intense love to the souls of men. He often spoke with me on the folly of men living without Christ in the world. I shall

never forget the compassionate glance of his clear blue eye, as he said, "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ—they would be sic happy." He often reminded me of the verse, "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God." 1 John iv. 7.

One Sabbath evening I spoke to the scholars in the Sabbath-school about him. When the school was over they all came in to his cottage to see him. The little throng stood silent round his bed, while he spoke to them with great solemnity. "You all know what I was. I was no better than you; but the Holy Spirit opened my eyes, and I saw that I was on the very brink of hell. Then I cried to Jesus to save me, and give me a new heart; I put my finger on the promise, and would not come away without it; and he gave me a new heart; and he is as willing to give you all a new heart. I have sinned with you, now I would like you to come to Christ with me. You would be far happier in Christ than at your play. There are sweeter pleasures in Christ. Here are two awful verses to me:—

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?"

Then, pointing to the fire, he said, "You could not keep your finger long there, but remember hell is *a lake of fire*. I would give you all a prayer to pray to-night. Go and tell Jesus that you are poor, lost, hell-deserving sinners, and tell him to give you a new heart. Mind he's willing, and oh, be earnest—ye'll no get it unless ye be earnest."

These were nearly his very words. Strange scene! a dying boy speaking to his fellows. They were impressed for a time, but it soon wore away. Several Sabbath evenings the same scene was renewed. The substance of all his warnings was, "Come to Christ and get a new heart." He often told me afterwards that he had been inviting them to Christ, "but (he added) *they'll no come*."

One evening during the week, a number of the children came in. After speaking to them in a very solemn manner, he took from under his pillow a little book, called "A letter about Jesus Christ." He turned up the part where it tells of six boys laying their finger on the promise, Ezek. xxxvi. 26, and pleading for its fulfilment. He was not able to read it to them, but he said he would give it to them; and each boy should keep it two days, and read it, and *do the same*. The boys were much impressed, and agreed to the proposal.

One day during his illness his sister found him crying very bit-

terly. She asked him what ailed him. He said, "Do you remember when I was at the day-school at the time of the Revival? One day when we were writing our copies, one of the boys had been *some anxious* about his soul; he wrote a line to me on a slip of paper, '*Ezek.* xxxvi. 26. *To James Laing. Pray over it.*' I took the paper, read it and tore it, and threw it on the floor, and laughed at the boy. O Margaret, if I hadna laughed at him, maybe he would have sought Christ until he had *found* him. Maybe I have been the means of ruining his soul to all eternity." In how touching a manner this shows the tenderness of his care for the souls of others; and also how a rash word or deed, little thought of at the time, may plant a sting in the dying pillow.

One night I went with my little cousin to see James. I said, "I have brought my Jamie to see you." He took him kindly by the hand, and said, "We're twa Jamies thegither. May we both meet in heaven. Be earnest to get Christ. You'll no get Christ unless you are earnest." When we were gone, he said to his sister, "Although Jamie bides with the minister, unless the Spirit open his eyes, he canna get Christ."

His knowledge of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel was very wonderful. It was not mere *head knowledge*—it came fresh and clear from the heart, like spring water welling up from a great depth. He felt the *sovereignty* of God very deeply. Once I quoted to him the hymn,

"Chosen not for good in me."

He said, "I am sure it was for naething in me. I am a hell-deserving sinner." Often, when speaking of the great things God had done for their family, he would say, "Ah, Margaret, I wonder that Christ would look in here and take us." Once he said, "I wonder how Jesus died for such a sinner as me. Why me, Lord, why me?"

The greatest want in the religion of children is generally *sense of sin.* Artless simplicity and confidence in what is told, are in some respects natural to children; and this is the reason why we are so often deceived by promising appearances in childhood. The reality of grace in a child is best known by his sense of sin. Little James often wondered "how God sent his servant sic often to him, such a hell-deserving sinner." This was a common expression of his. On one occasion, he said, "I have a wicked, wicked heart, and a tempting devil. He'll not let me alone, but this is all the hell that I'll get. Jesus bore my hell already. O Margaret, this wicked heart of mine would be hell enough for me though there was no other. But there are no wicked hearts in heaven." Often he prayed, "Come, Holy Spirit, and make me holy—make me like Jesus."

The way of salvation through *the righteousness of Christ* was always sweet to him. He had an uncommon grasp of it; Christ

crucified was all his salvation and all his desire. One day his sister said to him, "You must meet death in Jesus, and go to the judgment-seat in Jesus, and spend eternity in Jesus. You will be as hell-deserving in yourself when you stand before the throne as now." He smiled sweetly, and said, "O Margaret, I see it must be all Jesus from beginning to end."

Another time a little boy who was in concern for his soul came to see James, and told him how many chapters he had read, and how often he had prayed. James did not answer at the time, but a little after he said to his sister, "David was here, and told me how many chapters he had read, &c. I see he's upon the working plan; but I must tell him that it's no his reading, nor yet his praying, but Jesus alone that must save him."

Another day he said, "The devil is letting me see that this word and another word in my prayer is sin, but I just tell him it is *all* sin. I bid him go to Jesus, there is no sin in him; and I have taken him to be my Saviour."

He had a very clear discovery of the dead and helpless condition of the carnal mind, and of the *need of the Holy Spirit* to convert the soul. Telling me once of the boy under concern, and of what he had been saying to him, he added, "But it is nonsense to speak of these things without the Holy Spirit." At another time I was speaking on John xiv. 1. He seemed to be thinking about something else, and suddenly said, "When we lose our first love, it's no easy getting our second love; only the Spirit of God can give it."

Often when he saw the family preparing to go to church, he would pray that I might be filled with the Holy Spirit in speaking, so that some sinners might be caught. "I mind often sitting on the pulpit stairs careless; I would like if I had that place again. If I had but one sermon I would not be so careless now." He often wished to be carried to the church, but was never able to bear the exertion.

He was no stranger to *temptations* from the wicked one. I scarcely ever visited him but he spoke to me of these. Once he said, "The devil often tempts me to think upon good people, but I tell him it is Christ I want." Another time, "What do you think? The devil now tempts me to believe that I'll never be saved, because I have repented on my death-bed." Often when tempted he would cry, "If I perish, I'll perish at Christ's feet." A few days before he died, he said, "I am afraid I will not be saved yet, for the devil will catch my soul as it leaves my body. But Jesus says, 'Ye shall never perish.' If I am in the hand of Jesus, the devil cannot pluck me out there."

Once I found him kneeling on a pillow by the fire; he complained of great darkness, and doubted his interest in Christ. I told him that we must not close with Christ because we feel him, but because God has said it, and that we must take God's word

even in the dark. After that he always seemed to trust God in the dark, even at times when he had no inward evidence of being Christ's. At one of these times, a believer, who is often in great darkness, came in, and asked him, "When you are in darkness, Jamie, how do you do? Can you go to Jesus?" He answered in his own pointed manner, "Annie, woman, *I have no ither get to gang*."

The last text I explained to him, was 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." I was wonderfully helped in showing him that, from conversion to coronation, the life of a believer was one continued fight. He said, "Would you not think that the devil would let a poor young creature like me alone? but he's an awful tempter."

He had a mind that loved to think on the *deep things* of God. One day a believer called and prayed beside his bed, asking for him that he might be "filled with all the fulness of God." The same person came another day, and before praying inquired, "What shall I ask for you?" He said, "You mind what you sought for me the last time. You prayed that I might be filled with all the fulness of God; I canna get any more than that, but dinna seek any less to-day."

A dear Christian lady used to bring him flowers. She spoke to him of Christ being "the lily of the valley," and on one occasion brought him one. He asked her to pick it out from the rest, and give it into his hand. Holding the gentle flower in his pale wasted fingers, he looked at it, and said, "This might convince the world that there is a God, though there were nothing else. Aye, there is a God—there is a heaven—there is a hell—and there is a judgment-seat—whether they will believe it or no" He said this in a very solemn way, pausing between every member of the sentence.

He loved *singing praise* to God, though not able to join in it himself. He frequently made us sing beside his bed, and often bade them sing the 23d Psalm. "I have no strength to sing here (he would say), I have a heart, but not strength; when I get to heaven I'll be able to sing there." Sometimes he would bid them sing these words, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." He often repeated that hymn, and he left it in charge that it should be sung by the scholars on the night of his death. The 65th Paraphrase was also precious to him, especially that part, "Hark how the adoring hosts above." He loved these verses, and often wished that he were among that praising company.

My sister once sent him a hymn, "The fulness of Jesus." He said he liked it all, but he liked the last verse best.

"I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angel's song."

He delighted in *secret prayer*. In weakness and pain, yet he spent hours upon his knees, communing with an unseen God. When unable for the outward part of the exercise, he said, "O Margaret, I prayed to Jesus as long as I was able. But now I'm not able, and he does not want it from me; but I'm just always giving him my heart." Many a night he got no sleep. I asked him if he wearied during the silent watches. He said, "No; his left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me." God gave this dear boy a very *calm and cheerful spirit* in the midst of all his trials. Neither bodily pain nor the assaults of the devil could sour his temper, or ruffle his placid brow. At any time when his pain increased, he would say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." One time in deep darkness, he cried out, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Again, when his soul was more in the light he would say, "I long to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better;" "but then I'm willing to wait the Lord's time; good is the will of the Lord." Again he would say, "I long to be with Jesus. I long to see Jesus that died for me. If I am spared to go out again, I must just go leaning upon these words, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' They will be sure to mock me, but they mocked Jesus before." Once he said to me, "I wondered when I have heard you say that Christ was sweet, but now I feel him to be *sweet, sweet.*" One time I spoke of the fulness that is in Christ; he said afterwards, "I just think that I am lying with my mouth at Christ, drawing from him."

On the last day of 1841, he said to his sister, "I will tell you what I would like for my New Year (Gift). I would like a praying heart, and a heart to love Christ more." Next day a woman came in, and said, "Poor Jamie! you'll get no fun this New Year's Day." James said, "Poor body, she thinks like as I care for the New Year. I have far better than you have, though you had the whole world. This is the happiest New Year's Day that ever I had, for I have Christ." She was very deaf, and did not hear what he said; but he often pitied that woman and prayed for her.

At another time his father said, "Poor Jamie!" He replied, "Ah, father, don't call me poor, I am rich; they that have Christ have all things."

A little after the New Year, he said, "Margaret, I am not to die yet, for I have mair to suffer; but I am willing, though it should be for years." On one occasion when he was suffering much pain, he said, "Five minutes in glory will make up for all this suffering."

When Margaret had to go out with her father's dinner, she used to lock the door, leaving James alone within. On returning, she asked, "Were you wearying, Jamie?" His reply was, "O no, Jesus takes care of me when you are out." One of his coun-

try friends came in one day to see him, and said, "I am sure you have a weary time of it, Jamie." He said, "Oh no, I *never* weary; Christ keeps me from wearying."

After a very happy communion season in April, I went to visit him, and he spoke in a most touching manner. "I was not sorry on Sabbath that all the people were sitting at the Lord's Table, and me lying here, for I thought I would soon be at the table above with Christ, and then I would be far happier."

In a season of great darkness, he said, "Margaret, give me my Bible" (meaning a little book of texts, called Dew Drops); when he had got it, he sought out the verse, "The Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." He said, "Margaret, I'll trust in him, though I cannot see him. I will lie down upon that verse." When his bed was made at night, he would take another verse to *lie down upon*, as he called it; so he was fed by the dew and the word.

A young woman who lived in the same lane was awakened to deep concern the same winter that James was brought to Christ. Before her concern she never came in to see James, though her mother often advised her to do so. But when she was brought to feel her sin and misery, she came in every Sabbath night, and was always tenderly kind to James. "How are you to-night, Jamie? (she would say)—you are well off when you can say, I have found Christ." Early in spring, this young woman evidently found the true rest for her weary soul in Jesus. She became a candidate for the Lord's table, and was to have been admitted, but God called her away to sit at the table that can never be drawn. She died full of joy, with the praises of God upon her lips. Margaret had been present at this interesting death-bed, and when she returned home she told James. He answered with great composure, "I wish I had been away with her; but I must wait the Lord's time. Betsy is singing now, and I will soon be there too."

James used to take the bitterest medicines without any reluctance. He folded his hands, shut his eyes, and asked God to bless it to him. "Ah! Margaret, if God do not bless it to me, it will do me no good." Often she asked, "Is it not bitter?" He would say, "Yes, but Jesus had a bitterer cup to drink for me."

In the summer of 1841, another remarkable boy, named James Wallace, had died in the Lord. He was one whom God taught in a wonderful manner. He had a singular gift of prayer, and was made useful to many, both old and young. James Laing had known him well in former days. In 1839, a younger brother of James Laing, named Patrick, had died also, not without pleasing marks of having undergone a divine change. It is needful to know these things, to understand the following dream of our little pilgrim.

A short time after he believed, he said, "Margaret, I will tell

you my dream." Margaret was afraid of some fancy leading him astray, and asked what it was. *James*, "I thought there was a ladder, the foot of it on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. I thought it was heaven I saw. There was a great multitude of people, but I knew none of them but Patrick and Jamsie Wallace. When I was standing on the first or second step of the ladder, Jamsie Wallace looked down and said, '*Aye, here's another one coming stepping up.*'" He explained it by referring to Jacob's ladder, and that Jesus is the ladder. Margaret said, "Aye, and you are just on the first step."

He was very fond of the life of John Ross, and nearly had it by heart. He said he was in the same mind. Another little book he loved was, "A Dying Thief and a Dying Saviour." He left it to his father. The hymn at the end of it, "There is a fountain filled with blood," often fed his soul.

He could write a little, and, like John Ross, he used that talent in writing down precious sentences: one of his little papers is now before me. "Stand fast in the Lord. Be ye faithful unto death. Abide in him, abide in him. Pray without ceasing. This is the end."

In the latter part of his illness he was used as an instrument in awakening another boy, whose impressions I earnestly hope may never wear away. D. G. had been a very wild boy—so much so, that he was expelled from the Sabbath-school. He found his way into James' cottage, and there saw exemplified the truths he would not listen to in school. From that day till James died, David regularly visited him, and learned from him with deepest interest the things that belonged to his peace. James often prayed with him alone. Sometimes both prayed at the same time for a new heart. Margaret was always made to withdraw at these times. He pleaded with this boy to seek Jesus when young, "for it's easier to find Jesus when we are young. Look at Annie (a grown-up person, who had been long under concern), she has been long in seeking Christ, and she is long in finding. Mind what I told you, for I will soon be in heaven.' *Boy*, "Will you get to heaven?" *James*, "O yes! all that believe in Christ get to heaven, and I believe that Jesus died for me. Now, David, if I see you on the left hand, you will mind that I often bade you come to Christ." *Boy*, "I'll have naebody to pray with me, and tell me about my soul, when you are dead." *James*, "I have bidden Margaret pray for you, and I have told the minister; and go you to our kirk, and he will tell you the way to come to Christ."

Three times a-day did this anxious inquirer seek the prayers and counsels of his youthful instructor, till James' strength gave way, and he could talk no more. The day before he died, the boy came in; James could hardly speak, but he looked steadily at him, and said, "*Seek on David.*"

The last visit I paid to this young Christian was on the Tuesday before he died, in company with Mr. Miller of Wallacetown, and Mr. Smith, one of our Jewish missionaries at Pesth, who was that same day to sail from his native land. After speaking a little we prayed, and I asked what I would pray for him. James said, "Dying grace." He shook hands with us all. When the missionary held his hand, he said, "God's people have much need to pray for you, and for them there." When we had gone out he said, "Maybe I'll never see the minister again."

On the Thursday he said, "Ah! Margaret, mind it's no easy to die. You know nothing about it. Even though you have Christ, it is dark." The same day he bade her give D. G. his Sunday trowsers, and new boots, that he might go to the church. He gave his father "The Dying Thief;" and said, "I am going to give Alick my Bible," (meaning Dew Drops.) There was a piece of money under his pillow. He said it was to buy Bibles to them that never heard of Jesus.

His aunt came in on the Friday morning. He said, "Oh, aunt, don't put off seeking Christ to a death-bed, for if I had Christ to seek to-day, what would have become of me; but I have given my heart to Christ." Margaret asked him, "What will I do? I will miss your company in the house." James answered, "You maun just go the mair to Jesus. Do not be ill about me now, when I am dead, Margaret. If I thought that, I would be sorry, and more than that, God would be angry at you; for I would be far happier. It is better to depart and be with Christ. Ask grace to keep you from it."

All that day he spoke very little. In the evening he grew much worse. His sister wished to sit up with him that night, but he would not allow her. She said, "These eyes will soon see him whom your soul loves." James said, "Aye." After midnight Margaret, seeing him worse, arose and woke her father. She tried to conceal her tears; but James saw them, and said, with a look of solemn earnestness, "O woman, I wonder to see you do the like of that." He spoke little after this, and about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, 11th June, 1842, fell asleep in Jesus.

From this affecting history, *all children*, and especially the dear children committed to my care, should learn an impressive lesson. What is said of Abel is true of this dear boy, "He being dead yet speaketh." He warned many of you when he was on his dying bed; he prayed for you, and longed for your conversion; and now that he has gone to the world of praise and holiness and love, the history of his dying hours is a warning and an invitation to each of you. You see here that you are not too young to have the Holy Spirit striving with you. You are not too young to resist the Holy Ghost. You are not too young to be converted and brought to Christ. If you die without Christ

you will surely perish. The most of you are wicked, idle, profane, prayerless, ungodly children. Many of you are open Sabbath-breakers, liars, and swearers. If you die thus, you will have your part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. You will see this little boy, and others whom you know, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. O repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. You may die very soon. O that your latter end may be like his!

*Parents* also may learn from this to seek the salvation of their children. Alas! most parents in our day are like the cruel ostrich in the wilderness, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust; and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them: She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers." Job xxxix. 14–16. How many of you hold up your children before God and the congregation, and solemnly vow to bring them up for God, to pray for them, and in your family with them, and then return to your house with the guilt of perjury upon your soul! Alas, are not the family altars of Scotland for the most part broken down, and lying desolate? Is not family government in most of your houses an empty name? Do not family quarrels, and unholy companies, and profane jests, and sordid worldliness, prevail in most of your tabernacles? What can you expect but that your children shall grow up in your image, formalists, sacrament breakers, loose livers, fierce, incontinent, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God? O that God would touch your hearts by such a tale as this, that you may repent and turn to the Lord, and yearn over your children in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Would you not love to see them fall asleep in Jesus? Would you not love to meet them at the right hand of the Judge? Seek their conversion *now*, if you would meet them in glory *hereafter*. How will you bear to hear their young voices in the judgment, saying, "This father never prayed for me; this mother never warned me to flee from the wrath to come?"

*Dear brethren in the ministry and laborers in the Sabbath-school*, suffer the word of exhortation from one who is "your brother and companion in tribulation." May we not learn from this to be more earnest both in prayers and labors, in seeking the salvation of little children. We have here one bright example more in addition to all those who have been recorded before, that God can convert and edify a child with the same ease with which he can change the heart of a grown man. I have with religious care refrained from embellishing, or in any way exaggerating, the simple record of God's dealings with this boy. We must not "speak wickedly for God, nor talk deceitfully for him." All who knew him can bear witness that I have spoken "the

words of truth and soberness." Indeed the half has not been told.

How evident is it, then, that God is willing and able to convert the young! How plain that if God give grace, they can understand and relish divine things as fully as those of mature age! A carnal mind of the first order will evermore despise and reject the way of salvation by Christ; but the mind of a child quickened by the Holy Spirit, will evermore realize and delight in the rich and glorious mystery of the gospel. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." Let us awake from an unbelieving dream. Let us no more be content to labor without fruit. Let us seek the *present* conversion to Christ of our little children. Jesus has reason to complain of us that he can do no mighty works in our Sabbath-schools because of our unbelief.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

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## THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

The Lord's Supper is the sweetest of all ordinances: 1. *Because of the time when it was instituted:* "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread." It was the darkest night that ever was in this world, and yet the brightest—the night when his love to sinners was put to the severest test. How amazing that he should remember our comfort at such a time! 2. *Because it is the believer's ordinance.* It is the duty of all men to pray to God. God hears even the ravens when they cry, and so he often hears the prayers of unconverted men. Psalm cvii.; Acts viii. 22. It is the duty of all men to hear the preached gospel. "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." But the Lord's Supper is the children's bread; it is intended only for those who know and love the Lord Jesus. 3. *Because Christ is the beginning, middle, and end of it.* "This do in remembrance of me." "Ye do show the Lord's death till he come." There are many sermons in which Christ is not from beginning to end; many books where you cannot find the fragrance of this name; but there cannot be a sacrament where Christ is not from beginning to end; Christ is the Alpha and Omega of the Lord's Supper; it is all Christ and Him crucified. These things give a peculiar sweetness to the broken bread and poured out wine.

I fear the Lord's Supper is profaned in a dreadful manner among you; many come who are living in positive sins, or in the neglect of positive duties. Many come who know that they

were never converted, many who in their hearts ridicule the very thoughts of conversion. Unworthy communicating is a fearful sin; on account of it God is greatly provoked to withdraw his Spirit from you, to visit you with frowns of Providence, and to seal you to the day of perdition. Am I become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? Deal honestly with your soul, and pray over what I am now writing, and may He who opened the heart of Lydia open your heart while I explain.

### THE ACTIONS OF THE COMMUNICANT.

1. *He takes the bread and the wine.*—When the minister offers the bread and wine to those at the table, this represents Christ freely offered to sinners, even the chief. The receiving of the bread and wine means—I do thankfully receive the broken, bleeding Saviour as my Surety. The act of taking that bread and wine is an appropriating act; it is saying before God, and angels, and men, and devils, "I do flee to the Lord Jesus Christ as my refuge." Noah's entering into the ark was an appropriating act. Let others fly to the tops of their houses, to their castles and towers, to the rugged rocks, to the summits of the highest mountains, —as for me, I believe the Word of God, and flee to the ark as my only refuge. Heb. xi. 7. When the man-slayer fled into the city of refuge, it was an appropriating act. As he entered breathless at the gates of Hebron, his friends might cry to him, Flee unto the wilderness! or, Flee beyond Jordan! but no, he would say, I believe the Word of God that I shall be safe only within these walls; this is my refuge city, here only will I hide! Josh. xx. When an Israelite brought an offering of the herd or of the flock, when the priest had bound it with cords to the horns of the altar, the offerer laid his hands upon the head of the lamb; this was an appropriating act, as much as to say, I take this lamb as dying for me. The world might say, How will this save you? mend your life, give alms to the poor. I believe the Word of God, he would say; I do not wish to bear my own sins, I lay them on the Lamb of God. Lev. i. 4. When the woman, trembling, came behind Jesus and touched the hem of his garment, this also was an appropriating act. Her friends might say to her, Come and try some more physicians, or wait till you are somewhat better. No, said she, "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be made whole." Mark v. 28. In the 42d Psalm, David's enemies said to him continually "Where is thy God?" This made tears his meat night and day. It was like a sword in his bones. But in the 43d Psalm he gathers courage, and says, "I will go unto the altar of God," where the lamb was slain; and then he says, "Unto God my exceeding joy." You say, I have no God; behold I take this lamb as slain for me, and therefore God is my God. In the Song of Solomon, when the bride found him whom her soul loved, she says, "I held him and would not

let him go." This was true appropriating faith. The world might say to her, "Come this way, and we will show thee other beloveds, fairer than thy beloved." Nay, saith she, "I held him and would not let him go. This is my beloved, and this is my friend." Song iii. 4.

Just such, beloved, is the meaning of receiving broken bread and poured out wine at the Lord's table. It is the most solemn appropriating act of all your lives. It is declaring by signs, "I do enter into the ark, I flee into the city of refuge, I lay my hand on the head of the Lamb, I do touch the hem of his garment, I do take Jesus to be my Lord and my God; I hold him, and by grace I will never let him go." It is a deliberate closing with Christ, by means of signs, in the presence of witnesses. When the bride accepts the right hand in marriage before many witnesses, it is a solemn declaration to all the world that she does accept the bridegroom to be her only husband. So, in the Lord's Supper, when you receive that bread and wine, you solemnly declare, that, forsaking all others, you heartily do receive the Lord Jesus as your only Lord and Saviour.

If these things be true, should not many stay away from this holy table? Many of you know that a work of grace has never been begun in your heart; you never were made to tremble for your soul; you never were made to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" you never were brought to "rejoice, believing in God." Oh, beloved, let me say it with all tenderness, this table is not for you. Many of you know you are not in a state you would do to die in. You say, "I hope to turn yet before I die." Does not this show that your sins are not covered—that you are not born again—that you are not fled to the hope set before you? This table is not for you. Some of you know well that you have had convictions of sin, but they have passed away. The walls of the house of God have seen you trembling on the brink of eternity, but you were never brought to "peace in believing"—to "peace with God." You have drowned your anxieties in the whirl of business or of pleasure. You have drawn back. Your goodness is like the "morning cloud and early dew, it goeth away." This table is not for you. I speak to your sense of honor and common honesty. In worldly things, would you tell a lie either by word of mouth or by signs? And is it a light matter to tell a lie in eternal things? Will you deliberately declare, by taking the broken bread and poured out wine, what you know to be a lie? Oh, pray over the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and tremble, Acts v. 1–11. May it not be said in heaven of many, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God?"

*A word to trembilng, believing souls.* This feast is spread for you. "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, come. If you are "weak in the faith," ministers are commanded to receive you.

If, on the morning of the communion Sabbath—even for the first time in your life—Christ appear full and free to you, so that you cannot but believe on him, do not hesitate to come. Come to the table, leaning on the beloved, and you will have John's place there. You will lean peacefully upon his breast.

II. *He eats the bread and drinks the wine.*—"Take, eat"—"Drink ye all of it." Eating and drinking in this ordinance imply feeding upon Christ. It is said of bread that it strengtheneth man's heart," and of wine, that it "maketh glad the heart of man." Bread is the staff of life, and wine is very reviving to those who, like Timothy, have often infirmities. They are the greatest nutritive blessings which man possesses. To feed on them in the Lord's Supper is as much as to say, I do feed on Jesus, as my only strength; "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." To take the bread into the hand is saying by signs, "He is made of God unto me righteousness." To feed upon it is saying, "He is made unto me sanctification."

When Israel fed on manna for forty years, and drank water from the rock, they were strengthened for their journey through the howling wilderness. This was a picture of believers journeying through this world. They feed every day on Christ their strength; he is their daily manna; he is the rock that follows them. When the bride sat under the shadow of the apple-tree, she says, "His fruit was sweet to my taste;" and again, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." Believers, this is a picture of you. No sooner are you sheltered by the Saviour, than you are nourished and renewed by him. He comforts your hearts, and stablishes you in every good word and work. In the 36th Psalm, when David speaks of men trusting under the wings of the Lord Jesus, he adds, "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Little children, you know by experience what this means. When you were brought to believe on the Son of God, you were adopted into his family, fed with the children's bread, and your heart filled with the holy pleasures of God. The same thing is represented in feeding on the bread and wine. It is a solemn declaration in the sight of the whole world, that you have been put into the clefts of the smitten rock, and that you are feeding on the honey treasured there. It is declaring that you have sat down under Christ's shadow, and that you are comforted and nourished by the fruit of that tree of life. It is saying, "I have come to trust under the shadow of his wings, and now I drink of the river of his pleasures." It is a sweet declaration of your own helplessness and weakness, and that Christ is all your strength—all your life.

If this be true, should not many stay away from the Lord's table? Many of you know that you were never really grafted

into the true vine—that you never received any nourishment from Christ—that you never received the Holy Spirit. Many of you know that you are dead branches—that you only *seem* to be united to the vine—that you are the branches that bear no fruit, which he taketh away. Why should you feed on that bread and wine? Some of you may know that you are dead in sins, unconverted, unborn again—that you never experienced any change of heart like that spoken of, Ezek. xxxvi. 26. This bread and wine are not for you. Some of you know that you are living under the power of sins that you could name; some of you, perhaps, in secret profanation of the holy Sabbath, "doing your own ways, finding your own pleasures, speaking your own words." Some, perhaps, in secret swearing, or lying, or dishonesty, or drinking, or uncleanness! Ah! why should you feed on this bread and wine? It will do you no good.. Can you for a moment doubt that you will eat and drink *unworthily?* Dare you do this? Pray over these awful words and tremble: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."

All who are really "looking unto Jesus" are invited to come to the Lord's table. Some feel like a sick person recovering from a fever; you are without strength, you cannot lift your hand or your head. Yet you look unto Jesus as your strength: He died for sinners, and he lives for them; you look to him day by day. You say, He is my bread, He is my wine, I have no strength but what comes from Him. Come you and feed at the Lord's table, and welcome. Some feel like a traveller when he arrives at an inn, faint and weary: you have no strength to go farther, you cannot take another step, but you lean on Jesus as your strength; you believe that word, "Because I live ye shall live also." Come you and feed on this bread and wine, with your staff in your hand and shoes on your feet, and you will "go on your way rejoicing." Feeble branches need most nourishment. The more you feel your weakness, the amazing depravity of your heart, the power of Satan, and the hatred of the world, the more need have you to lean on Jesus, to feed on this bread and wine—you are all the more welcome.

III. *He shares the bread and wine with others.*—The Lord's Table is not a selfish solitary meal. To eat bread and wine alone is not the Lord's Supper. It is a family meal of that family spoken of in Eph. iii. 15. You do not eat and drink alone by yourself; you share the bread and wine with all at the same table. Jesus said, "Drink ye all of it."

This expresses *love to the brethren*, a sweet feeling of oneness with "all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity," a heart-filling desire that all should have the same peace, the same joy, the same spirit, the same holiness, the same heaven with yourself.

You remember the golden candlestick in the temple, with its seven lamps. It was fed out of one golden bowl on the top of it, which was constantly full of oil. The oil ran down the shaft of the candlestick, and was distributed to each lamp by seven golden pipes or branches. All the lamps shared the same oil. It passed from branch to branch. None of the lamps kept the oil to itself. It was shared among them all. So it is in the vine tree. The sap ascends from the root, and fills all the branches. When one branch is satisfied, it lets the stream pass on to the next. Nay, it carries the rich juice to the smaller twigs and tendrils, that all may have their share—that all may bear their precious fruit. So it is with the body. The blood comes from the heart in full and nourishing streams—it flows to all the members—one member conducts it to another, that all may be kept alive, and all may grow.

So it is in the Lord's Supper. The bread and wine are passed from hand to hand, to show that we are members one of another. "For we being many, are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread;" 1 Cor. x. 17. It is a solemn declaration that you are one with all true Christians, one in peace, one in feeling, one in holiness: and that if one member suffer, you will suffer with it, or if one member be honored, you will rejoice with it. You thereby declare that you are branches of the true Vine, and are vitally united to all the branches—that you wish the same Holy Spirit to pervade every bosom. You declare that you are lamps of the same golden candlestick, and that you wish the same golden oil to keep you and them burning and shining as lights in a dark world. Learn once more, that most should stay away from this table. Some of you know that you have not a spark of love to the Christians. You persecute them, or despise them. Your tongue is like a sharp razor against them; you ridicule their notions of grace, and conversion, and the work of the Spirit. You hate their conversation; you call it cant and hypocrisy. When they are speaking on Divine things with a full heart, and you come in, they are obliged to stop because you dislike it. Why should you come to this holy table? What is hypocrisy, if this is not? You put on a serious face and air; you press eagerly in to the table; you sit down, and look deeply solemnized; you take the bread into your hand, pretending to declare that you have been converted, and brought to accept of a crucified Christ. You then eat of the broken bread, and drink of that cup with evident marks of emotion, pretending that you are one of those who live upon Jesus, who are filled with the Spirit. You then pass the bread and wine to others, pretending that you love the Christians—that you wish all to be partakers with you in the grace of the Lord Jesus; and yet all the while you hate and detest them—their thoughts, their ways, their company. You would not for the world become a man of prayer. Beloved souls, what is hypocrisy, if this is not? I solemnly declare, that I had

rather see you "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," than come to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. Are you not afraid, lest while you are sitting at the table, you should hear the voice of the Lord Jesus saying, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

Dear believer, you "know that you are passed from death unto life, because you love the brethren." This pure and holy life is one of the first feelings in the converted bosom. It is divine and imperishable. You are a companion of all that fear God. It would be hell to you to spend eternity with wicked men. Come and show this love at the feast of love. The table in the upper room at Jerusalem was but a type and earnest of the table in the upper room of glory. Soon we shall exchange the table below for the table above, where we shall give full expression to our love to all eternity. There no betrayers can come—"no unclean thing can enter." Jesus shall be at the head of the table, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

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QUESTIONS ADDRESSED TO YOUNG COMMUNICANTS, TO BE ANSWERED IN SECRET TO GOD.

1. Is it to please your father or mother, or any one on earth that you think of coming to the Lord's table?

2. Is it because it is the custom, and your friends and companions are coming?

3. Is it because you have come to a certain time of life?

4. What are your real motives for wishing to come to the Lord's table? Is it to thank God for saving your soul? Psalm cxvi. 12. 13; to remember Jesus? Luke xxii. 19; to get near to Christ? John xiii. 23; or is it for worldly character? to gain a name? to gain money? Matt. xxvi. 15.

5. Who do you think should come to the Lord's table? who should stay away?

6. Do you think any should come but those who are truly converted? and what is it to be converted?

7. Would you come if you knew yourself to be unconverted?

8. Should those come who have had deep concern about their soul, but are not come to Christ?

9. Do you think you have been awakened by the Holy Spirit? brought to Christ? born again? What makes you think so?

10. What is the meaning of the broken bread and poured out wine?

11. What is the meaning of taking the bread and wine into your hand? Have you as truly received the Lord Jesus Christ?

12. What is the meaning of feeding upon them? Are you as truly living upon Christ?

13. What is the meaning of giving the bread and wine to those at the same table with you? Do you as truly love the brethren?

SCRIPTURES TO BE MEDITATED ON AT A COMMUNION SEASON.

Exod. xii.; Psalm xxii. li. lxix. cxvi.; Song of Sol.; Isaiah liii.; Matt. xxii. 1–14; xxvi. xxvii.; Mark xiv. xv.; Luke xxii. xxiii.; John xiii. xiv. xv. xvi. xvii.; 1 Cor. xi.

St Peter's, Dundee, *Oct.* 1841.

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## THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the Acceptable Year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."—Isaiah lxi. 1-3.

It is six years, this day, since I first preached to you, as your pastor from these blessed words. These years have rolled past us like a mighty river. It is a solemn thing to look over them. In climbing a lofty mountain, it is pleasant to come every now and then to a resting place, where you may stand and look back. You can thus see the progress you have made, and you can observe the prospect widening all around you. In like manner, in going up the hill of Zion, it is pleasant to come to such a resting place as this day affords, that we may stand and see what progress we have made, and whether we have a wider, brighter prospect of eternal glory. How many have left our company since these six years began! They have gone to render their last account in the world where time is not measured by years. Of some I trust we can say, "Blessed are the dead, for they died in the Lord." Many, I trust, have been born again—passed from death unto life—begun a new life that shall never have an end. Some, I hope, have been brought to climb a step higher on Jacob's ladder—to get nearer the top of Pisgah, to see more of Canaan's happy land. Some, I fear, have gone back, and walk no more with Jesus. Ye did run well, who did hinder you? You did put your hand to the plough, but you have turned back, and are not fit for the kingdom of God. Some, I fear, are six years nearer to hell; your ear more deaf to the voice of the charmer; your heart more wedded to its idols; more dead to God. Let us solemnly look back this day, both minister and people, and, oh, let us take warning by the errors of the past, and begin a new and better course from this day.

I. *The anointing of the Holy Spirit makes a successful Gospel minister.*—So it was in Christ's ministry. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," &c. So it is in every ministry. The more anointing of the Holy Spirit, the more success will the minister have.

You remember the two olive trees that grew close beside the golden candlestick, and emptied the golden oil out of themselves. Zech. iv. 12. These represent successful ministers—"anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." Oh see what need there is that ministers be filled with the Spirit—that, like John, they be "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day"—that Christ's people may be kept "like a lamp that burneth!" You remember John the Baptist. The angel said of him before he was born—"He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." What then will his success be? "And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." Oh learn what need there is that ministers be filled with the Holy Ghost, that they may be converting ministers—that, like John, they may "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just."

You remember the Apostles; before the day of Pentecost they were dry, sapless trees. They went over the cities of Israel preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom, and yet it would seem they had little or no success. They could not number many spiritual children. But when the day of Pentecost was fully come—when the Spirit came on them like a mighty rushing wind—then behold what a change! Under the first sermon three thousand men were pricked in their heart, and said, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" Oh see what need we have of a day of Pentecost to begin in the hearts of ministers, that our words may be like fire, and the hearts of the people like wood!

In looking back upon my ministry, I am persuaded that this has been the great thing wanting. We have not been like the green olive trees—we have not been like John the Baptist, filled with the Holy Ghost—we have not been like the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, filled as with a mighty rushing wind—we have not been able to say, like the Saviour, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me"—or you would not be as you are this day. There would not be so many dead sinners amongst you—slumbering under the voice of gospel mercy, on the very brink of hell. There would not be so many laboring and heavy laden souls going from mountain to hill, forgetting your resting place. There would not be so many children of light walking in darkness—dull, heavy, beclouded Christians. That is a piercing word—"If they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned from their evil way and from the evil of their doings;" Jer. xxiii. 22. Success is the rule under a living ministry. Want of success is the exception. Oh pray that if God spare us another year, we may be more like the high priest who first went into the holiest of all, and then came out and lifted up his hands and blessed the people. Pray that we may be more like the angels, who always behold the face of our Father, and therefore are like a flame of fire. "He maketh his angels spirits,

his ministers a flame of fire." You know that a heated iron, though blunt, will pierce its way, even where a much sharper instrument, if it be cold, cannot penetrate. So if only our ministers be filled with the Spirit, who is like fire, they will pierce into the hardest hearts, where the sharpest wits cannot find their way. It was thus with Whitfield; that great man lived so near to God, he was so full of heavenly joy and of the Spirit of God, that souls were melted under him like snow in thaw-time. John Newton mentions it as a fact that, in a single week, Whitfield received no fewer than a thousand letters from persons distressed in conscience under his preaching. Oh pray that we may not be "clouds without water," which indeed have all the appearance of clouds, but have no rain in them. Pray that we may come to you as Paul came to the Corinthians, "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; and that our speech and our preaching may not be with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power;" 1 Cor. ii. 2—4.

II. *The subject matter of all faithful preaching.*

1. *A faithful minister preaches good tidings to all distressed consciences.*—This was one great object of Christ's ministry. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek," &c. Jesus came to be a Saviour *to the meek*—not the naturally gentle and sweet tempered. but those who are concerned about their souls. Men naturally say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" therefore they are proud, and their tongue walketh through the earth. But when God begins a work of grace in their heart, he convinces of sin, he humbles them to the dust, and makes them feel "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Jesus always offered himself as a Saviour to such. One poor leper said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" Jesus said, "I will, be thou clean." Nay, he left an invitation which will be precious to burdened souls, even to the end of the world, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" Matt. xi. 28.

Jesus came "*to bind up the broken-hearted.*" There is many a wounded heart that is not broken. The broken hearted are those who have lost all hope of saving themselves by their own righteousness. As long as a person has hope, the heart remains whole and unbroken. As long as a sailor's wife has hope that her husband's vessel may outride the storm, her heart is calm within her; but when the fatal news comes—when an eye-witness tells that he saw the lifeless body sinking in the waves—the thread of hope is cut asunder, her heart dies within her, she droops, she sits down broken-hearted. As long as an awakened sinner has hope of saving himself—as long as he thinks that self-reformation, weeping over past sins, and resolving against future ones, will

clear him before God—so long his heart is calm; but when the fatal news comes, that all he does is done out of a sinful heart, that even "his righteousnesses are as filthy rags," that "by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified"—then does the heart of the sinner die within him; he says, "It is done now, it is all done now, I never can do anything to justify myself." Is this the state of your soul? This is a case for Christ. He justifieth the ungodly; he imputes righteousness without works; his blood and righteousness are ready for poor broken-hearted sinners. They are the very souls that answer him; he is the very Saviour that answers them. Once a broken-hearted woman, who had spent her all upon physicians, and was nothing better, but rather worse came behind Jesus, and touched the hem of his garment. Did he show himself the Saviour of the broken-hearted? Yes; he said, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole."

Jesus came "*to proclaim liberty to the captives.*" All natural men are slaves. Some are bound, and know it not, like the slaves in the West Indies, who could not comprehend what liberty meant. They are corded by their sins, yet say, I am free. Some are bound and know it. They are awakened to feel the galling chains of lust; they feel their feet sinking in miry clay. Some of you know what it is to sin and weep, and sin and weep again. "The way of transgressors is hard." Jesus came to be a Saviour to such. He came not only to be our righteousness, but to be a fountain of life. "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Once there was a man possessed by a legion of devils, exceeding fierce, who wore no clothes, and dwelt among the tombs. But Jesus commanded the unclean spirit to go out of him, and "he sat down at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind."

One great object of our ministry among you has been to bring good tidings to distressed consciences. Blessed be God, there have always been some distressed consciences among you from the first day until now. In almost all our parishes, in these remarkable times, there are many souls under conviction of sin. There are always some who feel uneasy under the Word—who feel that their heart is not right with God, that they are slaves of sin, and who go on from day to day carrying a heavy burden. I have always tried to speak to such souls. I have shown you plainly that you are not safe because you are anxious—that you need to be *in* Christ Jesus—that these convictions may die away. I have tried to let down the Gospel cord within your reach. I have showed you that Christ offers himself in a peculiar manner to such as you. "The whole have no need of a physician, but they who are sick." How often Brainerd records it in his journal, that a heavy laden soul was brought to true and solid comfort in Christ this day. Why have I so seldom to record the same thing of weary souls among you? For years I have gone among you preaching the only foundation of a sinner's peace. Yet how few

have had a lively and soul-refreshing view of Christ? How few can say, "What things were gain to me these I count loss for Christ?" Ah! my friends, the fault lies with you or with me, for God has no pleasure in a burdened soul. "Oh that ye had hearkened to my commandments, for then had your peace been like a river, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea."

2. *A faithful pastor comforts mourners in Zion.*—This was another great object of Christ's ministry—"to comfort all that mourn," &c. There are many things to bring a cloud over the brow of a Christian. There are outward troubles. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." Persecutions will come; "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Temptations will come; they are common to man. Sloth and want of watchfulness often bring into darkness. Song v. 2–8. The body of sin often makes us cry, "Oh, wretched man." But the Lord Jesus has the tongue of the learned, to speak a word in season to them that are weary. The religion of Jesus is eminently the religion of joy. He does not love to see his church sitting in ashes, mourning, and heavy with sorrow. He loves to see her putting on his beautiful righteousness, filled with the holy spirit of joy, and clothed with the garment of praise, waving like green trees of righteousness to his glory.

Once "Peter walked on the water to go to Jesus, but when he saw the wind boisterous he began to sink, and cried, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Christ has an almighty arm for sinking disciples to cling to. Once two disciples were walking towards a village north of Jerusalem. They talked earnestly together to beguile the way, and they were sad. A stranger drew near, and went with them. And as he went he expounded to them, in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Jesus; in breaking of bread he was revealed to them, and left them exclaiming, "Did not our hearts burn within us!" So Jesus reveals himself to his own to this day, and makes the sad bosom burn with holy joy.

This has been one of the chief objects of my ministry among you. That Scripture has been for some time deeply engraved upon my memory and heart, "He gave some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv. 11, 12;) and, accordingly, it has been my endeavor to lead mourners in Zion to a meeting with Christ, who alone can restore comfort to them. What has been our success? I fear there are not many of you as happy as you might be. Are not most like Peter sinking; or sad, like the two going to Emmaus? Are not most in all our parishes rather seeking than finding rest? How little is there among you of the "beauty—the oil of joy, the garment of praise." How few can truly sing the 103d Psalm—how few

feel their sins removed, as far as east is from the west—how few keep themselves in the love of God—how few have Christ dwelling in their hearts by faith—how few are filled with all the fulness of God, and rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory!

How often Brainerd mentions in his journal—"numbers wept affectionately, and to appearance unfeignedly, so that the Spirit of God seemed to be moving on the face of the assembly;" and again, "they seemed willing to have their ears bored to the door posts of God's house, and to be his servants for ever!" How little is there of this divine presence and holy impression in our assemblies! How many a meeting for prayer has lost the fervency which once it had! Ah! surely the fault lies with you or with me. Immanuel is still in the midst of us. He is still "full of grace and truth;" he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Oh that the little flock in this place were covered with his beauty, filled with his holy joy, and clothed with his garment of praise!

3. *A faithful watchman preaches a free Saviour to all the world.*—This was the great object of Christ's ministry—"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." "Unto you, O men, I call," was the very motto of his life. On the year of jubilee the silver trumpet was made to sound throughout the whole land. Every man might return to his possession; every slave might go free. Christ felt that the trumpet of the true jubilee was committed to him; and therefore his feet were beautiful upon the mountains, and he went about continually publishing glad tidings of peace. Once he stood among a crowd of unbelieving Jews. His word was, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out;" and again, to a similar crowd he said, "I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved." When he died upon the cross, the priests scoffed at him, the people wagged their heads at him, the soldiers cast lots for his garment: but "the vail of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom;" this signifying that the way into the holiest was now made manifest, that any sinner might enter in and be saved. When he arose from the dead there were but five hundred brethren who believed on his name: the whole world was lying in the wicked one; every creature under the frown of an angry God. "Go ye (said he) into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." When Laodicea became a dead and luke-warm Church, fit only to be spued out of Christ's mouth, you would have expected a message of judgment. No, he sends one of free, boundless, glorious grace. "If any man will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him."

This has been the great object of our ministry. In all our parishes, at the present day, the great mass of the people are living without Christ, and without God, and without hope in the world. The most, even of church-going people, it is to be feared, are 'dead in trespasses and sins." Ever since coming among you,

our great object has been to awaken such. We have proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God. We have told you that Christ is freely offered to you in your present condition, whatever that may be; that though you have lived in sin, and are now living in sin, and God is angry with you every day, still Christ is free to you every day. We have told you that though you do not care for your soul, still Christ cares for it; though you are lost, still Christ is seeking the lost; though you are loving your simplicity, delighting in scorning, and hating knowledge, still Christ is crying after you; that before you repent, and before you believe, Christ is freely offered unto you; "All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people."

What has been our success? Blessed be God, there are some of you who have fled for refuge to the hope set before you; but the most sleep on. Six acceptable years have passed over you. A year of gospel preaching is an acceptable year; a year of revival, when many have been pressing into the kingdom of God, is still more an acceptable year; both these have passed over you. The door has stood open all this time, and any sinner among you might have entered in. Bibles, ministers, providence, the Spirit striving—all have been pressing you to enter in. But you are still without; Christless, unpardoned, unborn again, unsaved. What can you look for but "the day of vengeance?" *A year* of mercy is past, *a day* of vengeance is coming. God pleads long, but judgment will be the work of a day. How many among you will never see such another season of grace as that which lately passed over you? You will probably never again have such an opportunity to be saved." "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved." Many of you will one day wish you had never heard of the acceptable year; many of you will wish that you had never heard the preached gospel—that you had perished before the glorious work of God began. "Oh, that ye were wise, that ye understood this: that ye would consider your latter end."

St. Peter's, Dundee, *Nov.* 27, 1842.

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## REASONS WHY CHILDREN SHOULD FLY TO CHRIST WITHOUT DELAY.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."
Psalm xc. 14.

The late Countess of Huntingdon was not only rich in this world, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. When she was about nine years of age she saw the dead body of a little child of her own age carried to the grave. She followed the funeral; and it was there that the Holy Spirit first opened her

heart to convince her that she needed a Saviour. My dear little children, when you look upon the year that has come to an end, may the Holy Spirit bring you to the same conviction; may the still small voice say in your heart, Flee now from the wrath to come. Fly to the Lord Jesus without delay. "Escape for thy life: look not behind thee."

I. *Because life is very short.*—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Even those who live longest, when they come to die, look back on their life as upon a dream. It is "like a sleep." The hours pass rapidly away during sleep; and when you awake you hardly know that any time is passed. Such is life. It is like "a tale that is told." When you are listening to an entertaining tale it fills up the time, and makes the hours steal swiftly by; even so "we spend our years as a tale that is told."

You have seen a ship upon the river when the sailors were all on board, the anchor heaved, and the sails spread to the wind, how it glided swiftly past, bounding over the billows; so is it with your days: "They are passed away as the swift ships." Or perhaps you have seen an eagle, when from its nest in the top of the rocks, it darts down with quivering wings to seize upon some smaller bird, how swiftly it flies,—so is it with your life: it flies "as the eagle hasteth to the prey." You have noticed the mist on the brow of the mountain early in the morning; and you have seen, when the sun rose with his warm cheering beams, how soon the mist melted away. And "what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Some of you may have seen how short life is in those around you. "Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?" How many friends have you lying in the grave? Some of you have more friends in the grave than in this world. They were carried away "as with a flood," and we are fast hastening after them. In a little while the Church where you sit will be filled with new worshippers—a new voice will lead the psalm—a new man of God fill the pulpit. It is an absolute certainty that, in a few years, all of you who read this will be lying in the grave. Oh, what need, then, to fly to Christ without delay! How great a work you have to do! How short the time you have to do it in! You have to flee from wrath—to come to Christ—to be born again—to receive the Holy Spirit—to be made meet for glory. It is high time that you seek the Lord. The longest lifetime is short enough. Seek conviction of sin and an interest in Christ. "Oh, satisfy me early with thy mercy, that I may rejoice and be glad all my days."

II. *Because life is very uncertain.*—Men are like grass; "In the morning, it groweth up and flourisheth: in the evening, it is cut down and withereth." Most men are cut down while they are green. More than one-half of the human race die before they reach manhood. In the city of Glasgow alone, more than one-half of the people die before the age of twenty. Of most men it may be said,—"He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down." Death is very certain, but the time is very uncertain. Some may think they shall not die because they are in good health, but you forget that many die in good health, by accidents, and other causes. Again, riches and ease and comforts, good food and good clothing, are no safeguards against dying. It is written, "The rich man also died, and was buried." Kind physicians and kind friends cannot keep you from dying. When death comes, he laughs at the efforts of physicians—he tears you from the tenderest arms. Some think they shall not die because they are not prepared to die; but you forget that most people die unprepared —unconverted—unsaved. You forget that it is written of the strait gate, "Few there be that find it." Most people lie down in a dark grave, and a darker eternity. Some of you may think you shall not die because you are young. You forget that one-half of the human race die before they reach manhood. The half of the inhabitants of this town die before they are twenty. Oh, if you had to stand as often as I have beside the dying bed of little children—to see their wild looks and outstretched hands, and to hear their dying cries—you would see how needful it is to fly to Christ now. It may be your turn next. Are you prepared to die? Have you fled for refuge to Jesus? Have you found forgiveness? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

III. *Most that are ever saved fly to Christ when young.*—It was so in the days of our blessed Saviour. Those that were come to years were too wise and prudent to be saved by the blood of the Son of God, and he revealed it to those that were younger and had less wisdom. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." "He gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom." So it has been in almost all times of the revival of religion. If you ask aged Christians, the most of them will tell you that they were made anxious about their souls when young.

Oh, what a reason is here for seeking an early in-bringing to Christ! If you are not saved in youth, it is likely you never will. There is a tide in the affairs of souls. There are times which may be called converting times. All holy times are peculiarly converting times. The Sabbath is the great day for gathering in

souls—it is Christ's market-day. It is the great harvest-day of souls. I know there is a generation rising up that would fain trample the Sabbath beneath their feet; but prize you the Sabbath-day. The time of affliction is converting time. When God takes away those you love best, and you say, "This is the finger of God," remember it is Christ wanting to get in to save you: open the door and let him in. The time of the striving of the Holy Spirit is converting time. If you feel your heart pricked in reading the Bible, or in hearing your teacher, "quench not the Spirit;" "resist not the Holy Ghost;" "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Youth is converting time. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Oh, you that are lambs, seek to be gathered with the arm of the Saviour, and carried in his gentle bosom. Come to trust under the Saviour's wings. "Yet there is room."

IV. *Because it is happier to be in Christ than out of Christ.*—Many that read these words are saying in their heart, It is a dull thing to be religious. Youth is the time for pleasure—the time to eat, drink, and be merry—to rise up to play. Now, I know that youth is the time for pleasure: the foot is more elastic then—the eye more full of life—the heart more full of gladness. But that is the very reason why I say youth is the time to fly to Christ. It is far happier to be in Christ than to be out of Christ.

1. *It satisfies the heart.*—I never will deny that there are pleasures to be found out of Christ. The song and the dance, and the exciting game, are most engaging to young hearts. But ah! think a moment. Is it not an awful thing to be happy when you are unsaved? Would it not be dreadful to see a man sleeping in a house all on fire? And is it not enough to make one shudder to see you dancing and making merry when God is angry with you every day?

Think again. Are there not infinitely sweeter pleasures to be had in Christ? "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "In thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." To be forgiven—to be at peace with God—to have him for a Father—to have him loving us and smiling on us—to have the Holy Spirit coming into our hearts, and making us holy—this is worth a whole eternity of your pleasures. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Oh to be "satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord!" Your daily bread becomes sweeter. You eat your meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." Your foot is more light and bounding, for it bears a ransomed body. Your sleep is sweeter at night for "so he giveth his beloved sleep." The sun shines more lovingly, and the earth wears a pleasanter smile, because you can say, "My Father made them all."

2. *It makes you glad all your days.*—The pleasures of sin are only "for a season;" they do not last. But to be brought to Christ is like the dawning of an eternal day: it spreads the serenity of heaven over all the days of our pilgrimage. In suffering days, what will the world do for you? "Like vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." Believe me, there are days at hand when you will "say of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?" But if you fly to Jesus Christ now, he will cheer you in the days of darkness. When the winds are contrary and the waves are high, Jesus will draw near and say, "Be not afraid; it is I." That voice stills the heart in the stormiest hour. When the world reproaches you, and casts out your name as evil—when the doors are shut—Jesus will come in and say, "Peace be unto you." Who can tell the sweetness and the peace which Jesus gives in such an hour? One little girl that was early brought to Christ felt this when long confined to a sick-bed. "I am not weary of my bed," she said, "for my bed is green; and all that I meet with is perfumed with love to me. The time, night and day, is made sweet to me by the Lord. When it is evening, it is pleasant; and when it is morning I am refreshed."

Last of all, in a dying day, what will the world do for you? The dance and the song and the merry companion will then lose all their power to cheer you. Not one jest more. Not one smile more. "Oh that you were wise, that you would understand this, and consider your latter end." But that is the very time when the soul of one in Christ rejoices with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. "Jesus can make a dying bed softer than downy pillows are." You remember when Stephen came to die, they battered his gentle breast with cruel stones; but he kneeled down and said, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." John Newton tells us of a Christian girl who, on her dying day, said, "If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." Another little Christian, of eight years of age, came home ill of the malady of which he died. His mother asked him if he were afraid to die? "No," said he, "I wish to die, if it be God's will: that sweet word, Sleep in Jesus, makes me happy when I think on the grave."

"My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you," if you would live happy and die happy, come now to a Saviour. The door of the ark is wide open. Enter now, or it may be never.

## WHY IS GOD A STRANGER IN THE LAND?*

"O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night? Why shouldest thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? yet thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name; leave us not."—JER. xiv. 8, 9.

In many parts of Scotland there is good reason to think that God is not a stranger; but that the Lord Jesus has been making himself known, and that the Holy Spirit has been quickening whom He will. Still, in most parts of our land, it is to be feared that God is a stranger, and like a wayfaring man who turneth aside to tarry for a night.

1. How few conversions are there in the midst of us! When God is present with power in any land, then there are always many awakened to a sense of sin and flocking to Christ. One godly minister, speaking of such a time, says, "There were tokens of God's presence in almost every house. It was a time of joy in families, on account of salvation being brought unto them. Parents were rejoicing over their children as new-born; husbands over their wives; and wives over their husbands. The town seemed to be full of the presence of God. It never was so full of love nor of joy, and yet never so full of distress, as it was then." We have nothing of the kind amongst us. Alas! what a dismal contrast do most of our families present. How many families where there is not one living soul!

2. How much deadness there is among true Christians! In times of reviving, when God is present with power in any land, not only are unconverted persons awakened, and made to flee to Christ, but those who were in Christ before, receive new measures of the Spirit; they undergo, as it were, a second new-birth; they are brought into the palace of the King, and say, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine." A dear Christian in such a time, says, "My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable—like an infinite deluge, or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often these expressions are in my mind, and in my mouth, infinite upon infinite, infinite upon infinite." How little of this feeling is there amongst us! How few seem to feel sin as an infinite evil! How plain that God is a stranger in the land!

3. How great is the boldness of sinners in sin. As in Jeremiah's day, so in ours; many seem as if "their neck were an iron sinew, and their brow brass." When God is present with power, then open sinners, though they may remain unconverted,

* Inserted by permission of Messrs. J. Gall and Son, Edinburgh, the publishers.

are often much restrained. There is an awe of God upon their spirits. Alas! it is not so amongst us. The flood-gates of sin are opened. "They declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not." Is it not, then, a time to cry, "Oh the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof," &c.

Should we not solemnly ask this question, What are the reasons why God is such a stranger in this land?

I. *In Ministers.*—Let us begin with those who bear the vessels of the sanctuary.

(1.) It is to be feared *there is much unfaithful preaching to the unconverted.* Jeremiah complained of this in his day, "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying peace, peace, when there is no peace." Is there no reason for the same complaint in our own day? The great part of all our congregations are out of Christ, and lying night and day under the wrath of the Lord God Almighty; and yet it is to be feared that the most of the minister's anxiety and painstaking is *not* taken up about them; that his sermons are *not* chiefly occupied with their case. All the words of men and angels cannot describe the dreadfulness of being Christless; and yet, it is to be feared, we do not speak to those who are so with anything like sufficient plainness, frequency, and urgency. Alas! how few ministers are like the angels at Sodom, mercifully bold to lay hands on lingering sinners. How few obey that word of Jude, "save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

Many of those who deal faithfully, yet do not deal tenderly. We have more of the bitterness of man than of the tenderness of God. We do not *yearn over* men in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Paul wrote of "the enemies of the cross of Christ" with tears in his eyes! There is little of his weeping among ministers now. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," Paul persuaded men. There is little of this persuading spirit among ministers now. How can we wonder that the dry bones are very, very dry—that God is a stranger in the land?

(2.) It is to be feared *there is much unfaithfulness in setting forth Christ as a refuge for sinners.* When a sinner is newly converted, he would fain persuade every one to come to Christ. The way is so plain, so easy, so precious. He thinks, oh, if I were but a minister, how I would persuade men! This is a true feeling and a right feeling. But oh, how little is there of this among ministers! David said, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." Few are like David in this. Paul said he was "determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Few are like Paul in this. Many do not make it the end of their ministry to testify of Jesus as the hiding-place for sinners. It is to be feared that many are like the Scribes and Pharisees; they hold the door in their hand; they enter not in them-

selves, and them that are entering in they hinder. Some set forth Christ plainly and faithfully, but where is Paul's *beseeching* men to be reconciled? We do not invite sinners tenderly, we do not gently woo them to Christ; we do not authoritatively bid them to the marriage; we do not *compel* them to come in; we do not travail in birth till Christ be formed in them the hope of glory. Oh who can wonder that God is such a stranger in the land?

II. *In Christian people.*

(1.) In regard to the Word of God. There seems *little thirst for hearing the Word of God among Christians now.* As a delicate stomach makes a man eat sparingly, so most Christians seem sparing in their diet in our day. Many Christians seem to mingle pride with the hearing of the Word. They come rather as judges than as children. Few behave themselves as a weaned child. Most seem to prefer the seat of Moses to the seat of Mary at the feet of Christ. Many come to hear the word of a man that shall die, and not the Word of the living God. Oh, should not Christians be taught this prayer? "Oh the hope of Israel," &c.

(2.) In regard to prayer. There is much ploughing and much sowing, but *very little harrowing in of the seed by prayer.* God and your conscience are witnesses how little you pray. You know you would be men of power if you were men of prayer, and yet you will not pray. Unstable as water, you do not excel. Luther set apart his three best hours for prayer. How few Luthers we have now! John Welsh spent seven hours a day in prayer. How few Welshes we have now!

It is to be feared *there is little intercession among Christians now.* The high priest carried the names of the children of Israel upon his shoulders and breast when he drew near to God—a picture of what Christ now does, and all Christians should do. God and your conscience are witnesses how little you intercede for your children, your servants, your neighbors, the Church of your fathers, and the wicked on every side of you. How little you pray for ministers, for the gift of the Spirit, for the conversion of the world. How selfish you are even in your prayers!

It is to be feared *there is little union in prayer.* Christians are ashamed to meet together to pray. Christ has promised, "If two of you shall *agree* on earth, touching something that you shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father." Many Christians neglect this promise. In the Acts, we find that when the apostles and disciples were praying together, "the place was shaken where they were assembled *together*, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." Oh, how often and how long have we despised this way of obtaining the outpouring of the Spirit! Do not some persons speak slightingly of united prayer? Here is one reason why

God commands the clouds that they rain no rain on us. He waits till we seek him *together*, and *then* he will open the windows of heaven and pour down a blessing. Oh, that all Christians would lift up the cry, "Oh the hope of Israel!"

III. *In unconverted souls.*—There is much to blame in ministers, and much in the people of God; but most of all to blame in unconverted souls.

(1.) *Sinners in our day have great insensibility as to their lost condition.* Many know that they never believed on the Son of God, and yet they are smiling and happy. Many know that they were never born again, and that the Bible says they cannot see the kingdom of God; and yet their step is as light, and their laugh as loud, as if they were heirs of the kingdom of God, instead of heirs of hell! It is this that keeps God away, and makes him a stranger in the land.

(2.) *Sinners in our day have great insensibility as to their need of Jesus Christ.* The Bible declares him to be the friend of sinners; yet how many read this who are contented to live without knowing him. Though Christians are always speaking of the excellency of Christ—that he is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; yet most see no form nor comeliness in Christ, no beauty that they should desire him. They are willing to hear of heaven or hell rather than of Christ. Ah, this is the crowning sin of Scotland, contempt of Christ, rejection of a freely offered Saviour! Oh, ye deaf adders, that will not hear the voice of the charmers, it is *you* that make God a stranger in the land, and like a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night!

(3.) *There has been much resisting of the Spirit in our day.* In some parts of Scotland this is eminently true. Many have been pricked to the heart, and yet have smothered their convictions. Some have been brought to intense anxiety about their souls, but have looked back, like Lot's wife, and become pillars of salt! Oh, it is this keeps God away!

Dear, unconverted sinners, ye little know how much *you* are interested in that this should be a time of reviving from the presence of the Lord. It is not our part to tell of coming judgments, of fire from heaven or fire from hell; but this we can plainly see, that, unless the Spirit of God shall come down on our parishes like rain on the mown grass, many souls that are now in the land of peace shall soon be in the world of tossing and anguish! There may be no sudden judgment; hell may not be rained down from heaven, as upon Sodom; the earth may not yawn to receive her prey, as in the camp of Israel; but Sabbath-breakers, liars, swearers, drunkards, unclean persons, formalists, worldlings, and hypocrites, yea, all Christless souls, will quietly slip away, one by one, into an undone eternity! Come, then, and let every believer, and above all every minister, stir up his heart to lay hold on God and

cry, "Oh, the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, *why* shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night!"

It has been the practice of many ministers in England and Scotland to hold a concert for prayer, every Saturday morning, from seven to eight o'clock. Several ministers of our own Church have been in use to meet at the throne of grace on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock. Many congregations in different parts of Scotland have agreed to a concert for prayer in secret, and in the family, from eight to nine on Sabbath mornings.

Might not the Christian ministers and people of Scotland, while separated in body, in this manner maintain union in prayer, and so the cloud of blessing, that is now like a man's hand, might spread over the whole sky, and bring times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord?

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## I LOVE THE LORD'S DAY.

"The Sabbath was made for man."

Dear Fellow-Countrymen,—As a servant of God in this dark and cloudy day, I feel constrained to lift up my voice in behalf of the entire sanctification of the Lord's Day. The daring attack that is now made by some of the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway on the Law of God and the peace of our Scottish Sabbath—the blasphemous motion which they mean to propose to the Shareholders in February next—and the wicked pamphlets which are now being circulated in thousands, full of all manner of lies and impieties—call loudly for the calm, deliberate testimony of all faithful Ministers and private Christians in behalf of God's holy day. In the name of all God's people in this town and in this land, I commend to your dispassionate consideration the following

### REASONS WHY WE LOVE THE LORD'S DAY.

I. *Because it is the Lord's Day.* "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm cxviii. 24. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Rev. i. 10. It is his, by example. It is the day on which he rested from his amazing work of redemption. Just as God rested on the seventh day from all his works, wherefore God blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it—so the Lord Jesus rested on this day from all his agony, and pain, and humiliation. "There remaineth, therefore, the keeping of a Sabbath to the people of God." Heb. iv. 9. The Lord's Day is his property. Just as the Lord's Supper is the supper belonging to Christ. It is his table. He is the bread He is the wine. He invites the guests. He fills them

with joy and with the Holy Ghost. So it is with the Lord's Day. All days of the year are Christ's, but he hath marked out one in seven as peculiarly his own. "He hath made it," or marked it out. Just as he planted a garden in Eden, so he hath fenced about this day and made it his own.

This is the reason why we love it, and would keep it entire. We love everything that is Christ's. We love *his Word.* It is better to us than thousands of gold and silver. "O how we love his law—it is our study all the day." We love *his House.* It is our trysting-place with Christ, where he meets with us and communes with us from off the mercy-seat. We love *his Table.* It is his banqueting-house, where his banner over us is love—where he looses our bonds and anoints our eyes, and makes our hearts burn with holy joy. We love *his people*, because they are his, members of his body, washed in his blood, filled with his spirit, our brothers and sisters for eternity. And we love the *Lord's Day*, because it is his. Every hour of it is dear to us—sweeter than honey, more precious than gold. It is the day he rose for our justification. It reminds us of his love, and his finished work, and his rest. And we may boldly say that that man does not love the Lord Jesus Christ who does not love the entire Lord's Day.

Oh Sabbath-breaker, whoever you be, you are a sacrilegious robber! When you steal the hours of the Lord's Day for business or for pleasure, you are robbing Christ of the precious hours which he claims as his own. Would you not be shocked if a plan were deliberately proposed for breaking through the fence of the Lord's Table, and turning it into a common meal, or a feast for the profligate and the drunkard? Would not your best feelings be harrowed to see the silver cup of communion made a cup of revelry in the hand of the drunkard? And yet what better is the proposal of our Railway Directors! "*The Lord's Day*" *is as much his day as* "*the Lord's Table*" *is his table.* Surely we may well say in the words of Dr. Love, that eminent servant of Christ, now gone to the Sabbath above—"Cursed is that gain, cursed is that recreation, cursed is that health, which is gained by criminal encroachments on this sacred day."

II. *Because it is a relic of Paradise and type of Heaven.*—The first Sabbath dawned on the bowers of a sinless Paradise. When Adam was created in the image of his Maker, he was put into the garden to dress it and to keep it. No doubt this called forth all his energies. To train the luxuriant vine, to gather the fruit of the fig-tree and palm, to conduct the water to the fruit-trees and flowers, required all his time and all his skill. Man was never made to be idle. Still, when the Sabbath Day came round, his rural implements were all laid aside; the garden no longer was his care. His calm, pure mind, looked beyond things

seen into the world of eternal realities. He walked with God in the garden, seeking deeper knowledge of Jehovah and his ways, his heart burning more and more with holy love, and his lips overflowing with seraphic praise. *Even in Paradise man needed a Sabbath.* Without it Eden itself would have been incomplete. How little they know the joys of Eden, the delight of a close and holy walk with God, who would wrest from Scotland this relic of a sinless world!

It is also the type of heaven. When a believer lays aside his pen or loom, brushes aside his worldly cares, leaving them behind him with his week-day clothes, and comes up to the house of God, it is like the morning of the resurrection, the day when we shall come out of great tribulation into the presence of God and the Lamb. When he sits under the preached word, and hears the voice of the Shepherd leading and feeding his soul, it reminds him of the day when the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed him and lead him to living fountains of waters. When he joins in the psalm of praise, it reminds him of the day when his hands shall strike the harp of God—

> "Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths have no end."

When he retires, and meets with God in secret in his closet, or, like Isaac, in some favorite spot near his dwelling, it reminds him of the day when "he shall be a pillar in the house of our God, and go no more out."

This is the reason why we love the Lord's Day. This is the reason why we "call the Sabbath a delight." A well-spent Sabbath we feel to be a day of heaven upon earth. For this reason we wish our Sabbaths to be wholly given to God. We love to spend the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is taken up in the works of necessity and mercy. We love to rise early on that morning, and to sit up late, that we may have a long day with God.

How many may know from this that they will never be in heaven? A straw on the surface can tell which way the stream is flowing. Do you abhor a holy Sabbath? Is it a kind of hell to you to be with those who are strict in keeping the Lord's Day? The writer of these lines once felt as you do. You are restless and uneasy. You say, "Behold what a weariness is it." "When will the Sabbath be gone that we may sell corn?" Ah! soon, very soon, and you will be in hell. Hell is the only place for you. Heaven is one long never-ending holy Sabbath Day. There are no Sabbaths in hell.

III. *Because it is a day of blessings.*—When God instituted the Sabbath in Paradise, it is said, "God blessed the Sabbath Day, and sanctified it." Gen. ii. 3. He not only set it apart as a

sacred day, but made it a day of blessing. Again, when the Lord Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week before dawn, he revealed himself the same day to two disciples going to Emmaus, and made their hearts burn within them. Luke xxiv. 13. The same evening he came and stood in the midst of the disciples, and said, "Peace be unto you, and he breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." John xx. 19. Again, after eight days, that is *the next Lord's Day*, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and revealed himself with unspeakable grace to unbelieving Thomas. John xx. 26. It was on the Lord's Day, also, that the Holy Spirit was poured out at Pentecost. (Acts ii. 1, compare Lev. xxiii. 15, 16.) That beginning of all spiritual blessings, that first revival of the Christian Church, was on the Lord's Day. It was on the same day that the beloved John, an exile on the sea-girt isle of Patmos, far away from the assembly of the saints, was filled with the Holy Spirit, and received his heavenly Revelation. So that in all ages, from the beginning of the world, and in every place where there is a believer, the Sabbath has been a day of double blessing. It is so still, and will be, though all God's enemies should gnash their teeth at it. True, God is a God of free grace, and confines his working to no time or place; but it is equally true, and all the scoffs of the infidel cannot alter it, that it pleases him to bless his word most on the Lord's Day. All God's faithful ministers in every land can bear witness that sinners are converted most frequently on the Lord's Day—that Jesus comes in and shows himself through the lattice of ordinances oftenest on his own day. Saints, like John, are filled with the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and enjoy their calmest, deepest views into the eternal world.

Unhappy men, who are striving to rob our beloved Scotland of this day of double blessing, ye "know not what ye do." You would wrest from our dear countrymen the day when God opens the windows of heaven and pours down a blessing. You want to make the heavens over Scotland like brass, and the hearts of our people like iron. Is it the sound of the golden bells of our ever-living High Priest on the mountains of our land, and the breathing of his Holy Spirit over so many of our parishes, that has roused up your satanic exertions to drown the sweet sound of mercy by the deafening roar of railway carriages? Is it the returning vigor of the revived and chastened Church of Scotland that has opened the torrents of blasphemy which you pour forth against the Lord of the Sabbath? Have your own withered souls no need of a drop from heaven? May it not be the case that some of you are blaspheming the very day on which your own soul might have been saved? Is it not possible that some of you may remember, with tears of anguish, in hell, the exertions which you are now making, against light and against warning, to

bring down a withering blight on your own souls and on the religion of Scotland?

To those who are God's children in this land, I would now, in the name of our common Saviour, who is Lord of the Sabbath Day, address

### A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

I. PRIZE THE LORD'S DAY.—The more that others despise and trample on it, love you it all the more. The louder the storm of blasphemy howls around you, sit the closer at the feet of Jesus. "He must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet." Diligently improve all holy time. It should be the busiest day of the seven: but only in the business of eternity. Avoid sin on that holy day. God's children should avoid sin every day, but most of all on the Lord's Day. It is a day of double cursing as well as of double blessing. The world will have to answer dreadfully for sins committed in holy time. Spend the Lord's Day in the Lord's presence. Spend it as a day in heaven. Spend much of it in praise and in works of mercy, as Jesus did.

II. DEFEND THE LORD'S DAY.—Lift up a calm undaunted testimony against all the profanations of the Lord's Day. Use all your influence, whether as a statesman, a magistrate, a master, a father, or a friend, both publicly and privately, to defend the entire Lord's Day. This duty is laid upon you in the Fourth Commandment. Never see the Sabbath broken without reproving the breaker of it. Even worldly men, with all their pride and contempt for us, cannot endure to be convicted of Sabbath breaking. Always remember God and the Bible are on your side, and that you will soon see these men cursing their own sin and folly when too late. Let all God's children in Scotland lift up a united testimony especially against these three public profanations of the Lord's Day:—

1. *The keeping open of Reading-rooms.*—In this town, and in all the large towns of Scotland, I am told, you may find in the public reading-rooms many of our men of business turning over the newspapers and magazines at all hours of the Lord's Day; and, especially on Sabbath evenings, many of these places are filled like a little Church. Ah, guilty men! how plainly you show that you are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. If you were a murderer or an adulterer, perhaps you would not dare to deny this. Do you not know, and all the sophistry of hell cannot disprove it, that the same God who said, "Thou shalt not kill," said also, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy?" The murderer who is dragged to the gibbet, and the polished Sabbath-breaker, are one in the sight of God.

2. *The keeping open Public-houses.*—Public-houses are the

curse of Scotland. I never see a sign, "Licensed to sell spirits," without thinking that it is a license to ruin souls. They are the yawning avenues to poverty and rags in this life, and, as another has said, "*the short cut to hell.*" Is it to be tamely borne in this land of light and reformation, that these pest-houses and dens of iniquity—these man-traps for precious souls—shall be open on the Sabbath—nay, that they shall be enriched and kept afloat by this unholy traffic, many of them declaring that they could not keep up their shop if it were not for the Sabbath market-day? Surely we may well say, "Cursed is the gain made on that day." Poor wretched men! Do you not know that every penny that rings upon your counter on that day will yet eat your flesh as if it were fire—that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces will only serve to kindle up the flame of "the fire that is not quenched."

3. *Sunday Trains upon the Railway.*—A majority of the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have shown their determination, in a manner that has shocked all good men, to open the Railway on the Lord's Day. The sluices of infidelity have been opened at the same time, and floods of blasphemous tracts are pouring over the land, decrying the holy day of the blessed God, as if there was no eye in heaven, no King on Zion Hill, no day of reckoning.

Christian countrymen, awake! and, filled by the same spirit that delivered our country from the dark superstitions of Rome, let us beat back the incoming tide of infidelity and enmity to the Sabbath.

Guilty men! who, under Satan, are leading on the deep dark phalanx of Sabbath-breakers, yours is a solemn position. You are *robbers.* You rob God of his holy day. You are *murderers.* You murder the souls of your servants. God said, "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy servant;" but you compel your servants to break God's law, and to sell their souls for gain. You are *sinners against light.* Your Bible and your catechism, the words of godly parents, perhaps now in the Sabbath above, and the loud remonstrances of God-fearing men, are ringing in your ears, while you perpetrate this deed of shame, and glory in it. You are *traitors to your country.* The law of your country declares that you should "observe a holy rest all that day from your own words, works and thoughts;" and yet you scout it as an antiquated superstition. Was it not Sabbath-breaking that made God cast away Israel? And yet you would bring the same curse on Scotland now. You are *moral suicides*, stabbing your own souls, proclaiming to the world that you are not the Lord's people, and hurrying on your souls to meet the Sabbath-breaker's doom.

In conclusion, I propose, for the calm consideration of all sober-minded men, the following

SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

1. Can you name one godly minister, of any denomination in all Scotland, who does not hold the duty of the entire sanctification of the Lord's Day?

2. Did you ever meet with a lively believer in any country under heaven—one who loved Christ, and lived a holy life—who did not delight in keeping holy to God the entire Lord's Day.

3. Is it wise to take the interpretation of God's will concerning the Lord's day from "men of the world," from infidels, scoffers, men of unholy lives, men who are sand-blind in all divine things, men who are the enemies of all righteousness, who quote Scripture freely, as Satan did, to deceive and betray?

4. If, in opposition to the uniform testimony of God's wisest and holiest servants—against the plain warnings of God's word—against the very words of your catechism, learned beside your mother's knee—and against the voice of your outraged conscience—you join the ranks of the Sabbath-breakers, will not this be *a sin against light*—will it not lie heavy on your soul upon your death-bed—will it not meet you in the Judgment Day?

Praying that these words of truth and soberness may be owned of God, and carried home to your hearts with divine power—I remain, dear fellow countrymen, your soul's well-wisher, &c.

*December* 18, 1841.

SCRIPTURES TO BE MEDITATED ON.

1. *Sabbath commanded.*—Ex. xvi. 22–30; xx. 8–11; xxxv. 1–3. Lev. xix. 3–30. Deut. v. 12–15. Neh. ix. 14.

2. *A sign of God's people.*—Ex. xxxi. 12–17. 2 Kings iv. 23. Ezek. xx. 12. Lam. i. 7. Heb. iv. 9.

3. *Sabbath-breaking punished.*—Num. xv. 32–36. Lev. xxvi. 33–35. 2 Chr. xxxvi. 21. Jer. xvii. 19–end. Lam. ii. 6. Ezek. xx. 12–26. Amos viii. 4–14.

4. *Day of blessing.*—Gen. ii. 2, 3. Ex. xvi. 24. Lev. xxiv. 8. Num. xxviii. 9, 10. Isaiah lvi. 1–8; lviii. 13, 14. John xx. 1, 19, 26. Acts ii. 1, with Lev. xxiii. 15. Rev. i. 10.

5. *Rulers should guard the Sabbath.*—Ex. xx. 10. Neh. xiii. 15–22.

6. *Sabbath in gospel times.*—Psalm cxviii. 24. Isaiah lxvi. 23. Ezek. xlvi. 1. Mark ii. 27, 28. Acts ii. 1; xx. 6, 7. 1 Cor. xvi. 2. Rev. i. 10.

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## LETTER ON SABBATH RAILWAYS.

TO ALEXANDER M'NEILL, ESQ., ADVOCATE,

SIR—I have read the report of your speech at the meeting of Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, on Tuesday, 16th November last, and also the motion which you propose to

lay before the shareholders on the 24th February. As a Christian minister, and a free British subject, I take leave to express in this manner the deep feelings of righteous indignation which these have awakened, not in my breast only, but in the breast of every believing man whom I know.

You candidly acknowledge that in the ranks of your opponents are to be found "men of lofty intellect, of great learning and piety, and unbounded benevolence," and yet, in the same breath, you say "you must judge for yourself, according to the reason and plain sense of the matter." That is to say, that the host of intellectual and pious men who are arrayed against you, do not judge according to reason or plain sense in this matter, but by some airy superhuman notions, which a man of sense may brush aside as so many cobwebs. Ah, sir, speak out your mind! Tell what it is that lies at the bottom of your enmity to the entire preservation of the Lord's Day. It is the concealment of your sentiments that is the darkest part of your whole address. You are an utter stranger to me, and I dare not judge as to your true motives. But every thinking man cannot but form this opinion in his own mind, that the reason why you despise the lessons of all God's holiest and wisest servants in this land, is not that you think little of the resolutions of popular assemblies (that is a miserable subterfuge, unworthy of any but a mere debater,) but that you despise and trample under foot the divine message which they bring. You say you are threatened to be overwhelmed with a flood of obloquy. Do not be afraid. You are on the world's side—"the world cannot hate you." There are not many to lift up their voices in behalf of the holy Sabbath. Those who do, are the followers of one who bade us bless and curse not. You say "you do not court approbation, and you care nothing for condemnation." This may be a brave speech: few will regard it as a wise one. If you mean that you do not care for the condemnation of worldly men, there would be something right in that, for in doing our duty, we must expect that the world which crucified our Lord will not spare his servants; but if you mean that you do not care for the condemnation of God's people, and of the Word of God, and of the Lord Jesus, who is to be your Judge, then will you soon repent your words with bitter tears. Why, sir, what are you, that you should say, "I care nothing for condemnation?" "Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong in the day that I shall deal with thee?" "Hast thou an arm like God, or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?" If the condemnation of your words, which God's people are now testifying in every part of the land, be *righteous* condemnation—if it be in accordance with the Word of God and the mind of Christ—is it the part of a wise man to say, "*I care not for it?*" You may say so now in the blindness of your heart, but the day is at hand when you will *feel* the reverse.

And now one word as to your proposed motion. It runs as follows:—"Whereas it is the duty of the Directors of the Company to give *implicit obedience to the Law of God*, &c.,—This meeting resolves that it is not inconsistent with the duty of the Directors as aforesaid, and they are *hereby enjoined to provide trains to be run from the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively, in the morning and in the evening of Sunday*," &c.

I do not know whether this motion has come entirely from your own mind, or whether several have agreed with you in it; but I here freely state my conviction, formed upon the calm and deliberate study of the motion, and without the slightest desire to use a harsh or improper term, that THE MOTION IS BLASPHEMOUS. You say, first, that it is your duty to give implicit obedience to the Law of God. What is the Law of God? "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh-day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day, and hallowed it," Exodus xx. 8–11. Now, sir, if, as I presume, you spent your early years in Scotland, trained up, perhaps, under the watchful eye of one who prayed for her child that he might walk in wisdom's ways, you cannot be ignorant of the explanation given of this Commandment in the Shorter Catechism. (*Qu.* 60.) "The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days, spending *the whole time* in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy." This is the Law of God, and this is the received interpretation of it, both of which were, no doubt, in your eye when you penned that memorable sentence, "It is the duty of the Directors to give implicit obedience to the Law of God." And yet, before the ink was dry, you write down, "The Directors are enjoined to provide trains to be run in the morning and evening of Sunday." In other words, you hold in your hand the Two Tables of Stone, written with God's finger, and you say, we should obey this, and then you dash them on the ground, and say it is our duty, notwithstanding, to trample on and defy them. Ah! sir, you may call this reason and plain sense, but simpler men can see that it is open mockery of God's Holy Law, and of Him on whose heart it was graven from eternity. Such lip-acknowledgment of God and his Law, God hates and despises. I solemnly declare, and it is the feeling of many besides me, that I would have been less shocked if you had written down, "It is the duty of the Directors to break God's Law." That would have been honest and downright, and thou-

sands would have applauded you. But when you set out with the hypocritical declaration that it is your duty to give *implicit obedience* to the Law of God, and then conclude by declaring your resolution to break it, I believe in my heart that not only will God's children abhor the blasphemy, but honest worldly men will despise your cowardice. And now, sir, I have done. You little know the feelings of deep compassion with which you, and the unhappy men who voted with you, are regarded by many an humble and holy believer, who loves, because he knows the preciousness of, an unbroken Sabbath Day. Never in all my experience did I meet with a child of God who did not prize, above all other earthly things, the privilege of devoting to his God *the seventh part of his time.* It is still a sign between God and his Israel. It is this simple fact, sir, that affords me ground to fear that, with all your talents, with all your reason and plain sense, you are yet an utter stranger to the peculiar tastes, and joys, and hopes of those who love the Lord. You proclaim your own shame. You prove, even to the blind world, that you are not journeying toward the Sabbath above, where the Sabbath-breaker cannot come. If you shall really carry your motion, against the prayers and longings of God's people in this land, then, sir, you will triumph for a little while; but Scotland's sin, committed against light, and against solemn warning, will not pass unavenged. —I am, Sir, &c.

P. S.—As an advocate learned in the law, you must be well aware that the law of God, as expounded by the Confession of Faith of the Established Church of Scotland (and which is subscribed by every denomination of orthodox Dissenters in Scotland, is also the law of the land, as ratified and enacted by the Act 1690 of the Parliament of Scotland in the two following clauses :—

"As it is the law of nature, that, in general, a due proportion of time be set apart for the worship of God, so, in his Word, by a positive, moral, and perpetual commandment, binding all men in all ages, he hath particularly appointed one day in seven for a Sabbath, to be kept holy unto him ; which, from the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, was the last day of the week, and from the resurrection of Christ was changed into the first day of the week, which in Scripture is called the Lord's Day, and is to be continued to the end of the world, as the Christian Sabbath."

"This Sabbath is then kept holy unto the Lord, when men, after a due preparing of their hearts, and ordering of their common affairs beforehand, do not only observe an holy rest all the day from their own works, words, and thoughts, about their worldly employments and recreations, but also are taken up the

whole time in the public and private exercises of his worship, and in the duties of necessity and mercy."

If this be true, which you know it is, then you stand convicted before the British public as one who proclaimed it to be the duty of the Directors to break both the Law of God and the law of the land.

St. Peter's, Dundee, 1*st December*, 1841.

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## COMMUNION WITH BRETHREN OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUNDEE WARDER.

Dear Sir—Allow me, for the first time in my life, to ask a place in your columns. My object in doing so is not to defend myself, which we are all perhaps too ready to do, but to state simply, and calmly, what appear to me to be the Scriptural grounds of Free Ministerial Communion among all who are faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whatever name known among men. These views I have long held; they were maintained by the early Reformers, and by the Church of Scotland in her best days, and I bless God that, by the decision of the last General Assembly, they are once more declared to be the principles of our beloved Church. I am anxious to do this, because the question is one of great difficulty, requiring deeper thoughts than most have bestowed upon it; and it is of vast importance, in this day of conflicting opinions, to be firmly grounded on the Lord's side.

Of the respectable ministers, who so lately officiated for me during my illness, I shall say nothing, except that they agreed to assist me in a time of need in the kindest manner, and that, however much I differ from them on several points of deepest interest, I, along with many in the Church, do regard them as faithful ministers of Christ; and I trust they will utterly disregard the poor insinuations as to their motives, (contained in the letters of your correspondents,) which, I regret to say, disfigure your last paper.

In order to clear our way in this subject, allow me to open up, first, the subject of Free Communion among private Christians, and then that of Free Communion among Christian Ministers.

1. I believe it to be the mind of Christ, that all who are vitally united to him, should love one another, exhort one another daily, communicate freely of their substance to one another when poor, pray with and for one another, and sit down together at the Lord's table. Each of these positions may be proved by the Word of God. It is quite true that we may be frequently deceived in deciding upon the real godliness of those with whom we are brought into contact. The Apostles themselves were deceived, and we must not expect to do the work of the ministry with fewer difficulties than they had to encounter. Still I have

no doubt from Scripture that, where we have good reason for regarding a man as a child of God, we are permitted and commanded to treat him as a brother; and, as the most secret pledge of heavenly friendship, to sit down freely at the table of our common Lord, to eat bread and drink wine together in remembrance of Christ. The reason of this rule is plain. If we have solid ground to believe that a fellow-sinner has been, by the Holy Spirit, grafted into the true vine, then we have ground to believe, that we are vitally united to one another for eternity. The same blood has washed us, the same Spirit has quickened us, we lean upon the same pierced breast, we love the same law, we are guided by the same sleepless eye, we are to stand at the right hand of the same throne, we shall blend our voices eternally in singing the same song, "Worthy is the Lamb!" Is it not reasonable, then, that we should own one another on earth as fellow-travellers to our Father's house, and fellow-heirs of the incorruptible crown? Upon this I have always acted, both in sitting down at the Lord's table, and in admitting others to that blessed privilege. I was once permitted to unite in celebrating the Lord's Supper in an Upper Room in Jerusalem. There were fourteen present, the most of whom, I had good reason to believe, knew and loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Several were godly Episcopalians. two were converted Jews, and one a Christian from Nazareth, converted under the American Missionaries. The bread and wine were dispensed in the Episcopal manner, and most were kneeling as they received them. Perhaps your correspondents would have shrunk back with horror, and called this the confusion of Babel; we felt it to be the sweet fellowship with Christ and with the Brethren; and as we left the Upper Room, and looked out upon the Mount of Olives, we remembered with calm joy the prayer of our Lord that ascended from one of its shady ravines, after the first Lord's Supper. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in me through their word, that they all may be ONE."

The table of Christ is a family table spread in this wilderness, and none of the true children should be absent from it, or be separated while sitting at it. We are told of Rowland Hill, that, upon one occasion, "when he had preached in a chapel where none but baptized adults were admitted to the sacrament, he wished to have communicated with them, but was told respectfully, you cannot sit down at *our* table. He only calmly replied, 'I thought it was *the Lord's* table.'"

The early Reformers held the same view. Calvin wrote to Cranmer that he would cross ten seas to bring it about. Baxter, Owen, and Howe, in a later generation, pleaded for it; and the Westminster Divines laid down the same principle in few but solemn words, "Saints, by profession, are bound to maintain an holy fellowship and communion in the worship of God—which

communion, as God offereth opportunity, is to be extended unto all those who in every place call upon the name of the Lord Jesus." These words, embodied in our standards, show clearly that the views maintained above are the very principles of the Church of Scotland.

2. The second Scriptural Communion is Ministerial Communion. Here also I believe it to be the mind of Christ, that all who are true servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, sound in the faith, called to the ministry, and owned of God therein, should love one another, pray one for another, bid one another God speed, own one another as fellow-soldiers, fellow-servants, and fellow-laborers in the vineyard, and, so far as God offereth opportunity, help one another in the work of the ministry. Each of these positions also may be proved by the Word of God. I am aware that practically it is a point of far greater difficulty and delicacy than the communion of private Christians, because I can own many a one as a fellow Christian, and can joyfully sit down with him at the Lord's Table, while I may think many of his views of divine truth defective, and could not receive him as a sound teacher. But although caution and sound discretion are no doubt to be used in applying this or any other Scripture rule, yet the rule itself appears to be simple enough—that, where any minister of any denomination holds the head, is sound in doctrine and blameless in life, preaches Christ and him crucified as the only way of pardon, and the only source of holiness, especially if he has been owned of God in the conversion of souls and upbuilding of saints, we are bound to hold ministerial communion with him, whenever Providence opens the way. What are we that we should shut our pulpits against such a man? True, he may hold that Prelacy is the scriptural form of church government. He may have signed the 37th article of the Church of England, giving the Queen the chief power in all causes, whether ecclesiastical or civil; still if he be a Berridge or a Rowland Hill, he is an honored servant of Christ. True, he may hold establishments to be unscriptural—he may not see as I do that the Queen is the minister of God, and ought to use all her authority in extending. defending, and maintaining the Church of Christ—still, if he be like some I could name, he is a faithful servant of Christ. True, he may have inconsistencies of mind which we cannot account for—he may have prejudices of sect and education which destroy much of our comfort in meeting him (and can we plead exemption from these?)—he may sometimes have spoken rashly and uncharitably (I also have done the same)—still, I cannot but own him as a servant of Christ. If the Master owns him in his work, shall the sinful fellow-servant disown him? Shall we be more cautious than our Lord? True, he may have much imperfection in his views; so had Apollos. He may be to be blamed in some things, and withstood to the face; so it was with Peter. He may have acted a

cowardly part at one time; so did John Mark. Still I maintain that unless he has shown himself a Demas, "a lover of this present world," or one of those who have a "form of godliness, denying the power thereof," we are not allowed to turn away from him, nor to treat him as an adversary.

Such were the principles of the Reformers. Calvin says of Luther, when he was loading him with abuse, "Let him call me a dog or a devil, I will acknowledge him as a servant of Christ." The devoted Usher preached in the pulpit of Samuel Rutherford; and at a later date, before the unscriptural Act of 1799 was passed, to hinder faithful English ministers from carrying the light of Divine truth into the death-like gloom of our Scottish parishes, a minister of the Synod of Glasgow defended himself for admitting Whitfield into his pulpit in these memorable words:—"There is no law of Christ, no act of Assembly, prohibiting me to give my pulpit to an Episcopal, Independent or Baptist minister, *if of sound principles in the fundamentals of religion, and of sober life.*"* The same truth is clearly to be deduced from the 25th chapter of the Confession of Faith, where it is declared that "the visible Church consists of all those throughout the world that profess the true religion, together with their children." And then it is added, "Unto this Catholic visible Church Christ hath given the ministry," &c. From which it plainly follows, that faithful ministers belonging to all parts of the visible Church are to be recognized *as ministers whom Christ hath given.* Such I believe to be the principles of God's word; such are clearly the views of the standards of our Church, and I do hail it as a token that the Spirit of God was really poured down upon the last General Assembly, that they so calmly and deliberately swept away the unchristian Act of 1799 from the statute-book, and returned to the good old way.

It has often been my prayer, that no unfaithful minister might ever be heard within the walls of St. Peter's. My elders and people can bear witness that they have seldom heard any voice from its pulpit that did not proclaim "ruin by the Fall, righteousness by Christ, and regeneration by the Spirit." Difficult as it is in these days to find supply, I had rather that no voice should be heard there at all than "the voice of strangers," from whom Christ's sheep will flee. Silence in the pulpit does not edify souls, but it does not ruin them. But the living servant of Christ is dear to my heart, and welcome to address my flock, let him come from whatever quarter of the earth he may. I have sat with delight under the burning words of a faithful Lutheran pastor. I have been fed by the ministrations of American Congregationalists, and devoted Episcopalians, and all of my flock who know and love Christ would have loved to hear them too. If dear Martin Boos

* *See Presbyterian Review for January*, 1839, where most of the above facts are more fully stated, and similar views ably advanced, by a dear fellow-laborer in the ministry

were alive, pastor of the Church of Rome though he was, he would have been welcome too; and who that knows the value of souls and the value of a living testimony would say it was wrong?

Had I admitted to my pulpit some frigid Evangelical of our own Church—(I allude to no individual, but I fear it is a common case)—one whose head is sound in all the stirring questions of the day, but whose heart is cold in seeking the salvation of sinners, would any watchful brother of sinners have sounded an alarm in the next day's gazette to warn me and my flock of the sin and danger? I fear not. And yet Baxter says of such a man, "Nothing can be more indecent than to hear a dead preacher speaking to dead sinners the living truth of the living God." With such ministers I have no communion. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

In conclusion, let me notice the effect of this Free Ministerial Communion upon our glorious struggle for Christ's kingly office in Scotland. I believe with many of my brethren that the Church of Scotland is at this moment a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. I believe she is a spectacle to men and to angels, contending in the sight of the universe for Christ's twofold crown —his crown over nations, and his crown over the visible Catholic Church. She stands between the Voluntary on the one side, and the Erastian on the other, and with one hand on the Word of God, and the other lifted up to heaven, implores her adorable head to uphold her as a faithful witness unto death, in a day of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy. In generations past this cause has been maintained in Scotland at all hands, and against all enemies; and if God calls us to put our feet in the blood-stained footsteps of the Scottish worthies, I dare not boast, but I will pray that the calm faith of Hugh Mackail, and the cheerful courage of Donald Cargill may be given me. But is this a reason why we should not live up to the spirit of the New Testament, in our dealing with Christians and Christian ministers of other denominations? Is this a reason why we should not wipe off every stain from the garments of our beloved Church? Is it not the very thing that demands that each member of our Church should set his house in order, purging out all the old leaven of carnal division, reforming his own spirit and family, according to the rule of God's Word —that elders and ministers should seek revival and reformation in their private and public walk, and pant after more of the spirit of our suffering head and elder brother? If a faithful Episcopal minister be wrong in his views of Church government, as I believe he is—if many of our faithful Dissenting brethren are wrong in opposing Christ's headship over nations, as I believe they are —what is the scriptural mode of seeking to set them right? Is it to set up unscriptural barriers between us and them? Is it to count them as enemies, however much Christ acknowledges them

as good and faithful servants? Is it to call them by opprobrious epithets—to impute mean and wicked motives for their undertaking the holiest services—to rake among the ashes for their hard sayings? I think not. Christ's way is a more excellent way, however unpleasant to the proud carnal heart. "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded, and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." I have looked at this question from the brink of eternity, and in such a light, I can assure your correspondents that, if they know the Lord, they will regret, as I have done, the want of more caution in speaking of the doings and motives of other men. Let us do our part towards our Dissenting brethren according to the Scriptures, however they may treat us. We shall be no losers. Perhaps we may gain those who are brethren indeed to think more as we do. At least they will love us, and cease to speak evil of us.

If our Church is to fall under the iron foot of despotism, God grant that it may fall reformed and purified—pure in its doctrine, government, discipline, and worship—scriptural in its spirit—missionary in its aim—and holy in its practice—a truly golden candlestick—a pleasant vine. If the daughter of Zion must be made a widow, and sit desolate on the ground, grant her latest cry may be that of her once suffering, now exalted Head, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

St. Peter's, Dundee, *July* 6, 1842.

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## TO THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry *them* in his bosom."—Isaiah xl. 11.

Beloved Children—Jesus is the Good Shepherd. His arm was stretched out on the cross, and his bosom was pierced with the spear. That arm is able to gather you, and that bosom is open to receive you. I pray for you every day that you may be saved by Christ. He said to me, "Feed my lambs," and I daily return the words to him, "Lord, feed my lambs." In the bowels of Jesus Christ I long after you all. I believe Christ has gathered some of you. But are no more to be gathered? Are no more green brands to be plucked from the burning? Will no more of you hide beneath the white robe of Jesus? Oh, come! for yet there is room. Lift up your hearts to God while I tell you something more of the Good Shepherd.

### I. Jesus has a Flock.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd." Every shepherd must have a flock, and so has Christ. I once saw a flock in a

valley near Jerusalem, and the shepherd went before them and called the sheep, and they knew his voice and followed him. I said, this is the way Jesus leads his sheep. Oh that I may be one of them!

1. *Christ's Flock is a little Flock.*—Hear what Jesus says, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Luke xii. 32. Pray to be among the little flock. Look at the world, eight hundred millions of men, women and children, of different countries, color, and language, all journeying to the Judgment Seat. Is this Christ's flock? Ah, no! Five hundred millions never heard the sweet name of Jesus, and of the rest the most see no beauty in the Rose of Sharon. Christ's is a little flock. Look at this town. What crowds press along the streets on a market day. What a large flock is here. Is this the flock of Christ? No. It is to be feared that most of these are not the brothers and sisters of Christ; they do not bear his likeness; they do not follow the Lamb now, and will not follow him in eternity. Look round the Sabbath Schools. What a number of young faces are there! How many beaming eyes! How many precious souls! Is this the flock of Christ? No, no. The most of you have hard and stony hearts—the most of you love pleasure more than God—the most of you love sin, and lightly esteem Christ. "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ, for they would be sic happy," said one of yourselves. I could weep when I think how many of you will live lives of sin, and die deaths of horror, and spend an eternity in hell. Beloved children, pray that you may be like the one lily among many thorns—that you may be the few lambs in the midst of a world of wolves.

2. *Christ's Sheep are marked Sheep.*—In almost every flock the sheep are all marked in order that the shepherd may know them. The mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Sometimes it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Every sheep of his has two marks. *One mark is made with the blood of Jesus.* Every sheep and lamb in Christ's flock was once guilty and defiled with sin, altogether become filthy. But every one of them has been drawn to the blood of Jesus, and washed there. They are all like sheep "come up from the washing." They can all say, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Rev. i. 5. Have you this mark? Look and see. You can never be in heaven unless you have it. Every one there has washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14. *Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit.* This is not a mark which you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep, deep in the bosom, where the eye of man cannot look. It is A NEW HEART. Ezek. xxxvi. 26. "A new heart also will I give

you." This is the seal of the Holy Spirit, which he gives to all them that believe. With infinite power he puts forth his unseen hand, and silently changes the heart of all that are truly Christ's. Have you got the new heart? You never will go to heaven without it. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Beloved children, pray for these two marks of the sheep of Jesus—forgiveness through blood and a new heart. Oh, be in earnest to get them, and to get them *now*. Soon the Chief Shepherd will come, and set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left. Where will you be in that day?

3. *Christ's Sheep all flock together.*—Sheep love to go together. A sheep never goes with a wolf or with a dog, but always with the flock. Especially when a storm is coming down, they keep near one another. When the sky turns dark with clouds, and the first drops of a thunder-shower are coming on, the shepherds say that you will see the sheep flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They love to keep together. So it is with the flock of Jesus. They do not love to go with the world, but always one with another. Christian loves Christian. They have the same peace, the same spirit, the same shepherd, the same fold on the hills of immortality. Especially in the dark and cloudy day, such as our day is likely to be, the sheep of Christ are driven together, to weep together. They love to pray together, to sing praise together, to hide in Christ together.

"Little children, love one another." Make companions of those that fear God. Flee from all others. Who can take fire into their bosom and not be burned? I remember of one little boy who was indeed a lamb of Christ's fold. He could not bear a lie; and whenever he found any of his companions telling a falsehood, he left their company altogether. There was one boy with whom he was very intimate. This boy one day began to boast of something he had done, which boast our little Christian saw at once to be a lie. Upon this, he told him that he must never again come to his house, and that he would have nothing more to do with him till he was a better boy. His mother asked him how he would know when he was a better boy? He said that he would soon see some marks which would show him that he was better. "And what marks will you know it by?" "I think," said he, "the biggest mark will be that he loves God."

## II. What Jesus does for his Flock.

1. *He died for them.*—"I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." This is the chief beauty in Christ. The wounds that marred his fair body make him altogether lovely in a needy sinner's eye. All that are now and ever shall be the sheep of Christ, were once condemned to die. The wrath of God abode upon them. They were ready to drop into

the burning lake. Jesus had compassion upon them, left his Father's bosom, emptied himself, became a worm and no man, and died under the sins of many. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This is the grace of the Lord Jesus. Every one in the flock can say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

2. *He seeks and finds them.*—We would never seek Christ if he did not seek us first. We would never find Christ if he did not find us. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I once asked a shepherd, "How do you find sheep that are lost in the snow?" "Oh," he said, "we go down into the deep ravines, where the sheep go in the storms; there we find the sheep huddled together beneath the snow." "And are they able to come out when you take away the snow?" "Oh, no; if they had to take a single step to save their lives they could not do it. So we just go in and carry them out." Ah! this is the very way Jesus saves lost sheep. He finds us frozen and dead in the deep pit of sin. If we had to take a single step to save our souls, we could not do it. But he reaches down his arm and carries us out. This he does for every sheep he saves. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus, the shepherd of our souls: Oh, children, let Jesus gather you. Feel your helpless condition, and look up and say, Lord help me.

3. *He feeds them.*—"By me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." If Jesus has saved you he will feed you. He will feed your body. "I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

> The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
> From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
> His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
> So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

He will feed your soul. He that feeds the little flower in the cleft of the craggy precipice, where no hand of man can reach it, will feed your soul with silent drops of heavenly dew. I shall never forget the story of a little girl in Belfast in Ireland. She was at a Sabbath School, and gained a Bible as a prize for her good conduct. It became to her a treasure indeed. *She was fed out of it.* Her parents were wicked. She often read to them, but they became worse and worse. This broke Eliza's heart. She took to her bed, and never rose again. She desired to see her teacher. When he came he said, "You are not without a companion, my dear child," taking up her Bible. "No," she replied—

> "Precious Bible! what a treasure
> Does the Word of God afford;
> All I want for life or pleasure,
> Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
> Let the world account me poor,
> Having this I ask no more."

She had scarcely repeated the lines when she hung back her head and died. Beloved children, this is the way Jesus feeds his flock. He is a tender, constant, Almighty Shepherd. If you become his flock, he will feed you all the way to glory.

### III. Jesus cares for Lambs.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." Every careful shepherd deals gently with the lambs of the flock. When the flocks are travelling, the lambs are not able to go far, they often grow weary and lie down. Now, a kind shepherd stoops down and puts his gentle arm beneath them, and lays them in his bosom. Such a shepherd is the Lord Jesus, and saved children are his lambs. He gathers them with his arm, and carries them in his bosom. Many a guilty lamb he has gathered and carried to his Father's house. Some he has gathered out of this place whom you and I once knew well.

Before he came into the world Jesus cared for lambs. Samuel was a very little child, no bigger than the least of you, when he was converted. He was girded with a linen ephod, and his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him every year. One night as he slept in the Holy place, near where the ark of God was kept, he heard a voice cry, "Samuel!" He started up and ran to old Eli, whose eyes were dim, and said, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli said, "I called not, lie down again." He went and lay down, but a second time the voice cried, "Samuel!" He rose and went to Eli, saying, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." And Eli said, "I called not my son, lie down again." A third time the holy voice cried, "Samuel!" And he arose and went to Eli with the same words; then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child, therefore Eli said, "Go, lie down, and it shall be if he call thee thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." So he went and lay down. A fourth time (how often Christ will call on little children!) the voice cried, "Samuel, Samuel!" Then Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" Thus did Jesus gather this lamb with his arm and carried him in his bosom. For "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him; and the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh." 1 Sam. iii.

Little children, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you, pray that the same Lord would reveal himself to you. Some people say, you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young. Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to be saved in. You are not too young to die, not too young to be judged, and therefore not too young to be brought to Christ. Do not be contented to hear about Christ from your teachers; pray that he would *reveal himself* to you. God grant there may be many little Samuels amongst you.

Jesus cares for lambs still. The late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption, when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned up to 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "This, sirs, is all my comfort!" When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words, "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a Duke, but *I shall be a King*."

Let me tell you a word of another gentle lamb, whom Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with him where he is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me;" and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She said, she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. Another time she said, "I think it's the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before him, and then to look to Jesus." When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said she could not love Jesus enough here, that she would like to be with him, and then she would love him as she ought. To her tender watchful relative she said, "I wonder at your often looking so grave. I'm surprised at it, for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus." After a companion had been with her, she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave but smiled; that showed how much she loves me." When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "Is there anything the matter, my darling?" "Oh," she said, "I am only weak. I am quite happy. Jesus has said, 'Thou art mine.'" Another day, when near her last, one said to her, "Have you been praying much to-day?" "Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise too." "And what have you been praising for?" "I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts I have. I praise him for many kind friends, you know he is the foundation of *all;* and I praise him for taking a sinner to glory."

These are a few of the many golden sayings of this lamb of Christ, now, I trust, safe in the fold above. Would you wish to be gathered thus? Go now to some lonely place—kneel down, and call upon the Lord Jesus. Do not leave your knees until you find him. Pray to be gathered with his arm, and carried in his

bosom. Take hold of the hem of his garment, and say—"I must not—I dare not—I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

O seek him in earnest, and seek him in time,
For they that seek early shall find;
While they that neglect him are hardened in crime,
And never can come to this pure blessed clime—
They perish in anguish of mind.

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## DAILY BREAD,

### BEING A CALENDAR FOR READING THROUGH THE WORD OF GOD IN A YEAR.

"Thy Word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it."

My dear Flock,—The approach of another year stirs up within me new desires for your salvation, and for the growth of those of you who are saved. "God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ." What the coming year is to bring forth, who can tell? There is plainly a weight lying on the spirits of all good men, and a looking for some strange work of judgment coming upon this land. There is need now to ask that solemn question—"If in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

Those believers will stand firmest who have no dependence upon self or upon creatures, but upon Jehovah our Righteousness. We must be driven more to our Bibles, and to the mercy-seat, if we are to stand in the evil day. Then we shall be able to say like David—"The proud have had me greatly in derision, yet have I not declined from thy law." "Princes have persecuted me without a cause, but my heart standeth in awe of thy Word."

It has long been in my mind to prepare a scheme of Scripture reading, in which as many as were made willing by God might agree, so that the whole Bible might be read once by you in the year, and all might be feeding in the same portion of the green pasture at the same time.

I am quite aware that such a plan is accompanied with many

#### DANGERS.

1. *Formality.*—We are such weak creatures that any regularly returning duty is apt to degenerate into a lifeless form. The tendency of reading the Word by a fixed rule may, in some minds, be to create this skeleton religion. This is to be the peculiar sin of the last days—"Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Guard against this. Let the calendar perish rather than this rust eat up your souls.

2. *Self-righteousness.*—Some, when they have devoted their

set time to reading the Word, and accomplished their prescribed portion, may be tempted to look at themselves with self-complacency. Many, I am persuaded, are living without any Divine work on their soul—unpardoned, and unsanctified, and ready to perish—who spend their appointed times in secret and family devotion. This is going to hell with a lie in the right hand.

3. *Careless reading.*—Few *tremble* at the Word of God. Few, in reading it, hear the voice of Jehovah, which is full of majesty. Some, by having so large a portion, may be tempted to weary of it, as Israel did of the daily manna, saying—"Our soul loatheth this light bread;" and to read it in a slight and careless manner. This would be fearfully provoking to God. Take heed lest that word be true of you—"Ye said, also, Behold, what a weariness is it! and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of Hosts."

4. *A yoke too heavy to bear.*—Some may engage in reading with alacrity for a time, and afterwards feel it a burden grievous to be borne. They may find conscience dragging them through the appointed task without any relish of the heavenly food. If this be the case with any, throw aside the fetter and feed at liberty in the sweet garden of God. My desire is not to cast a snare upon you, but to be a helper of your joy.

If there be so many dangers, why propose such a scheme at all? To this I answer, that the best things are accompanied with danger, as the fairest flowers are often gathered in the clefts of some dangerous precipice. Let us weigh

### THE ADVANTAGES.

1. *The whole Bible will be read through in an orderly manner in the course of a year.*—The Old Testament once, the New Testament and Psalms twice. I fear many of you never read the whole Bible; and yet it is all equally divine. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect." If we pass over some parts of Scripture, we shall be incomplete Christians.

2. *Time will not be wasted in choosing what portions to read.*—Often believers are at a loss to determine towards which part of the mountains of spices they should bend their steps. Here the question will be solved at once in a very simple manner.

3. *Parents will have a regular subject upon which to examine their children and servants.*—It is much to be desired that family worship were made more instructive than it generally is. The mere reading of the chapter is often too like water spilt on the ground. Let it be read by every member of the family beforehand, and then the meaning and application drawn out by simple question and answer. The calendar will be helpful in this.

Friends, also, when they meet, will have a subject for profitable conversation in the portions read that day. The meaning of difficult passages may be inquired from the more judicious and ripe Christians, and the fragrance of simpler Scriptures spread abroad.

4. *The pastor will know in what part of the pasture the flock are feeding.*—He will thus be enabled to speak more suitably to them on the Sabbath; and both pastor and elders will be able to drop a word of light and comfort in visiting from house to house, which will be more readily responded to.

5. *The sweet bond of Christian love and unity will be strengthened.*—We shall be often led to think of those dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, here and elsewhere, who agree to join with us in reading these portions. We shall oftener be led to agree on earth, touching something we shall ask of God. We shall pray over the same promises, mourn over the same confessions, praise God in the same songs, and be nourished by the same words of eternal life.

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## CALENDAR.

### DIRECTIONS.

1. The centre column contains the day of the month. The two first columns contain the chapter to be read in the family. The two last columns contain the portions to be read in secret.

2. The head of the family should previously read over the chapter for family worship, and mark two or three of the most prominent verses, upon which he may dwell, asking a few simple questions.

3. Frequently the chapter named in the calendar for family reading might be read more suitably in secret; in which case the head of the family should intimate that it be read in private, and the chapter for secret reading may be used in the family

4. The metrical version of the Psalms should be read or sung through at least once in the year. It is truly an admirable translation from the Hebrew, and is frequently more correct than the prose version. If three verses be sung at each diet of family worship, the whole Psalms will be sung through in the year.

5. Let the conversation at family meals often turn upon the chapter read and the psalm sung. Thus every meal will be a Sacrament, being sanctified by the Word and prayer.

6. Let our secret reading prevent the dawning of the day. Let God's voice be the first we hear in the morning. Mark two or three of the richest verses, and pray over every line and word of them. Let the marks be neatly done, never so as to abuse a copy of the Bible.

7. In meeting believers on the street or elsewhere, when an

easy opportunity offers, recur to the chapters read that morning. This will be a blessed exchange for those *idle words* which waste the soul and grieve the Holy Spirit of God. In writing letters to those at a distance, make use of the provision that day gathered.

8. Above all, use the Word as a lamp to your feet and a light to your path—your guide in perplexity—your armor in temptation—your food in times of faintness. Hear the constant cry of the great Intercessor,

"SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH: THY WORD IS TRUTH."

ST. PETER'S, DUNDEE, 30*th Dec.* 1842.

## JANUARY.

THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED. HEAR YE HIM.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Genesis 1 | Matthew 1 | 1 | Ezra 1 | Acts 1 |
| .. 2 | .. 2 | 2 | .. 2 | .. 2 |
| .. 3 | .. 3 | 3 | .. 3 | .. 3 |
| .. 4 | .. 4 | 4 | .. 4 | .. 4 |
| .. 5 | .. 5 | 5 | .. 5 | .. 5 |
| .. 6 | .. 6 | 6 | .. 6 | .. 6 |
| .. 7 | .. 7 | 7 | .. 7 | .. 7 |
| .. 8 | .. 8 | 8 | .. 8 | .. 8 |
| .. 9, 10 | .. 9 | 9 | .. 9 | .. 9 |
| .. 11 | .. 10 | 10 | .. 10 | .. 10 |
| .. 12 | .. 11 | 11 | Nehemiah 1 | .. 11 |
| .. 13 | .. 12 | 12 | .. 2 | .. 12 |
| .. 14 | .. 13 | 13 | .. 3 | .. 13 |
| .. 15 | .. 14 | 14 | .. 4 | .. 14 |
| .. 16 | .. 15 | 15 | .. 5 | .. 15 |
| .. 17 | .. 16 | 16 | .. 6 | .. 16 |
| .. 18 | .. 17 | 17 | .. 7 | .. 17 |
| .. 19 | .. 18 | 18 | .. 8 | .. 18 |
| .. 20 | .. 19 | 19 | .. 9 | .. 19 |
| .. 21 | .. 20 | 20 | .. 10 | .. 20 |
| .. 22 | .. 21 | 21 | .. 11 | .. 21 |
| .. 23 | .. 22 | 22 | .. 12 | .. 22 |
| .. 24 | .. 23 | 23 | .. 13 | .. 23 |
| .. 25 | .. 24 | 24 | Esther 1 | .. 24 |
| .. 26 | .. 25 | 25 | .. 2 | .. 25 |
| .. 27 | .. 26 | 26 | .. 3 | .. 26 |
| .. 28 | .. 27 | 27 | .. 4 | .. 27 |
| .. 29 | .. 28 | 28 | .. 5 | .. 28 |
| .. 30 | Mark 1 | 29 | .. 6 | Romans 1 |
| .. 31 | .. 2 | 30 | .. 7 | .. 2 |
| .. 32 | .. 3 | 31 | .. 8 | .. 3 |

## FEBRUARY.

I HAVE ESTEEMED THE WORDS OF HIS MOUTH MORE THAN MY NECESSARY FOOD.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Genesis 33 | Mark 4 | 1 | Esth. 9, 10 | Romans 4 |
| .. 34 | .. 5 | 2 | Job 1 | .. 5 |
| .. 35, 36 | .. 6 | 3 | .. 2 | .. 6 |
| .. 37 | .. 7 | 4 | .. 3 | .. 7 |
| .. 38 | .. 8 | 5 | .. 4 | .. 8 |
| .. 39 | .. 9 | 6 | .. 5 | .. 9 |
| .. 40 | .. 10 | 7 | .. 6 | .. 10 |
| .. 41 | .. 11 | 8 | .. 7 | .. 11 |
| .. 42 | .. 12 | 9 | .. 8 | .. 12 |
| .. 43 | .. 13 | 10 | .. 9 | .. 13 |
| .. 44 | .. 14 | 11 | .. 10 | .. 14 |
| .. 45 | .. 15 | 12 | .. 11 | .. 15 |
| .. 46 | .. 16 | 13 | .. 12 | .. 16 |
| .. 47 | Lk. 1 to v. 38 | 14 | .. 13 | 1 Cor. 1 |
| .. 48 | .. 1 v. 39 | 15 | .. 14 | .. 2 |
| .. 49 | .. 2 | 16 | .. 15 | .. 3 |
| .. 50 | .. 3 | 17 | .. 16, 17 | .. 4 |
| Exodus 1 | .. 4 | 18 | .. 18 | .. 5 |
| .. 2 | .. 5 | 19 | .. 19 | .. 6 |
| .. 3 | .. 6 | 20 | .. 20 | .. 7 |
| .. 4 | .. 7 | 21 | .. 21 | .. 8 |
| .. 5 | .. 8 | 22 | .. 22 | .. 9 |
| .. 6 | .. 9 | 23 | .. 23 | .. 10 |
| .. 7 | .. 10 | 24 | .. 24 | .. 11 |
| .. 8 | .. 11 | 25 | .. 25, 26 | .. 12 |
| .. 9 | .. 12 | 26 | .. 27 | .. 13 |
| .. 10 | .. 13 | 27 | .. 28 | .. 14 |
| 11, 12 to v. 21 | .. 14 | 28 | .. 29 | .. 15 |

## MARCH.

MARY KEPT ALL THESE THINGS AND PONDERED THEM IN HER HEART.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ex. 12 v. 22 | Luke 15 | 1 | Job 30 | 1 Cor. 16 |
| .. 13 | .. 16 | 2 | .. 31 | 2 Cor. 1 |
| .. 14 | .. 17 | 3 | .. 32 | .. 2 |
| .. 15 | .. 18 | 4 | .. 33 | .. 3 |
| .. 16 | .. 19 | 5 | .. 34 | .. 4 |
| .. 17 | .. 20 | 6 | .. 35 | .. 5 |
| .. 18 | .. 21 | 7 | .. 36 | .. 6 |
| .. 19 | .. 22 | 8 | .. 37 | .. 7 |
| .. 20 | .. 23 | 9 | .. 38 | .. 8 |
| .. 21 | .. 24 | 10 | .. 39 | .. 9 |
| .. 22 | John 1 | 11 | .. 40 | .. 10 |
| .. 23 | .. 2 | 12 | .. 41 | .. 11 |
| .. 24 | .. 3 | 13 | .. 42 | .. 12 |
| .. 25 | .. 4 | 14 | Prov. 1 | .. 13 |
| .. 26 | .. 5 | 15 | .. 2 | Gal. 1 |
| .. 27 | .. 6 | 16 | .. 3 | .. 2 |
| .. 28 | .. 7 | 17 | .. 4 | .. 3 |
| .. 29 | .. 8 | 18 | .. 5 | .. 4 |
| .. 30 | .. 9 | 19 | .. 6 | .. 5 |
| .. 31 | .. 10 | 20 | .. 7 | .. 6 |
| .. 32 | .. 11 | 21 | .. 8 | Eph. 1 |
| .. 33 | .. 12 | 22 | .. 9 | .. 2 |
| .. 34 | .. 13 | 23 | .. 10 | .. 3 |
| .. 35 | .. 14 | 24 | .. 11 | .. 4 |
| .. 36 | .. 15 | 25 | .. 12 | .. 5 |
| .. 37 | .. 16 | 26 | .. 13 | .. 6 |
| .. 38 | .. 17 | 27 | .. 14 | Phil. 1 |
| .. 39 | .. 18 | 28 | .. 15 | .. 2 |
| .. 40 | .. 19 | 29 | .. 16 | .. 3 |
| Lev. 1 | .. 20 | 30 | .. 17 | .. 4 |
| .. 2, 3 | .. 21 | 31 | .. 18 | Col. 1 |

## APRIL.

O SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH! LET THEM LEAD ME.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leviticus 4 | Psalms 1, 2 | 1 | Prov. 19 | Coloss. 2 |
| .. 5 | .. 3, 4 | 2 | .. 20 | .. 3 |
| .. 6 | .. 5, 6 | 3 | .. 21 | .. 4 |
| .. 7 | .. 7, 8 | 4 | .. 22 | 1 Thes. 1 |
| .. 8 | .. 9 | 5 | .. 23 | .. 2 |
| .. 9 | .. 10 | 6 | .. 24 | .. 3 |
| .. 10 | .. 11, 12 | 7 | .. 25 | .. 4 |
| ..11, 12 | .. 13, 14 | 8 | .. 26 | .. 5 |
| .. 13 | .. 15, 16 | 9 | .. 27 | 2 Thes. 1 |
| .. 14 | .. 17 | 10 | .. 28 | .. 2 |
| .. 15 | .. 18 | 11 | .. 29 | .. 3 |
| .. 16 | .. 19 | 12 | .. 30 | 1 Tim. 1 |
| .. 17 | .. 20, 21 | 13 | .. 31 | .. 2 |
| .. 18 | .. 22 | 14 | Eccles. 1 | .. 3 |
| .. 19 | .. 23, 24 | 15 | .. 2 | .. 4 |
| .. 20 | .. 25 | 16 | .. 3 | .. 5 |
| .. 21 | .. 26, 27 | 17 | .. 4 | .. 6 |
| .. 22 | .. 28, 29 | 18 | .. 5 | 2 Tim. 1 |
| .. 23 | .. 30 | 19 | .. 6 | .. 2 |
| .. 24 | .. 31 | 20 | .. 7 | .. 3 |
| .. 25 | .. 32 | 21 | .. 8 | .. 4 |
| .. 26 | .. 33 | 22 | .. 9 | Titus 1 |
| .. 27 | .. 34 | 23 | .. 10 | .. 2 |
| Numbers 1 | .. 35 | 24 | .. 11 | .. 3 |
| .. 2 | .. 36 | 25 | .. 12 | Philemon 1 |
| .. 3 | .. 37 | 26 | Song 1 | Hebrews 1 |
| .. 4 | .. 38 | 27 | .. 2 | .. 2 |
| .. 5 | .. 39 | 28 | .. 3 | .. 3 |
| .. 6 | .. 40, 41 | 29 | .. 4 | .. 4 |
| .. 7 | .. 42, 43 | 30 | .. 5 | .. 5 |

## MAY.

FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE SCRIPTURES.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Numbers 8 | Psalms 44 | 1 | Song 6 | Hebrews 6 |
| .. 9 | .. 45 | 2 | .. 7 | .. 7 |
| .. 10 | .. 46, 47 | 3 | .. 8 | .. 8 |
| .. 11 | .. 48 | 4 | Isaiah 1 | .. 9 |
| 12, 13 | .. 49 | 5 | .. 2 | .. 10 |
| .. 14 | .. 50 | 6 | .. 3, 4 | .. 11 |
| .. 15 | .. 51 | 7 | .. 5 | .. 12 |
| .. 16 | .. 52-54 | 8 | .. 6 | .. 13 |
| 17, 18 | .. 55 | 9 | .. 7 | James 1 |
| .. 19 | .. 56, 57 | 10 | 8, 9 to v. 7 | .. 2 |
| .. 20 | .. 58, 59 | 11 | 9 v. 8, 10 v. 4 | .. 3 |
| .. 21 | .. 60, 61 | 12 | 10 v. 5 | .. 4 |
| .. 22 | .. 62, 63 | 13 | 11, 12 | .. 5 |
| .. 23 | .. 64, 65 | 14 | .. 13 | 1 Peter 1 |
| .. 24 | .. 66, 67 | 15 | .. 14 | .. 2 |
| .. 25 | .. 68 | 16 | .. 15 | .. 3 |
| .. 26 | .. 69 | 17 | .. 16 | .. 4 |
| .. 27 | .. 70, 71 | 18 | 17, 18 | .. 5 |
| .. 28 | .. 72 | 19 | 19, 20 | 2 Peter 1 |
| .. 29 | .. 73 | 20 | .. 21 | .. 2 |
| .. 30 | .. 74 | 21 | .. 22 | .. 3 |
| .. 31 | .. 75, 76 | 22 | .. 23 | 1 John 1 |
| .. 32 | .. 77 | 23 | .. 24 | .. 2 |
| .. 33 | 78 to v. 37 | 24 | .. 25 | .. 3 |
| .. 34 | 78 v. 38 | 25 | .. 26 | .. 4 |
| .. 35 | .. 79 | 26 | .. 27 | .. 5 |
| .. 36 | .. 80 | 27 | .. 28 | 2 John 1 |
| Deut. 1 | .. 81, 82 | 28 | .. 29 | 3 John 1 |
| .. 2 | .. 83, 84 | 29 | .. 30 | Jude 1 |
| .. 3 | .. 85 | 30 | .. 31 | Rev. 1 |
| .. 4 | .. 86, 87 | 31 | .. 32 | .. 2 |

## JUNE.

BLESSED IS HE THAT READETH AND THEY THAT HEAR.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Deut. 5 | Psalms 88 | 1 | Isaiah 33 | Rev. 3 |
| .. 6 | .. 89 | 2 | .. 34 | .. 4 |
| .. 7 | .. 90 | 3 | .. 35 | .. 5 |
| .. 8 | .. 91 | 4 | .. 36 | .. 6 |
| .. 9 | 92, 93 | 5 | .. 37 | .. 7 |
| .. 10 | .. 94 | 6 | .. 38 | .. 8 |
| .. 11 | 95, 96 | 7 | .. 39 | .. 9 |
| .. 12 | 97, 98 | 8 | .. 40 | .. 10 |
| 13, 14 | 99-101 | 9 | .. 41 | .. 11 |
| .. 15 | .. 102 | 10 | .. 42 | .. 12 |
| .. 16 | .. 103 | 11 | .. 43 | .. 13 |
| .. 17 | .. 104 | 12 | .. 44 | .. 14 |
| .. 18 | .. 105 | 13 | .. 45 | .. 15 |
| .. 19 | .. 106 | 14 | .. 46 | .. 16 |
| .. 20 | .. 107 | 15 | .. 47 | .. 17 |
| .. 21 | 108, 109 | 16 | .. 48 | .. 18 |
| .. 22 | 110, 111 | 17 | .. 49 | .. 19 |
| .. 23 | 112, 113 | 18 | .. 50 | .. 20 |
| .. 24 | 114, 115 | 19 | .. 51 | .. 21 |
| .. 25 | 116 | 20 | .. 52 | .. 22 |
| .. 26 | 117, 118 | 21 | .. 53 | Matt. 1 |
| 27, 28 to v. 19 | 119 to v. 24 | 22 | .. 54 | .. 2 |
| 28 v. 20 | v. 25 to 48 | 23 | .. 55 | .. 3 |
| .. 29 | v. 49 to 72 | 24 | .. 56 | .. 4 |
| .. 30 | v. 73 to 96 | 25 | .. 57 | .. 5 |
| .. 31 | v. 97 to 120 | 26 | .. 58 | .. 6 |
| .. 32 | v. 121 to 144 | 27 | .. 59 | .. 7 |
| 33, 34 | v. 145 to 176 | 28 | .. 60 | .. 8 |
| Josh. 1 | 120-122 | 29 | .. 61 | .. 9 |
| .. 2 | 123-125 | 30 | .. 62 | .. 10 |
| | | | .. | |

## JULY.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Joshua 3 | Ps. 126-128 | 1 | Isaiah 63 | Matthew 11 |
| .. 4 | .. 129-131 | 2 | .. 64 | .. 12 |
| 5, 6 to v. 5 | .. 132-134 | 3 | .. 65 | .. 13 |
| 6 v. 6 | .. 135,136 | 4 | .. 66 | .. 14 |
| .. 7 | .. 137,138 | 5 | Jer. 1 | .. 15 |
| .. 8 | .. 139 | 6 | .. 2 | .. 16 |
| .. 9 | .. 140, 141 | 7 | .. 3 | .. 17 |
| .. 10 | .. 142, 143 | 8 | .. 4 | .. 18 |
| .. 11 | .. 144 | 9 | .. 5 | .. 19 |
| 12, 13 | .. 145 | 10 | .. 6 | .. 20 |
| 14, 15 | .. 146, 147 | 11 | .. 7 | .. 21 |
| 16, 17 | .. 148 | 12 | .. 8 | .. 22 |
| 18, 19 | .. 149, 150 | 13 | .. 9 | .. 23 |
| 20, 21 | Acts 1 | 14 | .. 10 | .. 24 |
| .. 22 | .. 2 | 15 | .. 11 | .. 25 |
| .. 23 | .. 3 | 16 | .. 12 | .. 26 |
| .. 24 | .. 4 | 17 | .. 13 | .. 27 |
| Judges 1 | .. 5 | 18 | .. 14 | .. 28 |
| .. 2 | .. 6 | 19 | .. 15 | Mark 1 |
| .. 3 | .. 7 | 20 | .. 16 | .. 2 |
| .. 4 | .. 8 | 21 | .. 17 | .. 3 |
| .. 5 | .. 9 | 22 | .. 18 | .. 4 |
| .. 6 | .. 10 | 23 | .. 19 | .. 5 |
| .. 7 | .. 11 | 24 | .. 20 | .. 6 |
| .. 8 | .. 12 | 25 | .. 21 | .. 7 |
| .. 9 | .. 13 | 26 | .. 22 | .. 8 |
| 10, 11 to v. 11 | .. 14 | 27 | .. 23 | .. 9 |
| 11 v. 12 | .. 15 | 28 | .. 24 | .. 10 |
| .. 12 | .. 16 | 29 | .. 25 | .. 11 |
| .. 13 | .. 17 | 30 | .. 26 | .. 12 |
| .. 14 | .. 18 | 31 | .. 27 | .. 13 |

## AUGUST.

SPEAK, LORD! FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Judges 15 | Acts 19 | 1 | Jer. 28 | Mark 14 |
| . 16 | .. 20 | 2 | .. 29 | .. 15 |
| .. 17 | .. 21 | 3 | 30, 31 | .. 16 |
| .. 18 | .. 22 | 4 | .. 32 | Psalms 1, 2 |
| .. 19 | .. 23 | 5 | .. 33 | .. 3, 4 |
| .. 20 | .. 24 | 6 | .. 34 | .. 5, 6 |
| .. 21 | .. 25 | 7 | .. 35 | .. 7, 8 |
| Ruth 1 | .. 26 | 8 | 36, 45 | .. 9 |
| .. 2 | .. 27 | 9 | .. 37 | .. 10 |
| .. 3, 4 | .. 28 | 10 | .. 38 | .. 11, 12 |
| 1 Samuel 1 | Romans 1 | 11 | .. 39 | .. 13, 14 |
| .. 2 | .. 2 | 12 | .. 40 | .. 15, 16 |
| .. 3 | .. 3 | 13 | .. 41 | .. 17 |
| .. 4 | .. 4 | 14 | .. 42 | .. 18 |
| .. 5, 6 | .. 5 | 15 | .. 43 | .. 19 |
| .. 7, 8 | .. 6 | 16 | .. 44 | .. 20, 21 |
| .. 9 | .. 7 | 17 | .. 46 | .. 22 |
| .. 10 | .. 8 | 18 | .. 47 | .. 23, 24 |
| .. 11 | .. 9 | 19 | .. 48 | .. 25 |
| .. 12 | .. 10 | 20 | .. 49 | .. 26, 27 |
| .. 13 | .. 11 | 21 | .. 50 | .. 28, 29 |
| .. 14 | .. 12 | 22 | .. 51 | .. 30 |
| .. 15 | .. 13 | 23 | .. 52 | .. 31 |
| .. 16 | .. 14 | 24 | Lamen. 1 | .. 32 |
| .. 17 | .. 15 | 25 | .. 2 | .. 33 |
| .. 18 | .. 16 | 26 | .. 3 | .. 34 |
| .. 19 | 1 Cor. 1 | 27 | .. 4 | .. 35 |
| .. 20 | .. 2 | 28 | .. 5 | .. 36 |
| 21, 22 | .. 3 | 29 | Ezekiel 1 | .. 37 |
| .. 23 | .. 4 | 30 | .. 2 | .. 38 |
| .. 24 | .. 5 | 31 | .. 3 | .. 39 |

## SEPTEMBER.

THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT, CONVERTING THE SOUL.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Samuel 25 | 1 Cor. 6 | 1 | Ezek. 4 | Ps. 40, 41 |
| .. 26 | .. 7 | 2 | .. 5 | .. 42, 43 |
| .. 27 | .. 8 | 3 | .. 6 | .. 44 |
| .. 28 | .. 9 | 4 | .. 7 | .. 45 |
| 29, 30 | .. 10 | 5 | .. 8 | .. 46, 47 |
| .. 31 | .. 11 | 6 | .. 9 | .. 48 |
| 2 Samuel 1 | .. 12 | 7 | .. 10 | .. 49 |
| .. 2 | .. 13 | 8 | .. 11 | .. 50 |
| .. 3 | .. 14 | 9 | .. 12 | .. 51 |
| .. 4, 5 | .. 15 | 10 | .. 13 | .. 52-54 |
| .. 6 | .. 16 | 11 | .. 14 | .. 55 |
| .. 7 | 2 Cor. 1 | 12 | .. 15 | .. 56, 57 |
| .. 8, 9 | .. 2 | 13 | .. 16 | .. 58, 59 |
| .. 10 | .. 3 | 14 | .. 17 | .. 60, 61 |
| .. 11 | .. 4 | 15 | .. 18 | .. 62, 63 |
| .. 12 | .. 5 | 16 | .. 19 | .. 64, 65 |
| .. 13 | .. 6 | 17 | .. 20 | .. 66, 67 |
| .. 14 | .. 7 | 18 | .. 21 | .. 68 |
| .. 15 | .. 8 | 19 | .. 22 | .. 69 |
| .. 16 | .. 9 | 20 | .. 23 | .. 70, 71 |
| .. 17 | .. 10 | 21 | .. 24 | .. 72 |
| .. 18 | .. 11 | 22 | .. 25 | .. 73 |
| .. 19 | .. 12 | 23 | .. 26 | .. 74 |
| .. 20 | .. 13 | 24 | .. 27 | .. 75, 76 |
| .. 21 | Gal. 1 | 25 | .. 28 | .. 77 |
| .. 22 | .. 2 | 26 | .. 29 | 78 to v. 37 |
| .. 23 | .. 3 | 27 | .. 30 | 78 v. 38 |
| .. 24 | .. 4 | 28 | .. 31 | .. 79 |
| 1 Kings 1 | .. 5 | 29 | .. 32 | .. 80 |
| .. 2 | .. 6 | 30 | .. 33 | .. 81, 82 |

## OCTOBER.

O! HOW I LOVE THY LAW; IT IS MY MEDITATION ALL THE DAY.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Kings 3 | Eph. 1 | 1 | Ezek. 34 | Ps. 83, 84 |
| .. 4, 5 | .. 2 | 2 | .. 35 | .. 85 |
| .. 6 | .. 3 | 3 | .. 36 | .. 86 |
| .. 7 | .. 4 | 4 | .. 37 | .. 87, 88 |
| .. 8 | .. 5 | 5 | .. 38 | .. 89 |
| .. 9 | .. 6 | 6 | .. 39 | .. 90 |
| .. 10 | Phil. 1 | 7 | .. 40 | .. 91 |
| .. 11 | .. 2 | 8 | .. 41 | .. 92, 93 |
| .. 12 | .. 3 | 9 | .. 42 | .. 94 |
| .. 13 | .. 4 | 10 | .. 43 | .. 95, 96 |
| .. 14 | Col. 1 | 11 | .. 44 | .. 97, 98 |
| .. 15 | .. 2 | 12 | .. 45 | .. 99-101 |
| .. 16 | .. 3 | 13 | .. 46 | .. 102 |
| .. 17 | .. 4 | 14 | .. 47 | .. 103 |
| .. 18 | 1 Thes. 1 | 15 | .. 48 | .. 104 |
| .. 19 | .. 2 | 16 | Dan. 1 | .. 105 |
| .. 20 | .. 3 | 17 | .. 2 | .. 106 |
| .. 21 | .. 4 | 18 | .. 3 | .. 107 |
| .. 22 | .. 5 | 19 | .. 4 | .. 108, 109 |
| 2 Kings 1 | 2 Thes. 1 | 20 | .. 5 | .. 110, 111 |
| .. 2 | .. 2 | 21 | .. 6 | .. 112, 113 |
| .. 3 | .. 3 | 22 | .. 7 | .. 114, 115 |
| .. 4 | 1 Tim. 1 | 23 | .. 8 | .. 116 |
| .. 5 | .. 2 | 24 | .. 9 | .. 117, 118 |
| .. 6 | .. 3 | 25 | .. 10 | 119 to v. 24 |
| .. 7 | .. 4 | 26 | .. 11 | v. 25 to 48 |
| .. 8 | .. 5 | 27 | .. 12 | v. 49 to 72 |
| .. 9 | .. 6 | 28 | Hos. 1 | v. 73 to 96 |
| .. 10 | 2 Tim. 1 | 29 | .. 2 | v. 97 to 120 |
| 11, 12 | .. 2 | 30 | .. 3, 4 | v. 121 to 144 |
| .. 13 | .. 3 | 31 | .. 5, 6 | v. 145 to 176 |

## NOVEMBER.

AS NEW BORN BABES, DESIRE THE SINCERE MILK OF THE WORD, THAT YE MAY GROW THEREBY.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 Kings 14 | 2 Tim. 4 | 1 | Hosea 7 | Ps. 120-122 |
| .. 15 | Tit. 1 | 2 | .. 8 | .. 123-125 |
| .. 16 | .. 2 | 3 | .. 9 | .. 126-128 |
| .. 17 | .. 3 | 4 | .. 10 | .. 129-131 |
| .. 18 | Phile. 1 | 5 | .. 11 | .. 132-134 |
| .. 19 | Heb. 1 | 6 | .. 12 | .. 135, 136 |
| .. 20 | .. 2 | 7 | .. 13 | .. 137, 138 |
| .. 21 | .. 3 | 8 | .. 14 | .. 139 |
| .. 22 | .. 4 | 9 | Joel 1 | .. 140, 141 |
| .. 23 | .. 5 | 10 | .. 2 | .. 142 |
| .. 24 | .. 6 | 11 | .. 3 | .. 143 |
| .. 25 | .. 7 | 12 | Amos 1 | .. 144 |
| 1 Chr. 1, 2 | .. 8 | 13 | .. 2 | .. 145 |
| .. 3, 4 | .. 9 | 14 | .. 3 | .. 146, 147 |
| .. 5, 6 | .. 10 | 15 | .. 4 | .. 148-150 |
| .. 7, 8 | .. 11 | 16 | .. 5 | Lk. 1 to v. 38 |
| .. 9, 10 | .. 12 | 17 | .. 6 | .. 1 v. 39 |
| 11, 12 | .. 13 | 18 | .. 7 | .. 2 |
| 13, 14 | James 1 | 19 | .. 8 | .. 3 |
| .. 15 | .. 2 | 20 | .. 9 | .. 4 |
| .. 16 | .. 3 | 21 | Obadiah | .. 5 |
| .. 17 | .. 4 | 22 | Jonah 1 | .. 6 |
| .. 18 | .. 5 | 23 | .. 2 | .. 7 |
| 19, 20 | 1 Pet. 1 | 24 | .. 3 | .. 8 |
| .. 21 | .. 2 | 25 | .. 4 | .. 9 |
| .. 22 | .. 3 | 26 | Micah 1 | .. 10 |
| .. 23 | .. 4 | 27 | .. 2 | .. 11 |
| 24, 25 | .. 5 | 28 | .. 3 | .. 12 |
| 26, 27 | 2 Pet. 1 | 29 | .. 4 | .. 13 |
| .. 28 | .. 2 | 30 | .. 5 | .. 14 |

## DECEMBER.

THE LAW OF HIS GOD IS IN HIS HEART; NONE OF HIS STEPS SHALL SLIDE.

| FAMILY. | | | SECRET. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Chr. 29 | 2 Pet. 3 | 1 | Micah 6 | Luke 15 |
| 2 Chr. 1 | 1 John 1 | 2 | .. 7 | .. 16 |
| .. 2 | .. 2 | 3 | Nahum 1 | .. 17 |
| .. 3, 4 | .. 3 | 4 | .. 2 | .. 18 |
| 5, 6 to v. 11 | .. 4 | 5 | .. 3 | .. 19 |
| 6 v. 12 | .. 5 | 6 | Habe. 1 | .. 20 |
| .. 7 | 2 John 1 | 7 | .. 2 | .. 21 |
| .. 8 | 3 John 1 | 8 | .. 3 | .. 22 |
| .. 9 | Jude 1 | 9 | Zeph. 1 | .. 23 |
| .. 10 | Rev. 1 | 10 | .. 2 | .. 24 |
| 11, 12 | .. 2 | 11 | .. 3 | John 1 |
| .. 13 | .. 3 | 12 | Hag. 1 | .. 2 |
| 14, 15 | .. 4 | 13 | .. 2 | .. 3 |
| .. 16 | .. 5 | 14 | Zech. 1 | .. 4 |
| .. 17 | .. 6 | 15 | .. 2 | .. 5 |
| .. 18 | .. 7 | 16 | .. 3 | .. 6 |
| 19, 20 | .. 8 | 17 | .. 4 | .. 7 |
| .. 21 | .. 9 | 18 | .. 5 | .. 8 |
| 22, 23 | .. 10 | 19 | .. 6 | .. 9 |
| .. 24 | .. 11 | 20 | .. 7 | .. 10 |
| .. 25 | .. 12 | 21 | .. 8 | .. 11 |
| .. 26 | .. 13 | 22 | .. 9 | .. 12 |
| 27, 28 | .. 14 | 23 | .. 10 | .. 13 |
| .. 29 | .. 15 | 24 | .. 11 | .. 14 |
| .. 30 | .. 16 | 25 | 12, 13 to v. 1 | .. 15 |
| .. 31 | .. 17 | 26 | 13 v. 2 | .. 16 |
| .. 32 | .. 18 | 27 | .. 14 | .. 17 |
| .. 33 | .. 19 | 28 | Mal. 1 | .. 18 |
| .. 34 | .. 20 | 29 | .. 2 | .. 19 |
| .. 35 | .. 21 | 30 | .. 3 | .. 20 |
| .. 36 | .. 22 | 31 | .. 4 | .. 21 |

# SONGS OF ZION,

TO CHEER AND GUIDE PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

## 1. THE BARREN FIG TREE.

Within the vineyard's sunny bound
An ample fig tree shelter found,
Enjoying sun and showers—
The boughs were graceful to the view,
With spreading leaves of deep-green hue,
And gaily blushing flowers.

When round the vintage season came,
This blooming fig was still the same,
As promising and fair;
But though the leaves were broad and green,
No precious fruit was to be seen,
Because no fruit was there.

"For three long years," the Master cried,
"Fruit on this tree to find I've tried,
But all in vain my toil;
Ungrateful tree! the axe's blow
Shall lay thy leafy honors low;
Why cumbers it the soil?"

"Ah! let it stand just one year more,"
The dresser said, "till all my store
Of rural arts I've shown;
About the massy roots I'll dig,
And if it bear, we've gained the fig—
If not, then cut it down."

How many years hast thou, my heart,
Acted the barren fig tree's part,
Leafy, and fresh and fair,
Enjoying heavenly dews of grace,
And sunny smiles from God's own face—
But where the fruit? ah! where?

How often must the Lord have prayed
That still my day might be delayed,
Till all due means were tried;
Afflictions, mercies, health, and pain,
How long shall these be all in vain
To teach this heart of pride?

Learn, O my soul, what God demands
Is not a faith like barren sands,
But fruit of heavenly hue;
By this we prove that Christ we know,
If in his holy steps we go—
Faith works by love, if true.

*August* 14, 1834.

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## 2. JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

(The watchword of the Reformers.)

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see.—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death song shall be.

*November* 18, 1834.

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## 3. "THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES."

Dark was the night, the wind was high,
The way by mortals never trod;
For God had made the channel dry,
When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand
Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps, Israel trod
The depths of that mysterious way;
Cheer'd by the pillar of their God,
That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore
As morning streak'd the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind
Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng;
And while they gazed on all behind,
Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus thy redeem'd ones, Lord, on earth,
While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
The path no human strength can tread;
Jesus, be thou the pillar-cloud,
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh! when life's dark journey o'er,
And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore,
And tread yon golden strand at last,—

Shall we not see with deep amaze,
How grace hath led us safe along;
And whilst behind—before, we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song!

And even on earth, though sore bested,
Fightings without, and fears within;
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow captive led by sin.

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes
On Thee, thou brilliant tower of fire—
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—
That Hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
Though Satan and his legions rage;
And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

EDINBURGH, 1835.

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## 4. ON MUNGO PARK'S FINDING A TUFT OF GREEN MOSS IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.

"Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed."—PARK'S TRAVELS.

The sun had reached his mid-day height,
And poured down floods of burning light,
On Afric's barren land;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky,
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

No mighty rock upreared its head
To bless the wanderer with its shade
In all the weary plain;
No palm-trees with refreshing green
To glad the dazzling eye were seen,
But one wide sandy main.

Dauntless and daring was the mind
That left all home-born joys behind
These deserts to explore—
To trace the mighty Niger's course,
And find it bubbling from its source
In wilds untrod before.

And ah! shall we less daring show,
Who nobler ends and motives know
Than ever heroes dream—
Who seek to lead the savage mind
The precious fountain-head to find
Whence flows salvation's stream?

Let peril, nakedness, and sword,
Hot barren sands, and despot's word
Our burning zeal oppose—
Yet, Martyn-like, we'll lift the voice,
Bidding the wilderness rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

Sad, faint, and weary on the sand
Our traveller sat him down; his hand
Covered his burning head,
Above, beneath, behind, around—
No resting for the eye he found;
All nature seemed as dead.

One tiny tuft of moss alone
Mantling with freshest green a stone,
Fixed his delighted gaze—
Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
And while he raised the tendril wild
His lips o'erflowed with praise.

"Oh, shall not He who keeps thee green,
Here in the waste, unknown, unseen—
Thy fellow-exile save?
He who commands the dew to feed
Thy gentle flower, can surely lead
Me from a scorching grave!"

The heaven-sent plant new hope inspired—
New courage all his bosom fired,
And bore him safe along;
Till with the evening's cooling shade
He slept within the verdant glade,
Lulled by the negro's song.

Thus, we in this world's wilderness,
Where sin and sorrow—guilt—distress
Seem undisturbed to reign—
May faint because we feel alone,
With none to strike our favorite tone
And join our homeward strain.

Yet, often in the bleakest wild
Of this dark world, some heaven-born child,
Expectant of the skies,
Amid the low and vicious crowd,
Or in the dwellings of the proud,
Meets our admiring eyes.

From gazing on the tender flower,
We lift our eyes to Him whose power
Hath all its beauty given;
Who, in this atmosphere of death,
Hath given it life, and form, and breath,
And brilliant hues of heaven.

Our drooping faith, revived by sight,
Anew her pinion plumes for flight,
New hope distends the breast;
With joy we mount on eagle wing,
With bolder tone our anthem sing,
And seek the pilgrim's rest.

*March*, 1836.

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## 5. "I AM DEBTOR."

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,

When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies;
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns;
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor, how much I owe.

*May*, 1837.

## 6. CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

Like mist on the mountain,
  Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
  Of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers
  How soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day
  To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets
  In April and May!
But often the frost makes
  Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
  Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room"
  To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,
  He first knew the Lord,
He slept in his smile
  And rejoiced in his word.
So most of God's children
  Are early brought nigh:
Oh, seek him in youth—
  To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure?
  Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin laden
  And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
  You will triumphing cry—
"If this be called dying,
  'Tis pleasant to die!"

*Jan.* 1, 1831.

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## 7. "THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."

When Israel knew not where to go,
God made the fiery pillar glow;
By night, by day, above the camp
It led the way—their guiding lamp;

Such is thy holy Word to me
In day of dark perplexity.
When devious paths before me spread,
And all invite my foot to tread,
I hear thy voice behind me say—
"Believing soul, this is the way,
Walk thou in it." O gentle Dove,
How much thy holy law I love!
My lamp and light
In the dark night.

When Paul amid the seas seemed lost,
By Adrian billows wildly tossed,
When neither sun nor star appeared,
And every wave its white head reared
Above the ship, beside his bed
An angel stood, and "Fear not" said.
Such is thy holy Word to me
When tossed upon affliction's sea;
When floods come in unto my soul,
And the deep waters o'er me roll,
With angel voice thy Word draws near
And says, "'Tis I, why shouldst thou fear?
Through troubles great my saints must go
Into their rest, where neither woe
Nor sin can come; where every tear
From off the cheek shall disappear,
Wiped by God's hand." O gentle Dove,
Thy holy law how much I love!
My lamp and light
In the dark night.

When holy Stephen dauntless stood
Before the Jews, who sought his blood,
With angel face he looked on high,
And wondering, through the parted sky,
Saw Jesus risen from his throne
To claim the martyr as his own.
Angelic peace that sight bestowed,
With holy joy his bosom glowed,
And while the murderous stones they hurled
His heaven-wrapt soul sought yonder world
Of rest. "My Spirit, Saviour, keep,"
He cried, he kneeled, he fell asleep.
Such be thy holy Word to me
In hour of life's extremity!
Although no more the murdering hand
Is raised within our peaceful land—

The Church has rest, and I may ne'er
Be called the martyr's crown to wear:
Yet still, in whatsoever form
Death comes to me, in midnight storm
Whelming my bark, or in my nest,
Gently dismissing me to rest,
O grant me in thy Word to see
A risen Saviour beckoning me.
No evil then my heart shall fear
In the dark valley. Thou art near!
My trembling soul and thou, my God,
Alone art there; thy staff and rod
Shall comfort me. O gentle Dove,
How much thy holy law I love!
My lamp and light
In the dark night.

1838

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## 8. FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

Isaiah viii. 6.

Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs,
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave,
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means "*One sent from God;*
And thus the holy Saviour's fame,
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear.
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are.

*Foot of Carmel, June*, 1839.

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## 9. THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me, thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
  Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness far above
  What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
  Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell
  Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
  And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
  Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
  Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah, far more! the beautiful feet
  Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past—Bethsaida, where?
  Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
  The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
  Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
  With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
  How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
  Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
  The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me?
  My lambs and sheep then feed."

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!
  Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand
  And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
  Threefold thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
  Thy flock—both thine and mine.

*Sea of Galilee, 16th July*, 1839.

## 10. TO YONDER SIDE.

Luke viii. 22-25.

Behind the hills of Naphtali
The sun went slowly down,
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree,
A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried,
The chosen twelve stood by,
"And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
While the swelling sail they spread,
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps
With a pillow 'neath his head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest—
Sleep flies the guilty eye—
But he who leans on the Father's breast
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
O'er Bashan's rocky brow—
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, master—master, wake—
Carest thou not to save?"

Calmly he rose with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest.
"Ye waves," he whispered, "Peace! be still!"
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul."

And now he bends his gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er,
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, *To yonder shore.*"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And showed me why he died,
He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
And said, "*To yonder side.*"

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
And heard the deluge roar—
No soul can perish that has felt
My rest—*To yonder shore.*"

Peaceful and calm the tide of life
When first I sailed with thee—
My sins forgiven—no inward strife—
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves—
My soul is tempest tossed—
Corruptions rise, like angry waves,
"Help, master, I am lost!"

"Peace! peace! be still thou raging breast,
My fulness is for thee"—
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel this holy eye
Upbraids my heart of pride—
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, *To yonder side.*"

*Begun at the Lake of Galilee, 15th July,* 1839.

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## 11. ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA IN THE BAY OF CARMEL.

O Lord, this swelling, tideless sea,
Is like thy love in Christ to me;
The ceaseless waves that fill the bay
Through flinty rocks have worn their way,
And thy unceasing love alone
Hath broken through this heart of stone.
The countless smile that gilds the deep
When sunbeams on the water sleep,

Is like thy countless smile of grace
When I am seen in Jesus' face.
No ebbing tide these waters know,
Pure, placid, constant in their flow—
No ebb thy love to me hath known
Since first it chose me for thine own.
Or if, perchance, at thy command,
The wave retiring leaves the sand,
One moment all is dry, and then
It turns to fill the shore again:
So have I found thy wondrous grace
Forsake my soul a little space;
Barren and cold, deserted, dry,
A helpless worm to thee I cry;
Thy face is hid a little while,
But with the morning comes thy smile—
Jesus once more his beauty shows,
And all my heart with peace o'erflows.

These deep blue waters leave the shore
Of Israel, as in days of yore!
Though Zion like a field is ploughed,
And Salem's covered with a cloud—
Though briers and thorns are tangled o'er
Where vine and olive twined before—
Though turbaned Moslems tread the gate,
And Judah sits most desolate—
Their nets o'er Tyre the fishers spread,
And Carmel's top is withered—
Yet still these waters clasp the shore
As kindly as they did before!
Such is thy love to Judah's race,
A deep unchanging tide of grace.
Though scattered now at thy command
They pine away in every land,
With trembling heart and failing eyes—
And deep the veil on Israel lies—
Yet still thy word thou canst not break,
"Beloved for their fathers' sake."

18*th July*, 1839, *near Acre.*

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## 12. THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

Suffer me to come to Jesus,
Mother, dear, forbid me not;
By his blood from hell he frees us;
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,
At his pierced feet to fall;
Why forbid me? help me, rather;
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him;
Gentle sisters come with me;
Oh that all I love but knew him,
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father, mother, sister, friend—
Jesus never will forbid me!
Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder
Carry me, a sinful lamb;
Give me faith, and make me bolder
Till with thee in heaven I am.

*July*, 1841.

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## 13. OIL IN THE LAMP

FOR A SABBATH CLASS.

MATT. XXV. 1–13.

Ten virgins clothed in white,
The Bridegroom went to meet;
Their lamps were burning bright
To guide his welcome feet.

Five of the band were wise—
Their lamps with oil filled high;
The rest this care despise,
And take their vessels dry.

Long time the Lord abode—
Down came the shades of night—
The weary virgins nod,
And then they sleep outright.

At midnight came the cry
Upon their startled ear—
Behold the Bridegroom nigh,
To light his steps appear.

They trim their lamps; in vain
The foolish virgins toil—
Our lamps are out, O deign
To give us of your oil!

Not so—the wise ones cry—
No oil have we to spare;
But swiftly run and buy,
That you the joy may share.

They went to buy, when lo!
The Bridegroom comes in state;
Within those ready go,
And shut the golden gate.

The foolish virgins now
Before the gateway crowd;
With terror on their brow
They knock and cry aloud:—

"Lord, open to our call—
Hast thou our names forgot?"
Sadly the accents fall—
"Depart, I know you not."

Learn here, my child, how vain
This world, with all its lies,
Those who the kingdom gain
Alone are truly wise.

How vain the Christian name,
If still you live in sin:—
A lamp, and wick, and flame,
No drop of oil within.

Is your lamp filled, my child,
With oil from Christ above?
Has he your heart, so wild,
Made soft and full of love?

Then you are ready now
With Christ to enter in;
To see his holy brow,
And bid farewell to sin.

Sinners! behold the gate
Of Jesus open still;
Come, ere it be too late,
And enter if you will.

The Saviour's gentle hand
Knocks at your door to-day;
But vain his loud demand—
You spurn his love away.

So at the Saviour's door
You'll knock, with trembling heart;
The day of mercy o'er,
Jesus will say—depart.

1841

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## 14. ON J. T., A BELIEVING BOY,

Who died Feb., 1842.

I little thought when last we met,
Thy sun on earth was nearly set--
I said what I can ne'er forget,
"Dear boy, we'll meet again."

Though thou wert tossed upon thy bed,
And sometimes criedst, "My head, my head;"
Yet still the smile came back—I said,
"Fair boy, we'll meet again."

No hope thy weeping mother had,
Thy sister's face was pale and sad,
But thine was always bright and glad—
Dear boy, we'll meet again.

"'Twas kind," thou saidst, "in God to die
For worms like me. Once I would fly
A darkened room—now Christ is nigh"—
Fair boy, we'll meet again.

"I love you well, my mother dear—
I love you all, yet shed no tear—
I'd rather be with Christ than here—
Farewell, we'll meet again.

"I fain would live to preach to men;
But, if my God would spare till then,
I would be loth to die again"—
Dear boy, we'll meet again.

The Sabbath-sun rose bright and clear
When thine was setting on us here,
To shine more bright in yonder sphere—
Farewell, we'll meet again.

I stood beside thy silent bed,
Thy marble brow was cold and dead,
Thy gentle soul was fled—was fled—
Dear boy, we'll meet again.

I saw thee in thy narrow rest,
The clods upon thy coffin pressed,
The clouds dropped tears, yet in my breast
God said, "We'll meet again."

Yes, parents, smile through all your tears,
A crown of life your darling wears,
The grave a shady porch appears,
To where we'll meet again.

The precious dust beneath that lies
Shall at the call of Jesus rise,
To meet the bridegroom in the skies—
That day we'll meet again.

## CONCLUDING MEMORIALS

It is perhaps right to preserve a specimen of the many tributes to his memory which appeared at the time of his decease. One of these, written in his own town by the Rev. J. Roxburgh, after a brief review of his life, concluded thus:—

"Whether viewed as a son, a brother, a friend, or a pastor, often has the remark been made, by those who knew him most intimately, that he was the most faultless and attractive exhibition of the true Christian which they had ever seen embodied in a living form. His great study was to be Christ-like. He was a man of remarkable singleness of heart. He lived but for one object—the glory of the Redeemer in connexion with the salvation of immortal souls. Hence, he carried with him a kind of hallowing influence into every company into which he entered, and his brethren were accustomed to feel as if all were well when their measures met with the sanction and approval of Mr. M'Cheyne. He was, indeed, the object of an esteem and reverence altogether singular toward so young a man, and which had their foundation in the deep and universal conviction of his perfect integrity of purpose—his unbending sincerity and truthfulness—his Christian generosity of spirit—and in the persuasion that he was a man who lived near to God, as was evident from his holy walk, his spiritual and heavenly-minded frame, and his singularly amiable and affectionate temper and disposition. In his zeal to the cause,

in which the Church is engaged he was most exemplary. His spiritual mind had a quick and strong perception of the connexion of the great principles for which she is contending, with the interests of vital godliness in the land. His views concerning the issues of the controversy, as regards the fate of the Establishment, and the guilt and consequent danger of the country, were remarkably dark; but, as respects the imperishable interests of the Gospel, he rejoiced in the assurance, 'We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.' The example of his zeal and growing devotion in this cause has been bequeathed by him as a precious legacy to his attached and weeping flock. His death has spread a general gloom among the friends of religion throughout this town, and bitter are the tears that have been wrung from many eyes all unused to weep. Every one feels as if bereaved of a personal friend, and is at a loss for language to convey his sense of the loss which himself and the cause of truth have sustained—'sorrowing most of all that they shall see his face no more.' 'There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.' May the Lord increase the measures of his grace and strength to his surviving servants, who are called to occupy the breach thus left in the walls of our Zion! 'Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.'

"It is impossible to describe the grief which pervades his flock. The lane in which his residence was situated was constantly crowded with anxious inquirers, and numerous prayer-meetings were held during the progress of his illness. On Thursday there was the usual meeting in the church, and it was then agreed by many present, to meet for prayer the next evening in the schoolhouse. This they accordingly did, but it proved all too small to contain the crowds who flocked to it, and an adjournment to the church was necessary. Towards the close, it became known that increasing fears for their pastor's life were entertained, and the mourning people were with difficulty persuaded against remaining in the church throughout the night; and when, the next morning, the news spread amongst them, the voice of weeping might have been heard in almost every household. On Sabbath, Mr. Bonar of Collace, the dear friend of the deceased, and his companion in Palestine, preached in the forenoon and afternoon, and Mr. Miller of Wallacetown in the evening.* On each occasion, the church (including the passages) was crowded in every part; and it was remarked by those who were present, that they never before saw so many men in tears. It was truly a weeping congregation."

The funeral took place on the Thursday following. "Business

* The texts were these:—After reading 2 Kings ii. 1–15, the subject in the forenoon was Romans viii. 38, 39—in the afternoon, Romans viii. 28–30—in the evening, Rev. viii. 13–17

Roman centurion, who loved their nation, and built them a synagogue. Still the Jewish Church was not evangelistic. It was not intended at that time to spread the light to other nations. But when Jesus comes, he breaks down the boards and curtains, and says, "Ye are the light of the world," "among whom ye shine as lights *in the world*."

2. In like manner, there was *a golden altar where incense was burnt* every morning and evening, representing the intercession of Christ and his saints. Still, it is remarkable that this altar was not within the vail; it was not in the holiest of all.

The Holy Ghost here plainly signified, that the Church in the wilderness had not that liberty in prayer which we now have. They had not that intimate nearness to God which the New Testament believers enjoy. It is true, Israel were a praying people. David sought God's face seven times a-day, and Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a-day; and the 67th Psalm shows that they often remembered us poor Gentiles in their intercessions. "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known on the earth, and thy saving health among all nations." Still, they had not that *near, full, intimate* liberty at the throne of grace which is granted to those who are taught by the Spirit to pray,—Let us draw near, Abba, Father.

3. *There was a pure table covered with twelve loaves*, a loaf for each tribe of Israel; and only the priests were allowed to eat it. This plainly intimated Christ offered only to the twelve tribes of Israel—the dispensation in which the offer of salvation was nearly confined to the Jews. How different from the day when Jesus broke the loaves, and distributed to the multitudes! or that day when Jesus said, "I am the bread of God which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto *the world*. I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst?"

The holy place was then a shadow of good things to come. O how great is our privilege who live in the clear gospel day! and how awful your condemnation, if, when the shadows are fled away, and Christ the substance is freely offered, you still reject him. "If he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses, of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

### III. THE MOST HOLY PLACE.

I. *Its situation and name*, verse 3.—After the second vail. The vail here spoken of is described Ex. xxvi. 31–33. It was made of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. It hung upon four pillars, and divided between the holy place and

the most holy. It is the same vail that was rent in twain when Jesus died; Matt. xxvii. 51.

The chamber here mentioned then was the innermost of all—four square, the walls composed of boards overlaid with gold, covered in with curtains, having no light except the bright cloud that dwelt between the cherubims, the token that God had his dwelling there.

II. *Its contents.*—

1. *The golden censer.*—Verse 4. "Which had the golden censer." This was not the golden altar of incense, which was not in the holiest of all, and is not here mentioned. It is the censer spoken of, Lev. xvi. 12. On the solemn day of atonement, when the high priest entered into the holiest, he first took this *golden censer* and filled it with burning coals from the altar of burnt offering. He then entered the holy place and took a handful of sweet incense from the golden altar of incense, the incense beaten small, and then he drew aside the second vail and entered the holiest of all, burning the incense all the time. He was thus surrounded with a cloud of fragrant incense as he stood before the mercy-seat.

The meaning of this is very obvious—the Holy Ghost signified by this *Jesus our Intercessor.* If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. This is the angel of intercession whom John saw, Rev. viii. 3, offering up the prayers of *all* saints with much incense. The prayers of the highest believers are all sinful and polluted. There is so much unbelief, so much selfishness, so much forgetfulness mingling with all, that every prayer is sin. But if you put them into the golden censer, Jesus Christ the righteous will cover all the sin, and offer them up with much incense. This is the only way of acceptable worship. Is this your way of praying? Have you such a sense of sin that you are ashamed of your prayers? or do you put them into Christ's censer? It is an affecting thought that the censer of Christ is so often empty—so few prayers put into it. Here is the reason why the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to God; Prov. xv. 8. You do not put it into the censer of Jesus to be perfumed with the cloud of incense.

2. *The Ark.*—This was a chest made of shittim wood, and overlaid round about, *i. e.* within and without, with pure gold. The only thing which it contained in its bosom was the *two tables of stone* on which God wrote, with his own finger, the Ten Commandments. 1 Kings viii. 9. The ark was the chief thing about the tabernacle. It is the first thing Moses was commanded to make. Exodus xxv. When Israel brought the ark into the field of battle, the Philistines cried out, "God is come into their camp." It was for the ark of God that Eli's heart trembled; and when his daughter-in-law died, she called her child Ichabod, saying, "The

into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.'

"More than any one whom we have ever known, had he learned to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amidst all his humility, and it was very deep, he had a prevailing consciousness that he was one of those who belong to Jesus; and it was from Him, his living head, that he sought strength for the discharge of duty, and through Him, his Righteousness, that he sought the acceptance of his performances. The effect was to impart habitual tranquillity and composure to his spirit. He committed his ways to the Lord, and was sure that they would be brought to pass; and though his engagements were often numerous and pressing, he was enabled to go through them without hurry or perturbation. We can discern traces of this uniform self-possession in a matter so minute as his hand-writing. His most rapid notes show no symptoms of haste or bustle, but end in the same neat and regular style in which they began; and this quietness of spirit accompanied him into the most arduous labors and critical emergencies. His effort was to do all in the Surety; and he proved that promise, 'Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.'

"To speak with the plainness which such a solemn occasion justifies, or rather to make the confession which this heavy visitation calls for, it must be owned that, whilst the possession of such a bright and shining light was the Church of Scotland's privilege, the rarity of such is the Church of Scotland's sin. When we consider the ability and orthodoxy of the pious portion of our ministry, it is mournful how little progress the work of God has made. It certainly has not stood still; but taking the labors and success of the seven short and feeble years allotted to this faithful evangelist for our standard, we almost feel as if the work had been going back. If few congregations have witnessed the scenes with which St. Peter's had become happily familiar, one reason is that few ministers preach with the fervor, the Christ-exalting simplicity, and the prayerful expectancy of Robert M'Cheyne; and few follow out their preaching with the yet more impressive urgency of his gracious intercourse and consistent example. The voice of this loud providence shall not have been uttered in vain if it impart new instancy to the ministers, and new eagerness and solemnity to hearers—if it break up that conventional carnality which would restrain matters of eternal import to pulpits and Sabbath-days, and make it henceforth the business of the gospel ministry to win souls and tend them. Hireling shepherds will not regret the brother who is gone. His life and labors were a reproof to them. But if the many devout men who, now that Stephen has been carried to his burial, are making lamentation over him, would arise and follow him, even as he followed Christ, the present judgment would end in unprecedented

blessing. Coming at this conjuncture, the death of this faithful witness is a striking call to ministerial disinterestedness and devotedness. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' And while some are crying mournfully, 'Where is the Lord God of Elijah?' we pray that many may find the answer in a double portion of Elijah's spirit descending on themselves.

"London, *April* 3, 1843."

Even so, Lord! Amen

# LECTURES.

## LECTURE I.

### THE TEN VIRGINS.—PART I.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. xxv. 1–13.

THERE is not in the whole Bible a parable that applies more accurately to this congregation than this. Like the ten virgins, you may all be divided into two classes. Some of you are wise, I trust; and some, alas! are foolish. Like the virgins, you all profess a great deal; and yet some have the gift of the Holy Spirit, and some want it. And the day is fast hastening when you will be separated: the truly saved among you will enter in with Christ—the rest will be shut out for eternity. At present I can overtake only three facts.

I. *God's children are wise; the rest are foolish.*—Verse 2. Those of you who are God's children are truly wise. *First*, Not worldly-wise. This is denied: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."—1 Cor. i. 26, 27. And: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."—1 Cor. iii. 19. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Matt. xi. 25. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—Ps. viii. 2. Not many of deep, profound mind are saved—not many men of

learning—not many of your sagacious, worldly men—men wise to drive a bargain. These are often passed by; and God takes some little child that knows nothing of the world, or some peasant from behind his plough, and brings them to glory. Why? Just that no man may boast and say: It was my wit that saved me. *Second*, Yet God's children are wise—the only wise in this world.

1. *They see things as they truly are.* You that are mere professors do not see things as they truly are. (1.) Time. You do not see time as it truly is—the threshold of eternity; you do not see how short it is—that threescore and ten years are but a span; you do not see how rapidly it passes—like the swift ships—like the eagle to the prey; you do not see that it cannot be recalled, and that every moment is precious—that it is the time for conversion—the only time; else you could not waste it in mere pretences to godliness. They that are Christ's see time as it really is. (2.) Yourselves. You do not see yourselves as you truly are. You have never seen what it is to be by nature children of wrath; you have never seen the awful mountains of sin that are piled over your soul; you have never seen the lusts that bind your soul—the deep volcano of burning lust that is in your own bosom. They that are Christ's see this somewhat as it truly is. (3.) The favor of God. You have never seen how precious it is. You know the value of the favor of man, and therefore you wear a cloak of profession; but you know not the value of God's favor, or you would fly to Christ. They that are Christ's know this as it is.

2. *God's children do not rest in knowledge.* Hypocrites always rest in their knowledge. You never can tell them anything new. They say: I know that. Tell them of sin, of Christ, of judgment to come—they think they shall be saved because they have knowledge; although this knowledge has never led them to rest on Christ—to pray—to leave their sins. You that are Christ's have turned from idols—you are the only wise.

3. *A child of God lives for eternity.* A hypocrite lives for time. This was all Judas lived for—if he could pass off for a while as a true disciple—if he could keep up appearances for a time—if he could indulge his lusts, and yet be esteemed a believer, and a true apostle. He tried to keep up appearances to the last. So Demas wanted to deceive Paul for this life—to be thought a brother. Alas, how many of you are thus foolish!—living so as to keep up an appearance of being a Christian for a little time, though you know that you are living in positive sin, and that you will be discovered before the world in a short time. You only are truly wise who live for eternity—as you shall wish you had done when you come to die. Live in a manner you will wish you had done millions of ages after this.

4. *A child of God is like God.* God is the only wise. In him

are all the fountains of divine wisdom. God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. To become like him, is to become truly wise. Those of you who have fled to Christ, are becoming like God. You have got his spirit, and you are being changed into his image. You have one will with God. You fall in with God's purposes in this world. His joy is your joy. You that are mere professors have none of God's likeness. You do not seek it, nor desire it.

II. *The wise and foolish alike in many things.*—Verses 3, 4.

The virgins were alike in many things. To the eye of man they appeared the same. All were virgins, dressed probably in white—all their faces probably fair and comely. Each of the ten carried a silver lamp, bright and polished—and every lamp was lighted. Nay, all of them seemed to have one object in view. They went forth to meet the bridegroom. In one thing alone they differed. The foolish took no oil in their lamps; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. So it is with professors and God's children to this day.

In many things man can see no difference.

1. *You enjoy the same ordinances.* (1.) You sit under the same pastor—in the same seats. You come up together to the house of God in company. (2.) You sing the same psalms. Your voices blend together, and no ear but that of God can distinguish the voice of the hypocrite from that of the wise virgin. (3.) You stand up at the same prayer—all equally reverent in appearance. (4.) You listen to the same sermons. Sometimes you will be affected together. The feeling of sympathy runs through the midst of you, and none can tell where it is like early dew, or where it is the dew of the Spirit—the sympathy of nature or the sympathy of grace. (5.) You sit down at the same Lord's table, and pass the bread from hand to hand—you pass the cup from one to another. Ah! how affecting it is to think that so many in this congregation are but foolish virgins—that you will be parted in eternity.

2. *The same speech.* God's children speak the language of Canaan; but professors learn to imitate it, and at last no one can discover the difference. They speak of convictions of sin, awakening, getting light, seeking Christ, finding Christ, closing with Christ, finding peace—when all the time their hearts are far from God, and they are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Ah! how sad it is to think that many a tongue that has spoken much about Christ, and regeneration, and the Holy Spirit, shall yet want a drop of water to cool it in the burning lake.

3. *Same prayers.* One of the great marks of a child of God is prayer. He loves to pray: "Behold, he prayeth." But even this is imitated by professors, who have a name to live and are dead. Often they will pray in secret with great meltings and

affections; often they will pray in public with great fervor and pathos; and yet all the time they are living in sin, and know it. Alas! how sad that many of you whose voices have often been heard in prayer may yet be heard crying, "Lord, Lord, open to us"—crying on rocks and mountains to cover you from the wrath of God and of the Lamb!

4. *Same outward behavior.* The truest mark of a child of God is their avoiding sin. They flee from their old companions and old ways—they walk with God; and yet even this is imitated by the foolish virgins. They go out to meet their Lord. They flee old sins for a time—they hasten from their work to the house of God—they seek the company of God's children—perhaps they try to save others, and become very zealous in this. O how sad that many who now cling to the godly will soon be torn from them, and bound up with devils and wicked men!

III. *The difference:* No oil in their vessels.

Professors are often striven with by the Spirit. In the days of Noah he strove long to get men to leave their sins and enter the ark.—Gen. vi. 3. Israel in the wilderness: "They rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit."—Isa. lxiii. 10. Even in the days of Stephen: "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye."—Acts vii. 51. In the Bible, in the ministry—by mercies, by afflictions—he strives like a man wrestling with you. He strives to make you quit your sins, and flee into Christ. Most of you have felt the Spirit's strivings.

1. *They are not taught by the Spirit.* All who are saved are taught by the Spirit—"all taught of God." Without this, no man will come to Christ, for the soul is dead. He teaches our lost condition—then he glorifies Christ.

2. *They are not dwelt in by the Spirit.* The Spirit dwells in all who come to Christ.—John vii. 37. (1.) The seal: "In whom also after that ye believe, ye were sealed."—Eph. i. 13. The heart is the wax—the Holy Spirit the seal—the image of Christ the impression. He softens the heart, and presses on the seal; but not like other seals—he does not lift it away, but keeps it there. (2.) The witness: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit."—Rom. viii. 16. The spirit of adoption, crying "Abba" in the heart, is the Spirit bearing witness. When the soul is taken into the child's place, it can use a child's liberty. (3.) The earnest: "Given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."—2 Cor. i. 22. A little in hand of the full reward. The Holy Spirit in the heart is a little of heaven—the peace, joy, holy breathings, humility, communion of heaven all begun. Ah, my friends! be not deceived. Do not tell me you sit under this or that minister, have had those convictions, liberty in prayer, &c.; but are you changed? —have you got the new heart—heaven begun?

*St. Peter's, Dec.* 18, 1841.

# LECTURE II.

## THE TEN VIRGINS.—PART II.

"While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept."—MATT. xxv. 5.

IT is impossible to find a more solemn and awakening parable than this. I showed you last day—I. That God's children are truly wise, and mere professors truly foolish: You who are God's children see things as they are—you live for eternity, and have the mind of God. II. In how many things the wise and foolish virgins appear to be the same: Same ordinances—same speech—same prayers—same outward behavior. III. The difference: The Holy Spirit.

I. *Tarrying of the bridegroom.*

In that memorable discourse of the Saviour with his disciples, on the night of the last supper, Jesus said to them: "A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father."—John, xvi. 16. And again, John, in the Revelation, heard him say: "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame." And his last word, which fell like heavenliest music on John's enraptured ear, was: "Behold, I come quickly," and, "Surely, I come quickly." Many of the first Christians seem to have thought that he would come in their day: so that Paul, in Second Thessalonians, had to warn them that the great Romish apostasy must happen first. And we find that scoffers, in Peter's time, used to say: "Where is the promise of his coming?" Century after century has rolled away since then, and yet Jesus has never come. This explains the word, "The bridegroom tarried." Certainly he desires to come: "His desire is toward me." It will be the day of the gladness of his heart—the bridal day. And those that love Christ love his appearing. They cry, like John, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Yet still he tarries. Why is this?

1. *He is not willing that any should perish.* "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise. as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward. not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 Pet. iii. 9. This is the reason why he tarries; he is slow to anger. Sometimes, when I see some act of gross and open wickedness, my heart trembles within me; then I think how the Lord sees all this—ay, all the wickedness committed over the whole world—and yet he forbears. Ah, what a sight of forbearance and long-suffering compassion is here! This is the reason why he tarries: he has compassion for the vilest, and waits long before he comes.

2. *To fill up the number of his elect.* Christ is at this moment gathering a people from among the Gentiles. He is building up the great temple of the Lord, adding stone to stone. He cannot come till this is done. When all this is done, then he will come, and put on the top-stone, with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it." He told Paul to remain and preach at Corinth; "for I have much people in this city." For the same reason he makes his ministers remain and preach on; for he has much people still. When he comes, those that are ready will enter in with him to the marriage, and the door will be shut. There are, no doubt, many elect ones, many that were given him by the Father before the foundation of the world, still in the sleep of nature. He waits till these are gathered. When the last of his elect are gathered, then he will come.

3. *To try the graces of his people.* There are many of the graces of God's people that can only grow in time of affliction. There is a plant in the garden which the gardener tramples below his feet to make it grow better; so it is with many of the graces of God's children—they grow better by being tried. (1.) Faith in his word. The world say: "Where is the promise of his coming? All things continue as they were." All things seen are against it. Can you look through to the unseen world? This is what is wanted; "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." Now this is one reason why the Bridegroom tarries: that faith may grow. (2.) Bearing with adversaries. If he came now, and avenged us of our adversary, we would have no scope for forgiving injuries, bearing reproaches for his name, &c. We must be conformable to his death; therefore he bears long with us. (3.) Compassion for souls. This was the most remarkable feature in Christ's character. This brought him from the throne of glory—this made him weep upon Mount Olivet. It behooves us to be made like him in this also. But this is the only time when we can be like him in this: when Jesus comes, we will cry, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints;" while he tramples his enemies below his feet. Do not wonder that Jesus tarries.

II. *They all slumbered and slept.*

These words have been interpreted several ways. I have no doubt that the simplest interpretation is the true one—that before Christ comes all the Christian Churches will fall into a deep slumber. The Bible shows that not only do hypocrites fall asleep, but true believers also. Hence we find the apostle sleeping at the Mount of Transfiguration, and again at Gethsemane; and Paul cries to the Romans, "It is high time to awake out of sleep."

1. *How Christians sleep.* (1.) The eyes begin to shut. When first brought to Christ, the eyes of sinners were opened, to see the shortness of time—that it is but a span; the vanity of the

world—all vain show; the exceeding sinfulness of sin. They saw sin covering them all over like devils, and were amazed that they were out of hell. They saw Christ in all his beauty, fulness, and glory. But now all these things become dim, as to a sleeping man; all outward objects are hidden—the soul sees no longer the shortness of time, the emptiness of the world, the vileness of sin, the glory of Christ. (2.) The ear does not hear his knockings. Once the ear heard his voice. Amid a thousand the voice of Christ was sweet and powerful. Now the soul hears as if it did not hear: "I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?" (3.) Dreams. So the soul takes up with idols—vain fancies. When first awakened, the soul said, "What have I to do any more with idols?" but now, when Christ and divine things are hidden, the soul again takes up with vain idols. Hence come, 1st, Deadness in prayer. How sweet prayer is to a believing soul! There is wonderful access to the throne—pouring out of the heart—no separation—nothing kept back; but now there is utter barrenness,—the soul has no desire—no free access. 2d, A fearful spirit. A sense of guilt now lies on the conscience—a stupifying sense of having offended God—a spirit of bondage. 3d, Does not fear sin. Once a sweet trembling fear of sin—a keeping far from the occasions of it, like Joseph: "How shall I commit this great wickedness?" Now there is a fearful familiarity with sin.

2. *How hypocrites sleep.* (1.) They lose all their convictions. At one time they had deep and clear convictions of sin; but now they lose them. They have gone into some open sin, and drowned conviction—they quench the Spirit. (2.) They lose their joy in divine things. The stony-ground hearers received the Word with joy—a flash of delight. Something about the Word attracts their fancy—eloquence or imagery; or the hope they are converted, and flatter themselves—take great delight now in hearing. This soon dies away. (3.) They give over prayer. For a long time they prayed in a very melting manner. When under convictions, or under illuminations and a false hope, or before others, they prayed with fluency; but now they give over prayers by degrees. "They all slumbered and slept." They have been out in company, or they are sleepy, or they have no relish for it, and so they give over prayers by degrees.

Between the two there is this great difference, that the godly have still oil in their vessels, the other none. I would not say a word to encourage you who are godly to sleep on; on the contrary it is high time to awake out of sleep. But I cannot but remark how different is the sleep of the two. (1.) The godly will waken out of their sleep. It is very sinful and very dangerous, but it is not fatal. The hypocrite seldom ever wakens out of his sleep. The rarest conversion in the world is that of a hardened

hypocrite. (2.) The godly are under the displeasure of God, still they are not under his curse; but the hypocrite sleeps over hell.

III. *The coming.*

1. *The time.*—At midnight, at an unexpected time, Christ will come. The whole Bible shows this: "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only"—"Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." It is compared to lightning: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." What more awfully sudden than lightning! First an awful stillness—the black inky clouds shrouding the sky—then a bright gleam from east to west. So shall his coming be. It is like travail on a woman with child: "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." It is like a thief: "The day of the Lord so cometh, as a thief in the night." In two respects,—(1.) In the uncertainty of the hour. When a thief is going to break into a house, he does not tell the hour at which he will come. He gives no signs of his approach. If the goodman of the house knew what hour he would come, he would sit up, and not suffer his house to be broken up. Such will the coming of the Bridegroom be: "Ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." (2.) A thief comes at the hour of rest. When the family have all gone to rest—when the goodman of the house has locked and barred the door—when every candle is put out, and every eye is sealed in sleep—then the thief comes, and forces the bar, and enters in. Such will the coming of the Saviour be. When the world is steeped in slumber Jesus will come.

Some of you will say: "Surely we shall have some guess of the time of his coming." Now, if there be one thing plainer than another, it is that you know neither the day nor the hour: "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." If I were to go round you all, and say, "Do you think the Son of Man will come to-night?" you would all say, "I think not." Well, just in such an hour he will come.

*A word to the unconverted.*

1. *Some of you live in dishonesty.* In buying and selling, some of you, perhaps, use the light weight and the false balance, or in some other way you deceive your neighbor. O how dreadful if Christ should come and find you thus! It is said men will be buying and selling.

2. *Some live in deeds of darkness.*—Perhaps you say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; "At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understand-

ing, passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night." Some of you commit those things of which it is a shame even so much as to speak. How awful will it be to you when His holy face appears!

3. *Some of you stifle convictions.* Like Agrippa, you are almost persuaded to be a Christian. Like Felix, you tremble, and say, "A more convenient season." Some of you put off your convictions with a little gaiety, a little worldly pleasure, saying, Plenty of time before I die. Ah! what will you do when the cry comes at midnight? No time for prayer—no time for your Bible then—no time for conversion. "At midnight there was a cry."

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## LECTURE III.

### THE TEN VIRGINS.—PART III.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," &c.—MATT. xxv. 6-9.

THERE is something sweet in that midnight-cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." It will be an awful day even to a child of God. *First*, All sudden changes are dreadful. Many persons have been killed by the sudden news of something joyful. How awfully joyful, then, will be that cry when we hear that all our toils and cares are past—that sin shall no longer reign in the world! *Second*, The fate of our ungodly friends will be dreadful. All of us have ungodly friends, for whose conversion we pray. When that cry comes, it will be the knell of their souls; and yet for all that, it will be a joyful day. In Matt. xxiv. 32, it is compared to summer. It will be the summer of the soul—the winter will be past. "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Mal. iv. 2. "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." 2 Sam. xxiii. 4. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth." Ps. lxxii. 6. But most of all, the cry, "The Bridegroom cometh," will revive the drooping hearts of his own chosen ones. It will remind us of the time that he chose us to be his own—the time of love, when he wooed us, and said: "Thou shalt be for me, and not for another man." He that loved us, and died for us, and promised to return and receive us to himself—"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." Ah! consider, beloved friends, whether it will be a time of joy to you, or of wailing. Careless sinner, what shall then become of thee?

I. *The discovery—The lamps of hypocrites go out at last.*

A dry wick has often a great blaze for a while. So hypocrites often keep up their profession to the last; often it is very showy and evident. Many things might awaken hypocrites. 1. Their case is described in sermons. Often the minister is directed by God to speak exactly to their case. Often the word comes very close to their conscience. We say, Surely that man will take the word home. No; it slips past some way or other. 2. Seeing others converted. Often hypocrites see others beside them undergo a saving change. They see them convinced of sin—made to lie in the dust—brought to Jesus—filled with joy—living a new life—overcoming the world. This might open their eyes to see that their change is false and hollow. 3. The death of others. It must be a solemn thing to a hypocrite to see others cut down. Death tears away every mask—it calls the soul before the heart-searching One. Pretended convictions, pretended grace, words of put-on godliness will not avail now. When hypocrites see others cut down, I have often thought, surely they will turn now. Yet it is not so: they often burn on to the last. (1.) They have got a name to live, and they do not like to lose it. They have made a profession, and they do not like to draw back from it. Ministers have been pleased and satisfied, or godly persons have esteemed them, and they do not like all at once to give up this. So Judas was long esteemed a true disciple, and kept up his profession to the last. (2.) Often do they delude themselves. They have some inward light and knowledge, which they mistake for grace. They have a form of godliness—pray in secret and in the family, and so deceive themselves as well as others. But their lamp will go out at the coming of Christ. "Our lamps are gone out"—not one blaze more—not one spark more.

*Reasons.*

1. *No indwelling grace.* Their lamps went out because they had no oil. They burned for a while, as a dry wick will do, often with a great blaze; but soon the flame decays, and it goes out for want of oil. This is the case with hypocrites. They have no spring of gracious oil within their hearts. The Spirit of God often comes upon them, but he does not dwell in them. So it was with Balaam. His eyes were opened—he saw much of the joy of God's people—he longed to die the death of the righteous, (Numb. xxiv. 22;) but he had no oil in the lamp, and his lamp went out. So with Saul. "God gave him another heart," and "the Spirit of God came upon him," (1 Sam. x. 9, 10;) but he had no oil in the lamp—no gracious indwelling of the Spirit, enabling him to cleave to Jesus, and so his lamp went out. Often, in a rainy season, there are large pools of water gathered in the field where there is no spring or fountain. At first they appear large and deep, but when the summer comes, they dry up and disappear. So it is with hypocrites in this congregation. Many of

you have had the Spirit poured on you as it was on Balaam and on Saul—your eyes have been opened—you have had deep convictions, wonderful discoveries, panting desires after Christ and divine things; and yet you have never been brought by the working of the Spirit of God to cleave to Christ. Ah! your lamp will go out, and leave you in the blackness of darkness.

Dear friends! make sure of a deep and real work of grace upon your hearts. Remember it is said, that the man who built his house upon the rock, digged deep, and laid his foundation on the rock. It is not every change that is saving conversion. Of many it is true, "They return, but not to the Most High."—Hos. vii. 16. Do not be contented with being civilized, if you are not converted. It will not stand you in stead in the great day.

2. *They have to appear before Christ.* It is an easy thing to appear a Christian before men: "Man looks only on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." As long as hypocrites have to appear only before men, they can keep up appearances. They can talk, and read, and pray, as if they were God's children; but when the cry comes, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," then they know that they must appear before Christ, the searcher of hearts. When Jesse brought in his seven sons before Samuel, he looked on Eliab, and said: "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me." But God said: "I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

Ah, brethren! there are many of you that can now come in boldly before men, though you know yourselves to be graceless—never born again—living in sin; you can sit down at a sacrament, without fear or shame; but when Christ comes, your lamp will go out—you will not be able to bear the glance of his holy eye. O pray for such an interest in Christ now, that you may stand before the Son of Man at his coming!

II. *The anxious application—Hypocrites will apply to the godly for their grace in that day*: "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out."

1. *Hypocrites will then see the difference between them and the godly.* Their lamps will be out, but the lamps of the truly godly will be burning bright and clear. At present hypocrites think they are as good as any one. They think there is no real difference between them and God's people. In that day they will be convinced that there is a great gulf fixed between.

2. *They will see what a happy thing it is to have oil in their lamp.* At present many among you do not see your need of grace. You do not see that you would be any happier with grace in your heart. You are willing rather to remain as you are. But in that day you will cry: "Give us of your oil." You will see

the peace of the godly in that day. They will be unmoved amid a falling universe. The blood of Christ on their conscience will give them abiding peace. You will see their joyful faces, as they hear the cry, as they hear the footsteps, of the coming Bridegroom—you will hear their song of praise as they welcome their Lord and Redeemer. At present the godly are poor and despised, often in trouble, and chastened every morning, and you would not join them; but in that day they will be like the stones of a crown—like the children of a king.

3. *They will apply to the godly.* At present hypocrites despise the godly, and would not apply to them for anything. When a truly godly person warns you or advises you, you are offended. But in that day you will be in despair—glad to apply to any one. You will be glad to apply to godly friends and godly ministers in that day. You that wonder what makes people go to speak to ministers, you that mock and deride the truly godly, you will say: "Give us of your oil." At this day ministers and godly friends knock at your door, beseeching you to get the oil of grace into your hearts; but at that day you will knock at their door, crying, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

O what folly to rest in desires after grace, when even hypocrites have this in that awful day!

III. *The disappointment—The godly cannot give:* "Not so, lest there be not enough."

1. *It is not in their power to give grace.* It pleases God to use the godly as instruments, but he has not given them to be fountains of grace; "I have planted, Apollos watered: but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—1 Cor. iii. 6, 7. Rachel said to Jacob; "Give me children, or else I die. And Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel: and he said, Am I in God's stead?"—Gen xxx. 2, 3. So grace is not in the hand of man. Those who receive Christ "are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."—John i. 13. It is in vain then that you look to the means to give saving grace to your soul. The axe cannot hew without the hand of the forester. The pitcher that carries water is not the well. It will be in vain that you apply to God's children in that awful day. Go to Jesus now.

2. *They have none to spare.* The righteous scarcely are saved. Every child of God gets just so much grace as will carry him to heaven, and no more. Even now every child of God feels that he has nothing to spare. He has not too much of the Holy Spirit, helping him to pray—to mourn over sin—to love Christ. In time of temptation a believer feels as if he had nothing of the Holy Spirit. He has more need to receive, than any to give away.

When Christ shall come in that solemn hour, he will feel that he has none to spare.

Oh, dear brethren! go and buy for yourselves. You that know yourselves graceless, go, before the cry is made, to Jesus, and get grace for yourself. The saints cannot give it you—ministers cannot give it you. All our springs are in Jesus. In him the Spirit dwells without measure. Lord, incline their hearts to run to thyself!

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## LECTURE IV.

### THE TEN VIRGINS.—PART IV.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut," &c.—MATT. xxv. 10–13.

I. *Who are ready?* All are not ready. This parable shows that all who make a profession of being Christ's are not ready. The foolish virgins appeared to be ready. They had their robe, their lamp, their wick, and flame: yet they were not ready. It is not all of you that seem to be Christians that are ready. Many of you come to the house of God, and sit down at sacraments, and make a profession of care for your soul, and yet you are not ready. Not all who are anxious are ready. The foolish were anxious now. They had a throbbing heart—they went to buy—their cry was loud and bitter—perhaps they shed bitter tears; and yet they were not ready. Many of you are anxious—going to buy. You have wet cheeks when you go to seek the Lord; and yet you are not ready. If you were to die to-night, or if Christ were to come to-night, you would not be found ready.

1. *Those who have the wedding garment.* This you see, Rev. xix. 7, 8: "His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." And so Ps. xlv. 9, 13: "Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir. The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold." And in Matt. xxii. 11, we find this was the first thing that struck the eye of the king, that the man had not on a wedding garment. This wedding garment is the righteousness of God—the skirt of Jesus cast over the soul—the imputed righteousness. This is the first part of readiness to meet the heavenly Bridegroom. Have you been shown your own utter loathsomeness? that you are all as an unclean thing, all vile and filthy? Have you got a glorious discovery of the way of righteousness, by what Christ has done being reckoned to us? Have you lain

down under the blood and white robe of the Lord Jesus? Then you are ready.

Do not mistake. (1.) It is not the knowledge of this imputed righteousness. Many people hear and know a great deal about this righteousness, who never put it on, and are not a whit the better. Knowledge will but condemn you, and sink you deeper. (2.) It is not a desire to have this righteousness. The sluggard desires, and hath nothing. Many have lazy desires after Christ, that are never satisfied, and they are none the better for them—like beggars wishing they were rich. (3.) It is not having it once put over us, and then something else afterwards. (4.) This fine linen must be granted unto us forever. It is not that Christ is our righteousness at first. and our own holiness after; but it is Christ to the end. Our wedding garment in heaven must be Christ's blood-washed robe; we must have it granted to us every day—every moment. Happy soul, who daily beholdest thine own vileness, and daily receivest that wedding garment to hide thy nakedness.

2. *Those who have the new heart.* Can two walk together except they be agreed? It is impossible that two souls can be happy together if they love opposite things. It is like two bullocks in the yoke drawing different ways. Hence the deep wisdom of the command which forbids God's children to intermarry with the world. What fellowship hath light with darkness? In the same way with Christ's bride. She must be of one mind with him, if she would enter in with him to the marriage.

Suppose one of you who has an old heart was to be admitted with Christ to the marriage. Your heart is enmity to God—you hate God's people—the Sabbath is a weariness—you serve divers lusts and pleasures—the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne would lead you, and God would wipe away tears from your eyes; but you hate God and the Lamb—how could you be happy there? None but God's children (psalm-singing hypocrites, as you used to call them)—could you be happy with them? An eternal Sabbath!—my highest notion of heaven is an eternal Sabbath with Christ—could you be happy? Could you enjoy it? Ah, my friends! there shall in no wise enter in any that defileth—any that maketh or loveth a lie. If you are still unborn again, you are not ready.

3. *Those whose lamps are trimmed.* While the wise virgins slept, they were not ready. True, they had the wedding garment, and the oil in their vessels—but their lamps were dim—their eyes were closed; but when they heard the cry, they rose and trimmed their lamps, and now they are ready to meet and enter with the Bridegroom. It is not every child of God that is ready. (1.) Is a backslider ready—one that has gathered fresh guilt upon the soul, and not got it washed away—one that is still lying under guilt, and not hastening to the Fountain—one that is standing with

his back to the house of God, and his face toward his idol? (2.) Is an idolater ready—one that once loved Christ, and now puts an idol in his place—entangled with some unlawful affection? (3.) Is the soul ready that has left its first love—grown cold in divine things? (4.) Was Solomon ready when his heart went after many wives? or Peter, when he denied his Lord?

Ah! learn, dear friends, to stir up the grace that is in you. Stir up your faith in Jesus—your love to him and to the saints, if you would be ready. Watch! Live among divine things—keep the eye open to the coming glory.

II. *The reward of those who are ready:* "They went in with him to the marriage."

1. *Christ will own them.* Christ will take them in with him before his Father, and say: "Behold I, and the children whom thou hast given me." These are they for whom I died, prayed, reigned. At present Christ does not publicly own his people, or put a difference between them and hypocrites. (1.) The world do not know them. The sun shines on the evil and on the good. Worldly men think we are like themselves. (2.) Saints do not know us. Often they suspect us. Often the children of God suspect one another unjustly. They have not this or that experience—this or that mark of God's children. (3.) Often we know not ourselves. When the war of corruption is strong within—when we have fallen into sin—when grace is low in the soul—Can I deem myself a child? But then Christ will own us—put an end to all doubt for ever and ever. The scoffing world will then know that Christ loved us—they will then wish they had put in their lot with us. The saints will see that we are Christ's as well as they—they will have no more suspicions of us. We will have no more doubts of ourselves—no more deadness, inconsistency, corruption, darkness, sin. Christ will confess our name before his Father. He will say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

2. *Saints shall be with Christ:* "Went in with him." (1.) The greatest joy of a believer in this world is to enjoy the presence of Christ—not seen, not felt, not heard, but still real—the real presence of the unseen Saviour. It is this makes secret prayer sweet, and sermons sweet, and sacraments sweet, when we meet with Jesus in them. "I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." (2.) Often Jesus hides his face, and we are troubled. We seek him whom our soul loveth, but he is gone. We rise and seek, but find him not. (3.) At the best, it is but half bliss to feel after an unseen Saviour. Suppose a husband and wife parted by many seas. It is sweet to have letters and love tokens, and to see a friend who left him well; but this will not make up for his presence. So we mourn an absent Lord; but when he comes we shall be with him.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. xvi. 11. Here we have drops and gleams of pleasure. Christ could not be happy without us. We are his body. If one child of God were wanting, he would not be complete. We are his fulness. Hence his prayer: "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am: that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me."—John xvii. 24. We could not be happy without Christ. Take us to the golden pavement, the pearly gates, the songs, the thrones, the palms, the angels—we would still say, Where is the Godman that died for me? Where is the Angel that redeemed me from all evil? Where is Jesus? Where is the side that was pierced? "We shall see his face." The Lamb is the light thereof. We shall stand with the Lamb upon Mount Zion—we shall never be parted more.

III. *The fate of hypocrites.*

1. *The door was shut.* The door of Christ stands wide open for a long time, but shuts at last. When Christ comes the door will be shut. Now the door is open, and we are sent to invite you to come in. Soon it will be shut and then you cannot. So it was at the flood. One hundred and twenty years the door of the ark stood wide open. Noah went forth, and preached everywhere, inviting men to come in. The Spirit strove with men. But they only mocked at the coming flood. At last the day came. Noah entered, and God shut him in. The door was shut. The flood came and carried them all away. So it will be with many here. The door is wide open now. Jesus says: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Christ does not say, I was, or I will be, but, I am the door. At present any man may enter in. Soon Christ will come—like a thief—like a snare—like travail on a woman with child—and you shall not escape. Enter in at the strait gate.

2. *They will pray in that day:* "Lord, Lord, open to us." At present hypocrites do not pray, or not in earnest. They have a cold, formal, dull prayer; but in that day they shall cry in real earnest. At present many of you would be ashamed to be seen in earnest about your soul—weeping, or praying, or going to a minister; in that day you will lose all shame—you will weep and howl, and run to Christ's door in agony of spirit. At present many of you are sought after by Christ; "He is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He is the shepherd seeking the one sheep that was lost. He stands at your door and knocks—stands and cries: "Unto you, O men, I call"—"Turn ye, turn ye"—Sinner, sinner, open to me. In that day it will be the very reverse. You will seek after the Saviour in that day, and not find him—you will stand and knock at his door—you will exert your voice and cry, "Lord, Lord, open to me." What a scene

this parish will present in that day! Those who come not to the house of God—old men and old women, grey-headed in carelessness and sin—young persons, mad upon pleasure—children who live without Christ—you will be all in earnest on that day. May this not rebuke some of you that pray not, or pray in a cold, dull manner, or in a form? Ah! you will pray in that day when too late. Why not antedate that anxiety, and begin to pray now?

3. *The disappointment:* "I know you not." Christ will own his own people: "I know them." The poor despised believers he will own. Though the world knew them not, Christ will own them. Not one shall be passed over in that day. But not so with the foolish virgins, who have no oil in their lamps. Christ will not own them. Ah! it will be a fearful thing to be denied by Christ before his Father and the holy angels, "Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." See that ye have true grace in your hearts—that Christ is your righteousness—that your soul is alive.

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## LECTURE V.

### BETHANY.—PART I.

"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. (It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.) Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."—JOHN xi. 1–4.

"MAN is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Sickness goes round—it spares no family, rich or poor. Sometimes the young, sometimes the old, sometimes those in the strength of their days, are laid down on the bed of sickness. "Remember those that suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

The reasons why God sends sickness are very various: 1. In some it is sent for the conversion of the soul. Sometimes in health the Word does not touch the heart. The world is *all*. Its gaieties, its pleasures, its admiration, captivate your mind. God sometimes draws you aside into a sick-bed, and shows you the sin of your heart, the vanity of worldly pleasures, and drives the soul to seek a sure resting-place for eternity in Christ. O happy sickness, that draws the soul to Jesus!—Job xxxiii.; Ps. cvii. 2. Sometimes it is for the conversion of friends. When the Covenanters went out to battle, they kneeled down on the field and prayed; and this was one of their prayers: "Lord, take the ripe, and spare the green." God sometimes does this in fami-

lies. He cuts down the praying child, the child that was half ridiculed, half wondered at, that the rest may think, and turn, and pray. 3. Sometimes it is a frown of judgment. When worldly people go long on in a course of sin, against the light of the Bible and the warnings of ministers, God sometimes frowns upon them, and they wither suddenly. "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—Prov. xxix. 1. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."—1 Cor. xi. 30. 4. Another case is now before us—that of a child of God sick, that Christ might be glorified in him.

I. *The case—the person:* "A certain man was sick, named Lazarus."

Lazarus was evidently a child of God, and yet Lazarus was sick. How he had come by his grace we are not told. His name is not mentioned before. If we may be allowed to guess, it seems probable that Mary was the first in the family who knew the Lord (Luke x.); then perhaps Martha left her "much serving" to come also and sit at Jesus' feet; and both prevailed on their brother Lazarus to come also. At all events he was a child of God. He was in a godly family. All the house were children of God—one in nature and one in grace. Happy family at Bethany, going hand in hand to glory! Yet here the hand of sickness entered in—Lazarus was sick. He was peculiarly loved by Christ: "He whom thou lovest."—Verse 3. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."—Verse 5. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."—Verse 11. Like John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, so Jesus had a peculiar love for Lazarus. I cannot tell you why. He was a sinner, like other men; but perhaps when Jesus washed and renewed him, he gave him more of his own likeness than other believers. One thing is certain—Jesus loved him, and yet Lazarus was sick.

1. *Learn not to judge others because of affliction.* Job's three friends tried to show Job that he must be a hypocrite and a bad man, because God afflicted him. They did not know that God afflicts his own dear children. Lazarus was sick; and the beggar Lazarus was full of sores; and Hezekiah was sick, even unto death; and yet all were peculiarly dear to Jesus.

2. *God's children should not doubt his love when he afflicts.* Christ loved Lazarus peculiarly, and yet he afflicted him very sore. A surgeon never bends his eye so tenderly upon his patient, as when he is putting in the lancet, or probing the wound to the very bottom. And so with Christ; he bends his eye most tenderly over his own at the time he is afflicting them. Do not doubt the holy love of Jesus to your soul when he is laying a heavy hand upon you. Jesus did not love Lazarus less when he afflicted him, but rather more—"even as a father correcteth a

son in whom he delighteth."—Prov. iii. 12. A goldsmith when he casts gold into the furnace looks after it.

II. *The place:* "Of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha."

Bethany is a sweet retired village, about two miles from Jerusalem, in a ravine at the back of the Mount of Olives. It is at this day embosomed in fig trees, and almond trees, and pomegranates. But it had a greater loveliness still in the eyes of Christ—it was "the town of Mary and her sister Martha." Probably the worldly people in Jerusalem knew Bethany by its being the town of some rich Pharisee who had his country villa there—or some luxurious noble, who called the lands after his own name; but Jesus knew it only as "the town of Mary and her sister Martha." Probably they lived in a humble cottage, under the shade of a fig tree; but that cottage was dear to Christ. Often, as he came over the Mount of Olives and drew near, the light in that cottage window gladdened his heart. Often he sat beneath their fig tree telling them the things of the kingdom of God. His Father loved that dwelling; for these were justified ones. And angels knew it well; for night and day they ministered there to three heirs of salvation. No wonder he called the place "the town of Mary and her sister Martha"—that was its name in heaven.

So is it still. When worldly people think of our town, they call it the town of some rich merchant—some leading man in public matters—some great politician, who makes a dash as a friend of the people; or the town near which some wealthy nobleman dwelleth: but in heaven our town is known as the town of our Marthas and Marys. Perhaps some poor garret where an eminent child of God dwells, gives this town its name and interest in the presence of Jesus.

Dear believers, how great the love of Christ is to you! He knows the town where you live—the house where you dwell—the room where you pray. Often he stands at the door—often he puts in his hand at the hole of the door: "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands: thy walls are continually before me." Like a bridegroom loving the place where his bride dwells, so Christ often says: There they dwell for whom I died. Learn to be like Christ in this. When a merchant looks at a map of the world, his eye turns to those places where his ships are sailing; when a soldier, he looks to the traces of ancient battle-fields and fortified towns; but a believer should be like Jesus—he should love the spots where believers dwell.

III. *The message.*

1. *They "sent unto him."* This seems to have been their very first recourse when the sickness came on—"his sisters sent unto

Jesus." They did not think a bodily trouble beneath his notice. True, he had taught them that "one thing was needful," and Mary had chosen that good part which could not be taken from her; yet they knew well that Jesus did not despise the body. They knew that he had a heart to bleed for every kind of grief; and therefore they sent to tell Jesus. This is what you should do: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. l. 15. Remember there is no grief too great to carry to him, and none too small: "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God"—"Cast thy burden on the Lord." Whatever it be, take it to Jesus. Some trust Christ with their soul, but not with their body—with their salvation, but not with their health. He loves to be sent for in our smallest troubles.

2. *The argument:* "He whom thou lovest is sick." If a worldly person had been sending to Christ, he would have sent a very different argument. He would have said: He who loves thee is sick. Here is one that has believed on thy name. Here is one that has confessed thee before the world—suffered reproach and scorn for thy sake. Martha and Mary knew better how to plead with Jesus. Their only argument was in Jesus' breast: "He whom thou lovest is sick." (1.) He loved him with an electing love. Freely from all eternity Jesus loved him. (2.) With a drawing love. He drew him from under wrath—from serving sin. (3.) With a pardoning love. He drew him to himself, and blotted out all his sin. (4.) With an upholding love. "Who could hold me up but thou?" He for whom thou diedst—he whom thou hast chosen, washed, and kept till now—"he whom thou lovest is sick."

Learn thus to plead with Christ, dear believers. Often you do not receive, because you do not ask aright: "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." Often you ask proudly, as if you were somebody; so that if Christ were to grant it, he would only be fattening your lusts. Learn to lie in the dust, and plead only his own free love. Thou hast loved me for no good thing in me:—

> "Chosen, not for good in me;
> Wakened up from wrath to flee;
> Hidden in the Saviour's side;
> By the Spirit sanctified."

Do not deny thy love. "Have respect unto the work of thine own hands."

3. *A holy delicacy in prayer.* They lay the object at his feet, and leave it there. They do not say: Come and heal him; come quickly, Lord. They know his love—they believe his wisdom. They leave the case in his hands: "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick." "They cast them down at Jesus' feet, and he healed them."—Matt. xv. 30. They did not plead, but let their misery

plead for them. "Let your requests be made known unto God." —Phil. iv. 6.

Learn that urgency in prayer does not so much consist in vehement pleading as in vehement believing. He that believes most the love and power of Jesus, will obtain most in prayer. Indeed the Bible does not forbid you using all arguments, and asking for express gifts, such as healing for sick friends. "My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live."—Mark v. 23. "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." Matt. viii. 8. Still there is a holy delicacy in prayer, which some believers know how to use. Like these two sisters, lay the object at his feet, saying: "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

IV. *The answer.*

1. *A word of promise:* "This sickness is not unto death." This was an immediate answer to prayer. He did not come—he did not heal; but he sent them a word enough to make them happy: "This sickness is not unto death." Away the messenger ran, crossed the Jordan, and before sunset perhaps he enters breathless the village of Bethany. With anxious faces the sisters run out to hear what news of Jesus. Good news! "This sickness is not unto death." Sweet promise!—the hearts of the sisters are comforted, and no doubt they tell their joy to the dying man. But he gets weaker and weaker; and as they look through their tears at his pale cheek, they begin almost to waver in their faith. But Jesus said it, and Jesus cannot lie: if it were not so he would have told us. "This sickness is not unto death." At last Lazarus breathes his latest sigh besides his weeping sisters. His eye is dim—his cheek is cold—he is dead; and yet Jesus said: "Not unto death!" The friends assemble, to carry the body to the rocky sepulchre; and as the sisters turn away from the tomb, their faith dies—their hearts sink into utter gloom. What could he mean by saying: "*not unto death?*"

Learn to trust to Christ's word, whatever sight may say. We live in dark times. Every day the clouds are becoming heavier and more lowering. The enemies of the Sabbath are raging. The enemies of our Church are becoming more desperate. The cause of Christ is everywhere threatened. But we have a sweet word of promise: "This sickness is not unto death." Darker times are coming yet—the clouds will break and deluge Scotland soon with a flood of infidelity, and many will be like Mary—heart-broken. Has the Lord's word failed? No, never! "This sickness is not unto death." The dry bones of Israel shall live. Popery shall sink like a mill-stone—widowhood and loss of children shall come to her in one day. The kings of Tarshish and the isles will bow their knee to Jesus. Jesus shall reign till all his

enemies are put under his feet, and the whole world shall soon enjoy a real Sabbath.

2. *The explanation:* "But for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Some might ask, Why, then, was Lazarus sick? *Ans.* "For the glory of God." Christ was thereby in an eminent manner made known. (1.) His amazing love to his own was seen, when he wept at the grave. (2.) His power to raise the dead. He was shown to be the resurrection and the life when he cried, "Lazarus, come forth." Christ was more glorified far than if Lazarus had not been sick and died.

(1.) So in all the sufferings of God's people. Sometimes a child of God says: Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? I will teach—preach—do great things for thee. Sometimes the answer is: Thou shalt suffer for my sake. (2.) It shows the power of Christ's blood—when it gives peace in an hour of trouble—when it can make happy in sickness, poverty, persecution, and death. Do not be surprised if you suffer, but glorify God. (3.) It brings out graces that cannot be seen in a time of health. It is the treading of the grapes that brings out the sweet juices of the vine; so it is affliction that draws forth submission, weanedness from the world, and complete rest in God. Use afflictions while you have them.

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## LECTURE VI.

### BETHANY.—PART II.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was. Then after that saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again. His disciples say unto him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again? Jesus answered, Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him."—JOHN xi. 5–10.

I. *Jesus' love*: "Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus."

1. These are the words of John. He knew what was in the heart of Christ, for the Holy Spirit taught him what to write, and he leaned upon Jesus' bosom, and knew the deepest secrets of Jesus' heart. This, then, is John's testimony; "Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus." You remember they had sent this message to Jesus: "He whom *thou lovest* is sick." Some would have said, That was a presumptuous message to send. How did they know that Lazarus was really converted?—that Jesus really loved him? But here you see John puts his seal

upon their testimony. It was really true, and no presumption in it: "Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus."

How is it saints know when Jesus loves them? *Ans.* Christ has ways of telling his own love peculiar to himself. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." How ridiculous is it to think that Christ cannot make known his love to the soul! I shall mention one way—By drawing the soul to himself: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."—Jer. xxxi. 3. "Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love; and I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness; yea, I sware unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, and thou becamest mine."—Ezek. xvi. 8. "No man can come unto me except the Father draw him."—John vi. 44. Now when the Lord Jesus draws near to a dead, carnal sinner, and reveals to him a glimpse of his own beauty—of his face fairer than the sons of men—of his precious blood—of the room that there is under his wings; and when the soul is drawn away from its old sins, old ways—away from its deadness, darkness, and worldliness, and is persuaded to forsake all, and flow toward the Lord Jesus—then that soul is made to taste the peace of believing, and is made to know that Jesus loves him. Thus Lazarus knew that Christ loved him. I was a worldly, careless man—I mocked at my sisters when they were so careful to entertain the Lamb of God—I often was angry with them; but one day he came and showed me such an excellence in the way of salvation by him—he drew me, and now I know that Jesus has loved me.

Do you know that Christ loves you? Have you this love-token, that he has drawn you to leave all and follow him—to leave your self-righteousness, to leave your sins, to leave your worldly companions for Christ—to let all go that interferes with Christ? then you have a good token that he has loved you.

2. *Jesus loved all the house.* It seems highly probable that there was a great difference among the family—some of them were much more enlightened than others—some were much nearer Christ and some much more like Christ, than others; yet Jesus loved them all. It would seem that Mary was the most heavenly-minded of the family. Probably she was brought first to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. She sat at the feet of Christ when Martha was cumbered about much serving. She was also evidently more humbled under this trying dispensation than her sister was; for it is said: "She fell down at his feet." She seems also to have been filled with livelier gratitude; for it was she that took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Christ, and wiped his feet with her hair. She did what she could. She seems to have been a very eminent believer—very full of love, and of a teachable, meek, quiet spirit. And yet Jesus loved them all—Jesus loved Martha, and her sister,

and Lazarus. Every one that is in Christ is beloved by Christ—even weak members.

*Good news for weak disciples.* You are very apt to say: I am not a Paul, nor a John, nor a Mary; I fear Jesus will not care for me. *Ans.* He loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. He loves the weakest of those for whom he died. Just as a mother loves all her children, even those that are weak and sickly; so Christ cares for those who are weak in the faith—who have many doubts and fears—who have heavy burdens and temptations.

*Be like Christ in this.* "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations"—"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—Rom. xiv. 1, xv. 1. There is much of an opposite spirit, I fear, amongst us. I fear that you love our Marys, and Pauls, and Johns—you highly esteem those that are evidently pillars; but can you condescend to men of low estate? Learn to stoop low, and to be gentle and kind to the feeble. Do not speak evil of them—do not make their blemishes the subject of your common talk. Cover their faults. Assist them by counsel, and pray for them.

II. *Christ's delay:* "When he had heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was."

Here seems a contradiction—Jesus loved them, and yet abode two days. You would have expected the very reverse: Jesus loved them, and therefore made no delay, but hastened to Bethany. This is the way with man's love. Human love will not brook delay. When you love any one tenderly, and hear that they are sick, you run to see them, and to help them. These were two important days in the cottage of Bethany. The messenger had returned, saying: "This sickness is not unto death." They knew that Jesus loved them, and loved their brother tenderly; and therefore they expected him to come every hour. Martha, perhaps, would begin to be uneasy, saying, Why does he tarry? why is he so long in coming? can anything have kept him? Do not fret, Mary would say. You know that he loves Lazarus, and he loves us; and you know he is true, and he said: "This sickness is not unto death." The dying man grew weaker, and at length breathed his last sigh into their affectionate bosoms. Both the sisters were overwhelmed: *He loved us, and yet he tarried two days.* So with the woman of Syrophenicia.

Such are Christ's dealings with his own still. Although he loves, he sometimes on that very account tarries. Do not be surprised, and do not fret.

*Reasons of delay:—*

1. *Because he is God.* He sees the end from the beginning. Known unto him are all his works from the foundation of the world. Although absent in the body, he was present in the sick man's room at Bethany. He saw every change on his pale fea-

tures, and heard every gentle sigh. Every tear that stole down the cheek of Mary he observed, put into his bottle, and wrote in his book. He saw when Lazarus died. But the future was before him also. He knew what he would do—that the grave would yield up its dead, and that he would soon turn their weeping into songs of rejoicing. Therefore he stayed where he was, just because he was God. So, when Christ delays to help his saints now, you think this is a great mystery—you cannot explain it; but Jesus sees the end from the beginning. Be still, and know that Christ is God.

2. *To increase their faith.* First of all he gave them out a promise to hold by. He sent word by their messenger: "This sickness is not unto death." This was an easy and simple word for them to hold by; but, ah! it was sorely tried. When he got worse and worse, they clung to the promise with a trembling heart; when he died, their faith died too. They knew not what to think. And yet Christ's word was true, and thus their faith was increased ever after. They were taught to believe the word of Christ, even when all outward circumstances were against them. So Matt. viii. 18. One evening Christ gave commandment on the Sea of Galilee to depart to "the other side;" and as they sailed he fell asleep. Here was a simple word of promise to hold by in the storm. But when the storm came down, and the waves covered the ship, they cried, "Master, save us; we perish." And he said: "Where is your faith?" By that trial the faith of the disciples was greatly increased ever after.

So it is with all trials of faith. When God gives a promise, he always tries our faith. Just as the roots of trees take firmer hold when they are contending with the wind; so faith takes firmer hold when it struggles with adverse appearances.

3. *To make his help shine brighter.* Had Christ come at the first and healed their brother, we never would have known the love that showed itself at the grave of Lazarus—we never would have known the power of the great Redeemer in raising up from the grave. These bright forthshinings of the glory of Christ would have been lost to the Church and to the world. Therefore it was good that he stayed away for two days. Thus the honor of his name was spread far and wide. The Son of God was glorified. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." This is God's great end in all his dealings with his people—that he may be seen. For this reason he destroyed the Egyptians: "That the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord."

If Christ seems to tarry past the time he promised, wait for him; for he will come, and will not tarry. He has good reason for it, whether you can see it or not. And never forget he loves, even when he tarries. He loved the Syrophenician even when he answered her not a word.

III. *Christ's determination:* "After that saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again."

1. *The time:* "After that." After the two days were over. Christ waits a certain time without helping his own, but no longer. Christ waits a certain time with the wicked before destroying them. He waited till the cup of the Amorites was full, before he destroyed them. He waited on the fig tree a certain time. If it does not bear fruit, then, "after that thou shalt cut it down." Oh, wicked man! you have a certain measure to fill—when that is filled, you will sink immediately into hell. When the sand has run, you will be cast away. So Christ has his set time for coming to his own. "After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight."—Hos. vi. 2.

(1.) *In conversion:* "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time."—1 Pet. v. 6. When God awakens a soul by the mighty power of his Spirit, he takes his own time and way of bringing the soul to peace. Often the sinner thinks it very hard that Christ should be so long of coming; often he begins to despair, and to think there is something peculiar in his case. Remember! wait on the Lord. It is good to wait for Christ.

(2.) *In answering prayer.* When we ask for something agreeable to God's will, and in the name of Christ. we know that we have the petitions which we desire of him. But the time he keeps in his own power. God is very sovereign in the time of his answers. When Martha and Mary sent their petition to Christ, he gave them an immediate promise; but the answer was not when they expected. So Christ frequently gives us the desires of our heart, though not at the peculiar time we desired, but at a better time. Do not be weary in putting up prayers—say for the conversion of a friend. They may be answered when you are in the dust. Hold on to pray. He will answer in the best time. "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

(3.) *In his own second glorious coming.* Christ said to the Church long ago: "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." And still the time is prolonged. The Bridegroom seems to tarry; but he will come at the due time. He waits for infinitely wise reasons; and the moment that he should come, the heavens shall open, and he will appear.

2. *The objection.* The objection was, that it was dangerous to him and to them, because the Jews had sought to stone him before. Another time Peter made objection to Christ, saying: "Be it far from thee, Lord. This shall not be unto thee. But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men." How selfish are even godly men!

The disciples did not care for the distress of Martha and Mary. They did not care for the pain of their friend Lazarus. They were afraid of being stoned, and that made them forget the case of the afflicted family. There is no root deeper in the bosom than selfishness. Watch and pray against it. Even the godly will sometimes oppose you in what is good and right. Here, when Christ proposed that they should go into Judea again, the disciples opposed it. They were astonished at such a proposal. They, as it were, reproved him for it. Think it not strange, dear brethren, if you are opposed by those who are children of God, especially if it be something in which you are called to suffer.

3. *Christ's answer.* The path of duty Christ here compares to walking in the day-light. "If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not." As long as a man has got a good conscience, and the smile and presence of God, he is like one walking in the daytime; he plants his foot firmly and boldly forward. But if a man shrink from the call of God, through fear of man, and at the call of worldly prudence, he is like one walking in darkness: "He stumbleth, because there is no light."

Oh, that you who are believers would be persuaded to follow Jesus fearlessly wherever he calls you! If you are a believer, you will often be tempted to shrink back. The path of a Christian is narrow, and often difficult. But what have you to fear? Have you the blood of Christ upon your conscience, and the presence of God with your soul? Are there not twelve hours in the day? Are we not all immortal till our work is done?

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## LECTURE VII.

### BETHANY.—PART III.

"These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him. Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him."—JOHN xi. 11–16.

I. *Christ's love to a dead Lazarus.*

1. *He calls him friend.* An eminent Infidel used to say that neither patriotism nor friendship were taught in the Bible. He only proved that he neither knew nor understood the Bible. How different the sentiment of the Christian poet, who says,

> "The noblest friendship ever shown,
> The Saviour's history makes known."

Ah! it is an amazing truth that Jehovah-Jesus came and made friends of such worms as we are. True friendship consists of mutual confidence and mutual sacrifices.

Thus God dealt with Enoch: "Enoch walked with God three hundred years." Enoch told all to God, and God told all to him. Blessed friendship—between Jehovah and a worm! So God treated Abraham. Three times in the Bible he is called "the friend of God."—2 Chron. xx. 7; Isa. xli. 8; James ii. 23. "He raised up the righteous man from the East, and called him to his foot." The God of glory appeared unto Abraham, and we find God saying, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" Gen. xviii. 17. So God dealt with Moses: "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. And God said to him, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Exod. xxxiii. 11, 14. "And when Moses went in before the Lord to speak with him, he took the veil off."—Exod. xxxiv. 34. Thus did Christ deal with his disciples. Though he was the holy Lamb of God, yet he says: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."—John xv. 15. He admitted them to the closest fellowship; so that one leaned on his breast at supper, and another washed his feet with ointment. He told them freely all that he had learned in the bosom of his Father—all that they were able to bear; of the Father's glory—the Father's love. Thus he dealt with Lazarus: "Our friend Lazarus." Often, no doubt, they had sat beneath the spreading fig tree at the cottage of Bethany, and Christ had opened up to them the glories of an eternal world.

This is what you are invited to, dear friends—to become the friends of Jesus. When men choose friends, they generally choose the rich. or the wise or the witty—they ask those that will invite them back. Not so with Christ. He chooses the poor, the foolish, babes, and makes them friends—those of whom the world is ashamed. The world changes friends. In the world, if a rich friend wax poor—if overtaken by a sudden failure, and plunged in deepest poverty—friends, like butterflies in the rain, fly quickly home—they look cold and strange, as if they did not see you. Not so Jesus, the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. A true friend does not hide any thing from another which it would be good for him to know. Neither does Christ: "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?"

2. *Even when dead:* "Our friend Lazarus." Few people remember the dead. They are "a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again"—"The place that knows them shall know them no more forever." In some of the countries where I have been, there are immense burying-grounds where cities have been, but where not a living being now remains. There is not one to remember their name, or to shed a tear over their memory. Even

among yourselves, how soon are the dead forgotten! Although you loved them well when living—"lovely and pleasant in their lives;" yet when they are out of sight, they are soon out of mind. But Christ's dead are never forgotten. There is one faithful Brother, who keeps in mind the sleeping dust of all his brothers and sisters. Death makes no change in the love of Christ—death cannot separate us from his love—death does not take us off his breastplate. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Ah, my friends! this is to take the sting away from death. You will, no doubt, be forgotten by the world; if you are Christ's they never loved you, and will be glad when you are gone. Living sermons are no pleasant objects in the world's eye. They will be glad when you are under the sod. Even believers will forget you. Man is a frail creature, and memory is fading. But Christ never will forget you. He that said, "My faithful martyr Antipas!" when all the world had forgotten him, remembers all his sleeping saints, and will bring them with him.

II. *The mistake.*—Verses 12, 13.

In the last lecture we had a specimen of the selfishness of the disciples—here of their stupidity. They were beloved disciples—had left all to follow Christ—sincerely believed his word, and loved his person; and yet what remains of blindness in the understanding! "If he sleep he shall do well."

1. To sleep, was the common expression for the death of saints in the Old Testament. Thus God said to Moses: "Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." And to Daniel: "Many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." To King David: "Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers."—2 Sam. vii. 12. "Now shall I sleep in the dust."—Job vii. 21. "Lest I sleep the sleep of death."—Ps. xiii. 3. Surely, if they had thought a little, they might have found the meaning!

2. What would have been the use of going to awake him out of a refreshing sleep? Did they think so lightly of their Master, as that he would run into personal danger to awaken a sleeping man?

Do not wonder when disciples mistake the meaning of Christ's words. They have done so before, and may do it again. Every gracious man is not an infallible man. Learn to search patiently into the meaning of his words, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, and especially going to him for light. When you are reading in a dark room, and come to a difficult part, you take it to the window to get more light. So take your Bibles to Christ.

What was the cause of their mistake? *Ans.* Fear. They did not want to go into Judea again. They were afraid of being stoned. They saw their Master was bent upon going, and they wanted to dissuade him. They misunderstood his words, because of the averseness of their hearts to his will. This is the great

reason of all blindness in divine things: "Through the blindness of their hearts"—"If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine."

The reason why many of you do not understand your lost condition, is not that it is not taught in the Bible, not that the words are difficult (the Bible is a plain, simple book), but it is that you do not wish to be convinced of sin—you do not want your fine dreams of your own goodness and safety to be dashed to pieces. The reason why many of you do not understand the way of forgiveness, is that you do not like it—your heart is averse from God's way—you cannot bear to have all your righteousness accounted rags, and to be beholden entirely to the righteousness of One. The reason why many saints among you cannot see your rule of duty plain, is that you are averse from the duty. You want to have your own way, and you cannot understand the Scriptures that contradict it. This was the case with the apostles. This is frequently the case in entering into marriage, or a servant fixing on a place. When once a strong desire is formed in the heart, it blinds the mind to the Scriptures. O, pray for a pure heart, that you may be filled with the knowledge of his will —that you may walk worthy of the Lord, to all pleasing!

III. *The explanation.*—Verses 14, 15. Christ here explains two things,—*First*, His words; and. *Second*, His absence.

1. *Jesus said plainly, "Lazarus is dead!"* His disciples had shown great selfishness—great blindness of heart—great stupidity; and yet he was not angry, neither did he turn away. But he said plainly, "Lazarus is dead." When he had been teaching them many things, he said: "Have ye understood all these things?"—Matt. xiii. 51. Another time, when he had been telling them of the Father's house, Thomas said: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest." With the same admirable patience and gentleness he said: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." He "can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way." Perhaps some of you feel dead and ignorant—you need not keep away from Christ on that account. Take your blind eyes to him, that he may give you sight. He wants you to understand his way and his will.

2. *He explains his absence:* "I am glad I was not there." The objection would immediately arise in the breast of his disciples, If Lazarus be dead, why did our Master stay these two days? Therefore he explains that it was for their sakes. Had Christ been there, he felt that he must have healed Lazarus. Had he been there, Lazarus had not died. Christ could not have stood in the cottage of Bethany, and looked on the face of his dying friend, and seen the silent tears of Mary, and heard the imploring words of Martha, without granting their desire. Therefore he

says: "I am glad I was not there." Ah! learn the amazing love of Christ to his own. He cannot deny their prayer. When Moses was pleading with God, God said: "Let me alone." God could not destroy Israel so long as Moses pleaded for them. So God had to tell Jeremiah, "Pray not for this people." And so when God wants to destroy, he shuts up his saints that they cannot pray. Jesus kept away, that he might not be overcome by their prayer. The uplifted hand of a believing Mary is too much for Jesus to resist. The tearful eye of an earnest believer is "terrible as an army with banners." "Turn away thine eye from me, for thou hast overcome me." But why was he not there? "For your sakes, to the intent ye may believe." In last lecture, we saw he delayed for the sake of the cottagers at Bethany; here is another reason—"For your sakes." "All things are for your sakes." —2 Cor. iv. 15. For the sake of believers this world was created —the sun made to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night. Every shining star was made for them. All are kept in being for your sakes. Winds rise and fall—waves roar and are still—seasons revolve—seed-time and harvest, day and night, all for your sakes. "All things are yours." All events are for your sakes. Kingdoms rise and fall, to save God's people. Nations are his rod—saw and axe to hew out a way for the chariot of the everlasting Gospel; even as Hiram's hewers in Lebanon, and the Gibeonite drawers of water, were building up the temple of God. The enemies of the Church of Scotland are only a rod in God's hand. He will do his purpose with them—then break the rod in two, and cast it away. Specially all the providences of believing families are for your sakes. When Christ is dealing with a believing family, you say, That is no matter of mine—what have I to do with it? Ah, truly if you are of the world, you have no part or lot in it! But if you are Christ's it is for your sake, to the intent that ye may believe. The dealings of Christ with believing families are very instructive, his afflictions and his comforts—his way.

O learn to bear one another's burdens, to see more of Christ's hand among you, to the intent ye may believe!

> "There's not a plant that grows below
> But makes his glory known;
> And thunders roll and tempests blow
> By order from his throne."

IV. *The zealous disciple:* What voice is that? It is Thomas—unbelieving Thomas.

1. *True love to Christ here.* He saw that Christ was determined to go—he saw the danger—he counted the cost. Well, says he, "Let us go also." Strange, that following the Lamb of God should endanger our very life; yet in how many ages of the Church it has been so! "The time will come when whosoever

killeth you, shall think that he doeth God service." What a cloud of witnesses has Scotland seen, all saying, like Thomas, "Let us go and die with him!" Ah, we do not know the value of Christ, if we will not cleave to him unto death!

2. *True zeal toward others:* "Let us go." He does not say, like Peter, "I am ready to go with thee;" but, "Let us go." Whenever we clearly apprehend the path of duty, we should persuade others to come along with us. It is not enough for a believer to go in the way himself—you must say, "Let us go." So Israel: "Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord."—Jer. l. 4. So Moses to Hobab: "Come thou with us." So the converted Gentiles: "O house of Israel, come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord." A Christian should be like a river that fertilizes while it runs—carrying ships, and all that floats upon its bosom, along with it to the ocean.

3. *Yet sin mingled with it.* Jesus spoke not of dying; on the contrary, he spoke of "not stumbling." But Thomas was full of unbelief, and full of fear. He heeded not the word of Christ. Learn how much sin and weakness mingles with our love and zeal, and what infinite need we have of one who bears the iniquity of our holy things.

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## LECTURE VIII.

### BETHANY.—PART IV.

"Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already. Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off; and many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him: but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."—JOHN xi. 17–27.

I. *Christ orders all events for his own glory.* One day, when Christ had healed a man deaf and dumb, the multitude cried: "He hath done all things well." Ah! this is true indeed of the Lord Jesus Christ. "He is head over all things to the Church." He that died to redeem us from hell, lives to make all things work together for our good. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars;

he calleth them all by their names."—Ps. cxlvii. 3, 4. The same hand that was nailed to the cross for us, brings out Arcturus and the Pleiades, and guides the sun in his journey—and all for us. A striking example of this we have now before us.

1. *In the time:* "He found that he had lain in the grave four days already."—Verse 17. We saw that when he heard that Lazarus was sick, he remained two days in the same place where he was. Then slowly and calmly he left the secluded glens of Mount Gilead, and, crossing the Jordan, came on the fourth day to the village of Bethany. The shady ravines of Mount Olivet wore an aspect of gloom. The village was silent and still, and perhaps around the cottage door of Lazarus a group of mourners sat upon the ground. Jesus and the disciples halted a little way from the village, as if unwilling to break in upon the scene of deep sorrow. At length a passing villager tells them that Lazarus is dead, and this is the fourth day he has been lying in the cold rocky tomb. The disciples looked at one another, and wondered. Four days dead! Why did our Master tarry? Why did we lose two days on the other side of Jordan? The sisters also thought Jesus came too late. "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The Jews also wondered. Yet Jesus came at the right time. Had he come later, the sensation would have passed away—the death of Lazarus would have been forgotten in the whirl of the world. We soon forget the dead. Had he come sooner, the death of Lazarus would not have been known. He came in due time. He orders all things for his glory—he doeth all things well.

2. *In the place:* "Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem."—Verse 18. The place of this wonder of grace was also chosen with infinite skill. Bethany was a retired village, in a shady secluded ravine entirely removed from the bustle and noise of the city; so that there was opportunity for Christ to exhibit those tender emotions of pity and love—weeping and groaning—which he could not have done in the bustle of a crowded city. And yet Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem about fifteen furlongs, or two miles, so that many Jews were present as witnesses; and the news of it was carried in a few hours to the capital, and spread over all Jerusalem and Judea. Had it been done in a corner, men would have derided and denied it. But it was done within half an hour's walk of Jerusalem, so that all might ascertain its reality. Christ chooses the place where he does his wonders wisely and well—all to show forth his own glorious name. He chooses the spot where to break the alabaster box, so that the ointment may be most widely diffused.

3. *In the witnesses:* "Many of the Jews."—Verse 19. From verses 45, 46, we learn that the company were far from being all friends of Christ. Perhaps they would not have come if they had known Christ was to be there. But they were friends of Martha

and Mary, and though they did not like their serious ways, yet in an hour of affliction they could not but visit them, to give them such comfort as they were able. This is the way of the world. There is much natural kindness remaining in the bosom even of worldly men. Christ knew this, and therefore chose this very time to arrive. Ah, friends, he doeth all things well. You often wonder, often murmur, at the way that he takes you. Learn that if you are his, he will make all things work together for your good, and his own glory. Learn to trust him, then, in the dark—in the darkest frowns of providence—in the most painful delays. Learn to wait upon him. "It is good for a man both to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." He is good to the soul that waiteth for him.

II. *The weak believer.* Jesus and his disciples had halted a little way from the village, under the shade of the trees; but word soon came to the ear of Martha that the Saviour was come. She immediately hastened to meet him. Ah! who can tell what love and compassion must have appeared in his eye—what holy calmness on his brow—what tenderness upon his lips? He was the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys. Yet Martha is not hushed at the sight. She bursts out into this impassioned cry: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Observe,

1. *Her presumption.* "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." How did she know this? What promise of the Bible could she name upon which this expectation was grounded? God has promised that his own shall never want bread—any good thing; that he will supply all their need—that they shall never perish—that he will be with them in time of trouble; but nowhere has he promised that they shall not die. On the contrary, "Israel must die." David prays: "Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days." And Job: "I would not live alway."

2. *Her limiting of Christ:* "If thou hadst been here." Why so? Am I a God at hand, and not afar off? "Is my hand shortened at all, and have I no power to redeem?" She forgot the centurion of Capernaum: "I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof, but speak the word only." Matt. viii. 8. She forgot the nobleman's son at Capernaum: "Sir, come down, ere my child die." "Go thy way, thy son liveth." John iv. 46. Her grief and anguish kept her from calmly remembering the works and power of Jesus.

3. *Her unbelief;* "But I know that even now."—Verse 22. This was faith, and yet unbelief. She believed something, but not all, concerning Jesus. She believed in him as an advocate and intercessor, but not that all things were given into his hands—that he is Lord of all—head over all things to the Church. Her grief, and confusion, and darkness, hid many things from her.

4. *And yet she came to Jesus.* Though grieved, she was not offended; she did not keep away from him. She poured out all her grief, her darkness, and complaint, into his bosom. This is just the picture of a weak believer—much of nature and little grace—many questionings of Christ's love and power, and yet carrying your complaints only to him. It was not to the Jews Martha told her grief, it was not to the disciples—it was to himself.

Learn that afflicting time is trying time. Affliction is like the furnace—it discovers the dross as well as the gold. Had all things gone on smoothly at Bethany, Martha and Mary had never known their sin and weakness; but now the furnace brought out the dross.

Learn to guard against unbelief. Guard against presumption—making a Bible promise for yourself, and leaning upon a word God has never spoken. Guard against prescribing your way to Christ, and limiting him in his dealings. Guard against unbelief, believing only part of God's testimony. "O foolish, and slow of heart to believe all that God hath spoken." Remember, whatever your darkness may be, to carry your complaint to Jesus himself.

III. *Jesus reveals himself.*—Verses 23–26. Not a feature of Christ's face was ruffled by the passionate cry of Martha. He was not angry, and did not turn away, but opened up more of himself than he had ever done. "Thy brother shall rise again." He comforts her by the assurance that her brother shall rise again, and then leads her to see that all the spring and source of that is in himself. Two things he shows in himself.

1. *I am the resurrection:* "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Christ here reveals himself as the head of all dead believers. (1.) He shows what he is: I am the author or spring of all resurrection. The fountain of the resurrection is in my hand. It is my voice that shall call forth the sleeping dust of all my saints. It is my hand that shall gather their dust, and fashion it like my own glorious body. All this is mine. At my command Enoch was translated. I also carried away Elijah. I will raise the myriads of sleeping believers also. Believest thou this? Believest thou that he who has sat so often under thy roof and fig tree—at thy table—that he is the resurrection? (2.) He shows the certainty that all dead believers shall live; "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." If I am the resurrection, then surely I will raise every one for whom I died. I will not lose one of them.

Here is comfort for those of you who, like Martha, weep over the believing dead. Thy brother shall rise again. Jesus, who died for them, is the Resurrection. That great work of gathering and raising their scattered dust is committed to Jesus. "They shall be mine, in that day when I shall make up my jewels." Oh,

what unspeakable comfort it will be to be raised from the grave by Jesus! If it were an angel's voice we might wish to lie still; but when the voice of our Beloved calls, how gladly shall we arise!

Sweet thought to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Oh, what unspeakable terror it will give to you that are Christless, to hear the voice of Jesus breaking the long silence of the tomb!

2. *I am the life:* "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Christ here reveals himself as the head of all living believers. (1.) He directs her eye to himself: "I am the life." This name is frequently applied to the Lord Jesus: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men."—John i. 4. "For the life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us"—"When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. iii. 4. And therefore Jesus says: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." In my hand is the source of all natural, spiritual, and eternal life. Everything that lives derives its life from me. Every living soul—every drop of living water flows from my hand. I begin—I carry on—I give eternal life. (2.) He shows the happy consequence to all living believers. "They shall never die." Their life suffers no interruption by the death of the body. Death has no power to quench the vital flame in the believer's soul. If I be the life, I will keep all mine, even in the valley of the shadow of death. They shall never perish. Believest thou this?

Here is comfort to those of you who, like Martha, tremble at the sight of death. Ah! it is a ghastly sight when it comes—the terror of kings, and the king of terrors. There is something dreadful in the still features—the silent lips—the glazed eye—the cold hand, that no more returns our fond pressure, but rather sends a chill through the blood. Ah! you say, must we all thus die? Where is the Gospel now? *Ans.* Jesus is the life—the spring of eternal life to all his own. Believe this, and you will triumph over the grave.

IV. *Martha's confession.*

1. *When her faith flowed out.* When the south wind blows softly upon a bed of spices, it causes the fragrant odors to flow out. So when Jesus breathed on this believer's heart, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life," it drew from her this sweet confession: "Yea, Lord, I believe." This shows how faith and love spring up in the heart. Some of you seek for faith much in

the same way as you would dig for a well; you turn the eye inward upon yourself, and search amidst the depths of your polluted heart to find if faith is there; you search amid all your feelings at sermons and sacraments to see if faith is there; and still you find nothing but sin and disappointment. Learn Martha's plan. She looked full in the face of Jesus; she saw his dust-soiled feet and sullied garment, and his eye of more than human tenderness. She drank in his word: "I am the resurrection and the life;" and spite of all she saw, and all she felt, she could not but believe. The discovery that Jesus made of his love and power, as the head of dead believers, and the head of living believers, revived her fainting soul, and she cried: "Yea, Lord, I believe." Faith comes by hearing the voice of Jesus.

2. *Upon what her faith flowed out:* Upon the person of Jesus. It seems probable that Martha did not comprehend all that was implied in the words of the Lord Jesus. Something she saw, but much she did not see. Still on this one thing her faith fastens—that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. So do you, brethren, when glorious promises are unfolded, whose full meaning you cannot comprehend; embrace Jesus and you have all; "for all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, to the glory of God by us." Much you cannot comprehend, for it doth not yet appear what we shall be; yet take a whole Christ into the arms of your faith, and say: "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

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## LECTURE IX.

### BETHANY.—PART V.

"And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee. As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him. Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him. The Jews then which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there. Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept."—John xi. 28–35.

I. *The calling of Mary.*

1. *Observe, Martha is the messenger.* Martha had got a little comfort from that sweet word of Jesus, "I am the resurrection and the life." Her faith had been revived by the question, "Believest thou this?" The swelling tide of sorrow in her breast

was calmed: "And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary." Those who have been comforted by Christ themselves, are the fittest messengers to bring comfort to others. "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—1 Cor. i. 3, 4. God takes his ministers through divers trials and consolations, just that he may make them fitting messengers to comfort others. O! it is then we can tell others of the excellence of the apple-tree, when we have been sitting under its shadow, and eating its pleasant fruits.

Martha was but a weak believer compared with Mary, and yet she is made the channel of conveying the joyful news to her. It is a great mistake to think that none but eminent believers are made useful in the Church of God. God often feeds eminent believers by a weak ministry. The minister has often less grace than those to whom he ministers. Especially when eminent believers are cast down and perplexed, frequently a very small means is used to lift them up again.

2. *She called her secretly.* The last time the Saviour was in Judea, they took up stones to stone him to death; and probably some of the Jews who were sitting beside Mary were among his bitter enemies. Martha therefore came in, and whispered softly into Mary's ear, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." She feared the Jews. Jesus had done much for her, and she was tender of his safety and of his cause. Thus does it become those of you for whom Jesus has done much to be tender of his honor, tender of his name and cause. You will feel as a member of his body, and that you have no interest separate from him.

3. *The message:* "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Mary was sitting sad and desolate in the cottage at Bethany. It was now the fourth day from the funeral, and yet no comfort came. The place of Lazarus was empty; the house looked desolate without him, and Jesus had not come. He had sent them a message—that this sickness was not unto death; yet his word was broken, and he had not come. Mary knew not what to think. Why does he tarry beyond Jordan? she would say to herself: has he forgotten to be gracious? Suddenly her sister whispers, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Christ was near the cottage before she knew. So it was that morning at the Lake of Tiberias, when "Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus;" or that evening when the two disciples went to Emmaus and Jesus drew near, but their eyes were holden that they did not know him. So does death come upon the believer in Jesus. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." So will Jesus come to his weeping, desolate Church, and this

cry shall awake the dead. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

II. *Mary's going.* Verses 29–31.

1. *She arose quickly.* It is evident that Mary was the more deeply affected of the two sisters. Martha was able to go about, but Mary sat still in the house. She felt the absence of Christ more than Martha. She believed his word more, and when that word seemed to fail, Mary's heart was nearly broken. Ah! it is a deep sorrow when natural and spiritual grief come together. Affliction is easily borne if we have the smile of Jehovah's countenance. Why does the mourner rise, and hastily drying her tears, with eager step leave the cottage door? Her friends who sat around her she seems quite to forget. "The Master is come." Such is the presence of the Lord Jesus to mourners still. The world's comforters are all physicians of no value. Miserable comforters are they all. They have no balm for a wounded spirit. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." But when the Master comes and calls us, the soul revives. There is life in his call—his voice speaketh peace. "In me ye shall have peace." Mourners should rise up quickly, and go to Jesus. The bereaved should spread their sorrows at the feet of Christ.

2. *The place:* "Now Jesus was not yet come into the town."—Verse 30. Jesus had probably come far that day—perhaps all the way from Jericho. He had journeyed onwards on foot, till he came to the foot of the Mount of Olives, and halted beneath the trees that skirt the village of Bethany. He did not go into the town till he had finished the work for which he came. Perhaps he was hungry and thirsty, as he was that day when he sat beside Jacob's well, and said, "Give me to drink." But he did not mention it now. His mind was intent upon his work—the raising of dead Lazarus, and the glorifying of his Father's great name. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."—"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Christ's delight in saving sinners, and doing good to his own, overcame his sense of hunger, and thirst, and weariness. Oh! see what a ready high priest we have to go to. And see what is our true happiness, namely, to do God's holy will, not much minding bodily comforts. They have most of the mind of Christ, and most of the joy of Christ, who prefer his service to bodily rest and refreshment.

3. *The Jews followed Mary.*—Verse 31. We saw that it was natural kindness that brought them to Bethany; and so natural kindness makes them follow Mary now. They could not comprehend her spiritual grief, and thought she was going to the grave to weep there. Yet this was the means of leading some of them to the spot where they were born again. "Many of the Jews believed on him."—Verse 45. How wonderful are God's

ways of leading men to Christ! "And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known." One soul is led by curiosity, like Zaccheus, to go and hear a particular minister, and the word is sent home with power. Another goes in kindness to a friend, and is arrested and sent home with a bleeding heart. His name is Wonderful—his ways are wonderful—his grace is wonderful. Learn that it is good to cleave to the godly, and to go with them. They may lead you to where Jesus is.

III. *The meeting with Jesus.*—Verses 32–35

1. *Mary's tender humility.* With eager footstep Mary hurried over the rocky footpath. Jesus was standing in the same place where Martha met him; and as she approached, he bent his compassionate eyes upon her. Mary saw, and fell at his feet. What a crowd of feelings were in her breast at that moment! She wondered why he had not come sooner. That was a dark mystery to her. She knew he was her Saviour, and the Son of God. She knew that he loved her; and yet she fell at his feet. She felt that she was a vile sinner, worthy to be trampled on. She felt that she was a worm, and that all her hope was in Jesus. Ah! brethren, it is sweet to be able to take Mary's place. The most eminent believers are the lowliest. Paul said: "I am the chief of sinners;" and, "I am less than the least of all saints." The nearer you take anything to the light, the darker its spots appear; and the nearer you live to God, the more you will see your own utter vileness.

2. *Mary repeats Martha's complaint:* "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—Verse 32. From this it is plain that the two sisters had been often conversing upon Christ's absence; and they had agreed upon this, that if Christ had been there, their brother had not died. It was both presumptuous and unbelieving. Perhaps Mary learned it from Martha. We are very apt to learn unbelief from one another. The Bible says: "Exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day." But believers frequently discourage one another.

3. *Jesus' compassion.* (1.) *When he saw, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled.* This is humanity. His eye affected his heart, when he saw her weeping—her whom he loved so well—so eminent a believer—one whom he had washed and justified. When he saw the Jews weeping—mere worldly friends—he groaned within himself. So when he came near, and beheld the city, he wept over it; when he saw the widow of Nain, he had compassion on her; when he saw the multitudes of Galilee, like sheep without a shepherd, he had compassion on them. All this shows his perfect humanity. He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. (2.) *He asked, Where have ye laid him?* This also was human. As God he knew well where they had laid him;

but he wanted them to lead him to the grave. (3.) *Jesus wept.* When he saw the cave, and the stone, and the weeping friends, "Jesus wept." He wept because his heart was deeply touched. It was not feigned weeping—it was real. He knew that he was to raise him from the dead, and yet he wept because others wept. He wept as our example, to teach us to weep with one another. He wept to show what was in him. "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace; that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 15, 16.

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## LECTURE X.

### BETHANY.—PART VI.

"Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him! And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died? Jesus therefore again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days. Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God? Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but, because of the people which stand by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."—John xi. 35–42.

In our last we considered briefly these wonderful words, "*Jesus wept.*" When he saw Mary weeping, and the Jews weeping, he groaned within himself, and said, "Where have ye laid him?" They said, "Come and see." And as they led him along the path to the cave in the rock, "Jesus wept." Amazing sight! "Jesus wept." He was the Son of God, who thought it no robbery to be equal with God—infinite in happiness—and yet he weeps, so truly does he feel the sorrows of his own.

I. *The feelings of the Jews at this sight.*

1. *Wonder at his love.* "Behold how he loved him!" These Jews were as yet only worldly men, and yet they were amazed at such an overflow of love. They saw that heavenly form bowed down at the grave of Lazarus—they heard his groans of agony—they saw the tears that fell like rain from his compassionate eyes. They saw the heaving of his seamless mantle; but, ah! they saw not what was within. They saw but a little of his love—they did not see its eternity. They did not see that it was

love that made him die for Lazarus. They did not know the fulness, freeness, vastness of that love of his. And yet they were astonished at it. "Behold how he loved him!" There is something in the love of Christ to amaze even worldly men. When Jesus gives peace to his own in the midst of trouble—when the waves of trouble come round the soul—when clouds and darkness, poverty and distress overwhelm his dwelling—when he can yet be glad in the Lord, and say: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation;"—then the world are forced to say, "Behold how he loved him!" When Jesus is with the believer in death—standing beside him, so that he cannot be moved—overshadowing him with his wings—washing him in blood, and filling him with holy peace, so that he cries, "To depart, and be with Christ, is far better"—then the world cry, "Behold how he loved him!"—Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

Another solemn day is coming when all of you who are believers shall be separated, and stand on the right hand of the throne, and Jesus shall welcome you, poor and hell-deserving though you be, to share his throne, and to share his glory. Then you who are unbelievers shall cry, with bitter wailing, "Behold how he loved them!"

2. *Some doubt his love.* "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Verse 37. It was but a little before that Jesus had given sight to a man that was born blind; and the Jews that now stood around had seen the miracle. Now they reasoned thus with one another. If he really loved Lazarus, could he not have kept him from dying? He that opened the eyes of the blind, could also preserve the dying from death. They doubted his tears, they doubted his words. This is unbelief. It turns aside the plainest declarations of the Lord Jesus by its own arguments.

How many of you have turned aside the love of Christ in the same way! We read that he wept over Jerusalem. This plainly showed that he did not want them to die in their sins—that he does not want you to perish, but to have everlasting life. And yet you doubt his love, and turn aside his tears by some wretched argument of your own. Jesus says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This is a simple declaration, but you turn it aside thus: If Christ had really wanted to give me rest, would he not have brought me to himself before now? Unbelief turns the very exhibition of Christ's love into gall and wormwood. Some men, the more they see of Christ the harder they grow. These Jews had seen him give sight to the blind, and weep over Lazarus, and yet they only grew

harder. Take heed that it be not so with you. Take heed lest the more you hear of Christ, and of his love to his own, the harder you grow.

II. *The grave.*

1. *The command:* "Take ye away the stone." Christ's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts. One would have thought that he would have commanded the stone to fly back by his own word. When he rose from the dead himself, "the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it;" but he did not do so now. He said to the men: "Take ye away the stone."

For two reasons. (1.) He wanted to bring out Martha's unbelief, that it might be made manifest. Unbelief in the heart is like evil humor in a wound—it festers; and therefore Jesus wanted to draw it out of Martha's heart. (2.) To teach us to use the means. The men around the grave could not give life to dead Lazarus, but they could roll back the stone. Now Jesus was about to use his divine power in awaking the dead, but he would not take away the stone.

Have any of you an unconverted friend for whom you pray? You know it is only Christ that can give him life—it is only Christ that can call him forth; yet you can roll away the stone—you can use the means; you can bring your friend under the faithful preaching of the Gospel. Speak to him—write to him. "Take ye away the stone."

2. *Martha's unbelief:* "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days." Mary was silent. She did not know what Jesus was going to do; but she knew that he would do all things well. She knew that he was full of love, and wisdom, and grace. But Martha cries out. She forgot all the words of Christ. She forgot his message: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." She forgot his sweet saying: "Thy brother shall rise again;" and "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." She forgot her own declaration, that Jesus was the Son of God. And see how she would have hindered her own mercy. She loved her brother tenderly, and yet she would have the stone kept on the mouth of the cave. She was standing in her own light.

Learn how easily you may fall into unbelief. A few minutes before, Martha was full of faith; but now she sinks again. Oh, what marvellous blindness and sin there is in the human heart!

Learn how unbelief shuts out your own mercy. "He did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief." Martha had nearly hindered the restoration of Lazarus. Oh, do not forget the words of Jesus, nor his wonders of love and power! "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

3. *Christ's reproof:* "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"—Verse 40. Christ had sent this message: "This sickness is not unto death;" now he recalls his word: "Said I not unto thee?" as if he had said: Martha, have you forgotten my words? Why do you not believe my words? Am I a liar, or like waters that fail? Am I a man that I should lie, or the son of man that I should repent? See how unbelief woundeth Jesus. "He that believeth not God, hath made him a liar." You will have a deeper hell than the Heathen. They will be cast away because of their sins, but you because of your sin and unbelief. "He that believeth not is condemned already."

III. *Christ's prayer and thanksgiving.*

1. *His prayer was secret.* We are not told any words that he prayed; but no doubt during his groans and tears he was praying to his Father in secret. Even in the midst of the crowd, Jesus was alone with his Father, praying for his own, that their faith might not fail. The tears of Christ were not mere tears of feeling—they were the tears also of earnest prayer. His is no empty fellow-feeling, but real intercession. Christ teaches you to pray in sudden trials. Even when you cannot get any secret place, lift up your heart to him in the midst of the crowd. Ah, brethren! a sincere soul is never at a loss for a praying place to meet with God. If you are a child of God, you will find some secret place to pray. It will not do to say, you will pray when walking, or at your work, or in the midst of company. It will not do to make that your praying time through the day. No; Satan is at your right hand. Get alone with God. Spend as much time as you can alone with God every day; and then, in sudden temptations and afflictions, you will be able to lift your heart easily even among the crowd to your Father's ear.

2. *His thanks:* "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." (1.) See what speed Christ comes in his prayer: "Thou hearest me always." Every intercession that Christ makes is answered. The moment he asks he is answered. If we know that Christ prays for us, then we know that we have what he desires. (2.) He thanks. So entirely one is Christ with his own, that he gives thanks in our name. This should teach us not only to pray, but also to give thanks. (3.) He does this aloud, that all around might believe on him. Christ was always seeking the conversion of souls—even here, in praying and giving thanks to his Father. He does it aloud, that those around him might believe on him, as the sent of God, and the Saviour of the world. Yea, brethren, he records it here, that ye may believe on him. For this end is Christ set before you in the Gospel as the sent of

moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—1 Cor. xv. 52–55. Fix your eye on Jesus at the grave of Lazarus; so will he stand over the grave of a sleeping world, and cry, "*Come forth.*"

O Christless man! you too will hear that voice—your soul will hear it in hell—your body will hear it in the grave; and death and hell will give up the dead which are in them. You will not hear his voice now, but you must hear it then. You will come forth, like Lazarus, and stand before God. Perhaps you would like to lie still in the grave. Oh! let the rocks fall on me, and the mountains cover me. Perhaps you will cling to the sides of the grave, and clasp your frail coffin in your arms. Perhaps your soul would wish to lie still in hell. Oh! let me alone—let the burning wave go over me for ever—let the worm gnaw and never die. But you must come forth to the resurrection of damnation—you must rise to shame and everlasting contempt.

2. *He manifested himself as the life.* This is the way in which Christ gives life to dead souls. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."—John v. 25. The soul of the unconverted among you is as dead to divine things as the body of Lazarus was to common things. There is a total death in every unconverted bosom. It is not a mere figure of speech. It is not figurative death, but real—as real as that of Lazarus. Your eye does not see divine things—your ear does not hear them—your heart does not feel them. It is the voice of Christ that wakens the dead soul. Jesus speaks through the Bible—through ministers—through providences. His voice can reach the dead. He quickeneth whom he will. They that hear live.

Learn that it is right in ministers and godly friends to give warnings, and calls, and invitations to those that are spiritually dead. It appears strange to some that we should believe men to be spiritually dead, and yet warn them, and call them, and invite them to repent and believe the Gospel. But this is the very way Jesus did to a dead Lazarus; and the way he does still to dead souls. It is through these very warnings, and calls, and invitations, that Jesus speaks to your dead hearts. All that have been saved in this place heard the voice of Christ when they were dead. Godly persons among you should contrive these calls and warnings, even though your friends appear as dead as Lazarus was.

Learn where to look for spiritual life. It was not the voice of Mary, nor the voice of Martha, nor the voice of the Jews, that raised dead Lazarus. They could roll away the stone, but they could do no more. They could not raise the dead. It was the voice of Immanuel—of him who is the life of all that live. So it is still, dear friends. It is his voice alone that can awaken you. It is not my voice, nor that of your loving Marthas and Marys—it must be the voice of Jesus, or you will sleep on and die in your sins; and where Christ has gone you will never come. Many a time the voice of ministers has rung through this house, and through your ears, and you have lived on in sin. But when the voice of Christ speaks through the Word, then you will arise, and leave all, and follow him.

II. *The effect on the bystanders.*

1. *Many believed on him.* It was a happy day in Bethany. He turneth the shadow of death into the morning. Martha and Mary had their bitter grief turned into a song of praise. Their buried brother was once more restored to their arms safe and sound; and I can imagine the feelings with which they sang that evening at their family worship: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Another joy was this: all their unbelief was now cleared away; Christ was like a morning without clouds. His tarrying, his promise, his trial of them—all was now explained; and as Mary sat at his feet that evening and heard his words, she felt more than ever that it was impossible for Christ to lie. But a greater joy still remained: "Many of the Jews believed on him." It was a birth-night for eternity. The Shepherd found some lost sheep that night. The voice that called Lazarus forth pierced many a heart. The cottage at Bethany would be like a little heaven that night. Observe what made them believe: "When they saw the things that Jesus did." It was not the sight of one thing, but of all that Jesus did; just as the dying thief believed on Christ, not from seeing one thing but all that Jesus did. When he saw his holy person, his calmness, his love, his pity, he could not but feel that this was the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world. So with these Jews. They saw the amazing love of Jesus to Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary—they saw his tears—they heard his groans—they saw him thank and praise his Father; and they could not but believe on him. Two things especially they saw—divine power, and divine love to sinners. It is the same thing which persuades sinners now to believe on him. It is seeing such love in him that he is willing to save; and such power that he is able. And O how happy it would make us if many of you believed on him!—if you were constrained this day to lay hold on him as your surety, elder brother, and friend!

2. *Some went and told the Pharisees.* Some were saved and

some were hardened. (1.) Their companions were saved, yet they were not. They left Jerusalem together, strangers to God and to conversion. Some were taken, and some were left. So it is ever. I have often thought when sinners have been stricken and saved in this place, surely their neighbors will be saved also. Often it is the very reverse. Are there not many of you that have been hardened, while others have been saved by your side? (2.) They loved Martha and Mary, and yet were not saved, but hated Christ. They were friends of Martha and Mary; they seem even to have loved Mary best—and yet they did not love Christ. So it is now. Some among you love our Marthas and Marys, and yet do not love Christ. Ah! those whom you love will soon be eternally separated from you. (3.) Their objections were answered, and yet they were not saved. "Could not this man who opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?"—Verse 37. They objected that his love was not true, or he would not have suffered Lazarus to drop into the grave. Here their objection was taken away. Lazarus is raised, so that it is proved to them that Jesus loved him. Their mouth is shut. Still they do not turn. Alas! it is the same still. Many say, If I knew that Christ were willing to receive me, I would come. Remove the objection, still they do not come. If I had clothes, if I were free from family cares, I would begin to care about my soul. Still, remove the objection, and they are careless as ever. (4.) They hated Christ, the more they saw of him. Not only did they not believe on him, but they went and told his deadly enemies—went and plotted his destruction. Ah! this is almost incredible. What a diabolical heart is a natural heart! Not only do you refuse to be saved by Christ, but you hate his name and cause. "Behold, I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed."

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## LECTURE XII.

### CAPERNAUM.

"Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not: Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee."—Matt. xi. 20–24.

On the north-west border of the Lake of Galilee, there is a

beautiful little plain, which was called in ancient times "the land of Gennesaret." It is in the shape of a crescent and is about four miles in length, and two in breadth at its broadest part. It has two fine streams, which rush down from the mountains; and it has besides two large fountains, so that it is well watered and very fertile. On that little plain stood long ago the three cities of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum. At the northern corner, almost at the sea, there is a fine fountain, and beside it a heap of ruins half buried by the reeds and thorny bushes that spread over them. This is believed to mark the site of Capernaum. Of the other two not a vestige remains, and no man can tell in what part of the plain they stood. And yet it was there in that little plain that Jesus did most of his mighty works. But the woe which he pronounced over them has fallen with silent but exterminating power! It is more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon than for Chorazin and Bethsaida; and Capernaum, long exalted to heaven, has been brought down to hell. Tell me, brethren, is there no voice of warning rises from these blasted ruins addressed to this favored land? Is there no warning here for you and me? You, too, have been favored like Capernaum, and if you do not repent, you will be brought down to hell.

I. *Capernaum was exalted to heaven.*

The reason why Capernaum is said to have been exalted to heaven, was because of Christ's preaching, and performing so many of his miracles there. When the people of Nazareth rejected him, and wanted to cast him over a precipice, "he came and dwelt in Capernaum." Whenever he came to Galilee, he seems to have dwelt in Capernaum. It was his home more than any town on earth, so that it is frequently called "his own city." —Matt. ix. 1. He seems to have loved that spot more than other places. (1.) *Here he performed most of his miracles.* He healed the centurion's servant here.—Matt. viii. 5. Here he raised up Jairus' daughter, and cured the woman of the issue of blood. Here they brought their sick friends, and laid them down at his feet, and he healed them all. (2.) *Jesus preached here.* He spoke the most of his parables here. The parable of the sower, and those that follow, were spoken in the hearing of the people of Capernaum. (3.) *He prayed here.*—Mark i. 35. So that it was a glorious opportunity to be saved. It was a day of salvation. It was an effectual door. The gate of heaven was, as it were, thrown open there. The Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, was living among them—healing and preaching among them. (4.) *Because the Holy Spirit descended here.* The Holy Spirit is the author of conversion in the soul, and without his work even the preaching of Christ does not convert souls. Now we know that the preaching of Christ in Galilee was not in vain. Though many were not converted, yet some were. Where did

some were hardened. (1.) Their companions were saved, yet they were not. They left Jerusalem together, strangers to God and to conversion. Some were taken, and some were left. So it is ever. I have often thought when sinners have been stricken and saved in this place, surely their neighbors will be saved also. Often it is the very reverse. Are there not many of you that have been hardened, while others have been saved by your side? (2.) They loved Martha and Mary, and yet were not saved, but hated Christ. They were friends of Martha and Mary; they seem even to have loved Mary best—and yet they did not love Christ. So it is now. Some among you love our Marthas and Marys, and yet do not love Christ. Ah! those whom you love will soon be eternally separated from you. (3.) Their objections were answered, and yet they were not saved. "Could not this man who opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?"—Verse 37. They objected that his love was not true, or he would not have suffered Lazarus to drop into the grave. Here their objection was taken away. Lazarus is raised, so that it is proved to them that Jesus loved him. Their mouth is shut. Still they do not turn. Alas! it is the same still. Many say, If I knew that Christ were willing to receive me, I would come. Remove the objection, still they do not come. If I had clothes, if I were free from family cares, I would begin to care about my soul. Still, remove the objection, and they are careless as ever. (4.) They hated Christ, the more they saw of him. Not only did they not believe on him, but they went and told his deadly enemies—went and plotted his destruction. Ah! this is almost incredible. What a diabolical heart is a natural heart! Not only do you refuse to be saved by Christ, but you hate his name and cause. "Behold, I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed."

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the centurion get that great faith which made Jesus marvel? Where did the woman, who came at last to Christ, get grace to leave all other physicians? Doubtless there were many drops of the Spirit given around that silent lake. Although the Spirit was not fully given, because Christ was not yet glorified, yet drops of the Spirit were given, upon the credit of his laying down his life a ransom. Many a time when Jesus rose a great while before day, and went up into some of the deep ravines of the mountains around, he obtained showers of the Spirit, which came down at evening as he taught the people out of the boat on the lake. I believe there are many in heaven that were born again during these sermons, under the open canopy of heaven, beside the Lake of Galilee. It was this that exalted Capernaum to heaven—the presence of the Saviour, and the falling of the Spirit.

Scotland, in like manner, has been exalted to heaven.

1. *By the preaching of the Gospel.* We have not had the personal presence of Christ, like Capernaum, but we have had the same message which he carried. Faithful ministers come from Christ. They are his gift. They are sent by him. Wherever they go, they go in his name; so that Christ may be said to dwell where they dwell. Never, since 1560, has Scotland wanted faithful pastors. There were nearly a hundred years of spiritual death, but even then there were here and there a believing remnant. I suppose this town has never since then wanted some faithful pastors, even in its worst times. Dundee has been exalted to heaven. When Christ went to Sychar, he stayed only two days among them; and yet many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him. These were two days of merciful visitation. Jesus spent but a single day in the coasts of Syrophenicia, and yet that was the birth-day of the Syrophenician woman's soul. You have had a thousand such days of mercy, yet how few of you have improved them! If you take up a map of the world, it is wonderful to mark how few spots have a preached Gospel. Almost all Asia is sunk under the wicked delusions of Mahomet, or under the idolatries of Paganism. Africa is given over to Mahomet and witchcraft. South America to idolatry and Popery. Europe is, for the most part, covered with the thick darkness of Popery. Oh! what grace is it to pass over the fairest provinces of the world, and come to this bleak island, with an open Bible, a quiet Sabbath, and a preached Gospel! My friends, you will never know till eternity the greatness of the mercy of having a regularly preached Gospel. It is the gate of heaven thrown open.

2. *By the pouring out of the Spirit.* We have had more of the Holy Spirit poured out than ever Capernaum had. I do not know that any country in the world has been visited in this way, as Scotland has been. The first remarkable time in Scotland was from 1625 to 1630, when for five years there was an open win-

dow of heaven over Scotland. Under the ministry of David Dickson at Irvine and Stewarton, hundreds were brought to Christ; and under John Livingston, at Kirk of Shotts, five hundred in one day. The second time of love was exactly a hundred years ago, in 1742, when the windows of heaven were opened over Kilsyth and Cambuslang, and about twenty or thirty other parts of Scotland shared in the blessing. The third time of love in Scotland was from 1798 to 1800, when the parish of Moulin and some neighboring parishes were visited in a remarkable manner. The *last* is in our own day, beginning in 1839, when God opened the windows of heaven and poured down a blessing, till there was no room to receive it. This congregation has been exalted to heaven. You have had such an opportunity of being saved as you may never have again. Christ has done mighty works in the midst of you. Every sinner converted is a greater miracle than all external miracles put together.

3. *By the Spirit being poured on your heart.* No doubt this was the case with many in Capernaum. The Holy Spirit strove with them; but they vexed him, so that he was turned to be their enemy, and fought against them. This has been the case with some of you. The Spirit has been poured on you, convincing you of sin—making you lie in the dust because of sin—giving you glances of desire after Christ. Ah! this is an amazing opportunity for being saved. If ever any man was at heaven's gates, it is that man with whom the Spirit has been striving.

II. *Capernaum repented not.*—Verse 20.

It would be interesting to know the secret history of the people of Capernaum. When Christ came among them, they were "a people that sat in darkness—in the region and shadow of death." A few were taken out of them—jewels for the Redeemer's crown; but the most repented not.

1. *Some would not go to hear.* Their neighbors told them that a great prophet had come to dwell in their town—that he spoke as never man spake—that gracious words proceeded out of his mouth—that he spoke with majesty, and heavenly power, and holy love—that he healed all that came. They heard of the centurion's servant being healed, of Jairus' daughter being raised, and the nobleman's son. The whole town rang again. Their neighbors said, Will you not go and hear him? They made light of it, and went their ways—one to his farm, another to his merchandise. "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused." And so they repented not. In darkness he found them—in darkness he left them.

2. *Some went for a while.* They wondered when they saw his miracles. They followed him from place to place. They sat down on the grass to eat the bread he gave. They stood on the shore and listened to his preaching, and for a while they seemed

taken with it. But when he pressed them that they must eat his flesh and drink his blood—a personal closing with Christ—they said, "This is a hard saying, who can bear it?" They went back, and walked no more with Jesus. They repented not.

3. *Some followed him all the time.* They would not miss a sermon by the lake for all the world. They ran on foot round the lake when he sailed to the other side. They stood breathless to hear; and yet they lived in some damning sin. They were hearers of the Word—not doers. They repented not. So it is in this place. If Christ were now where I am, he would upbraid this nation, because it has repented not. Instead of repenting, our nation is evidently, like Capernaum, becoming more dark and wicked.

But with regard to this place, (1.) *How many will not come to hear*, but live on in their unrepented sins! Although God has opened his house of mercy here—although the door is open—notwithstanding all that God has done in this place—notwithstanding all the souls that have been saved—notwithstanding all the mighty works Jesus has done, multitudes have never come. They repent not. The taverns are as many as ever—these dens of iniquity are not diminished—the number of brawlers on the Saturday night and Sabbath is not smaller. If Jesus were here he would upbraid you. (2.) *Some have come, and gone away offended.* Many came for a while, but when pressed to close with Jesus, were offended. It seems as if ministers must not speak the truth nowadays, but mince their words, and make them sweet and sugary, that sinners may swallow them without offending their palate. We must not call black, black, and bitter, bitter, or some will be offended. All this shows that you have not repented. (3.) *Some have done many things*, but still have not repented. Some follow from sermon to sermon, and, like the multitudes that stood by the lake, drink in the word greedily. You have wondered at Christ's mighty works; but still you have not left your sin—your idol—your unlawful attachment. You are still a covetous man and an idolater, who shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. You repent not.

III. *Capernaum was brought down to hell.*

The inhabitants of these cities have long since passed away, and now the woe of Christ has taken hold of them. You must either have Christ's blessing or his woe. These cities were to sink lower than other cities—lower than Tyre and Sidon—lower than Sodom.

The whole Bible shows that there will be degrees of suffering in hell. Some will suffer more, some less, and yet all eternally. Just as there are degrees of blessedness in heaven; some being scarcely saved—some having an abundant entrance—others having an exceeding weight of eternal glory; one having authority over five cities, another over ten cities—all vessels being full of glory and joy, but some being more capacious. So in hell

there will be degrees of agony. "He that knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did it not, shall be beaten with few stripes." Those who have sinned against Gospel light shall receive greater damnation. The people of Capernaum went far deeper into the lake than the people of Tyre and Sidon and Sodom. "It shall be more tolerable." The hell of these people will be infinitely dreadful, but it will be more tolerable than yours.

1. *According to justice.* It is to satisfy justice that there is a hell at all: "Because the righteous Lord loveth righteousness." If it be just that there be a hell, then justice demands that those who have sinned against greater light, should have a deeper place. So that as surely as Gospel sinners go to hell, so surely will they go to the deepest place of all. 2. *According to truth.* God says it will be so; therefore it must be so. Some people please themselves with the fancy that there is no hell—that God is too kind and merciful. But is he a true God? If he be a true God, then there is a hell, and the deepest part is for Gospel sinners. 3. *In the nature of things.* One of the bitterest parts of a sinner's eternity will be memory. As it will increase the joy of God's people when they sing the song of Moses, so it will increase the misery of the damned, when they remember all God's kindness and their own sin. And, oh! what kind of memory will you have who have lived on under this ministry unconverted and unsaved? Oh! if you could pluck memory from its seat. Oh! if you could blot out the memory of these quiet Sabbaths. Alas! it may not be. "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

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## LECTURE XIII.

### WISDOM'S HOUSE.

"Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars: she hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table. She hath sent forth her maidens; she crieth upon the highest places of the city, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither: as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled. Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding."—PROV. ix. 1–6

WISDOM here spoken of is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. This is plain—1. *From his eternity*, described in Prov. viii. 22, 30,

31. This is true of none but the Lord Jesus. He only was with God in the beginning, before all creatures were. 2. *From his having the Holy Spirit:* "Behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you." Prov. i. 23. But it is Christ alone who has received the Holy Spirit, and pours it out according to his will: "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications."—Zech. xii. 10. 3. From the name given in Luke xi. 49: "Therefore also said the Wisdom of God." So that in this elegant Old Testament parable we have a sweet and inviting representation of the love and work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I. *The preparation he has made.*—Verses 1, 2.

1. *A house:* "Wisdom hath builded her house." This house may mean two things. (1.) *The invisible Church which Christ is now building:* "Even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory."—Zech. vi. 13. "Upon this rock I will build my Church."—Matt. xvi. 18. "Whose house are we."—Heb. iii. 6. Just as it was Solomon, the prince of peace, who built the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem, so it is Christ, the great prince of peace, the king of glory, who builds up this house. His hands have laid the foundation—his hands shall also finish it. He chooses the stones, brings them out of the quarry of nature, lays them on the foundation: "I will lay thy foundations." This is the house sinners are invited to enter. Come, and be part of "the spiritual house." Come, and be one of the living stones. Come, before he brings out the head-stone with shoutings. (2.) *The many-mansioned house:* "In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv. 2. "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v. 1. "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii. 14. This is the house into which Christ will bring all his redeemed at last. Here we live in crazy dwellings, that will soon be a heap of smouldering ruins. But Wisdom hath builded her house, and invites poor helpless sinners to take refuge there. Come to me, and I will provide you a home for eternity—"a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

2. *The pillars:* "She hath hewn out her seven pillars." Pillars in the Bible seem always to describe eminent believers—not merely stones, but stones which are used to support other stones of the temple: "For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them."—1 Sam. ii. 8. "I bear up the pillars of it."—Ps. lxxv. 3. "I have made thee an iron pillar."—Jer. i. 18. "James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars."—Gal. ii. 9. And this is what all who overcome will yet be made: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the

temple of my God."—Rev. iii. 12. Of these pillars there are seven—a perfect number—enough to bear up the temple of God—enough to give it perfect beauty and proportion. God will never want a sufficient number of eminent believers in the world to maintain his cause, and bear his name. He hath hewed them—they are all his own workmanship. They are the work of his own hands. By his Word, mercies, afflictions, he hath hewed them. He gives them all their beauty, grace, and stability. This is the house you are invited to enter, where patriarchs and apostles dwell, to share in the peace and joy of John and holy Paul.

3. *The feast:* "She hath killed her beasts."—Verse 2. The peace, and joy, and holiness, to be had in Christ, are here described under the image of a feast. So Isa. xxv. 6: "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast." And in Isa. lv. 1: "Ho, every one that thirsteth." And in Matt. xxii. 4: "Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage." So here: "*She hath killed her beasts.*" This clearly points to the finished atonement of Christ. Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. With dying breath he said, "It is finished." He is the Lamb as it had been slain from the foundation of the world. It is a finished atonement that you are invited to share in. The great redemption is complete. Christ has died. Christ has not now to die. All his sufferings are past; and if any of you are willing to take him as your atonement, you are welcome. "*She hath mingled her wine.*" This clearly points to the gift of the Holy Spirit. "Be not filled with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." The Holy Spirit is the new wine of the kingdom, "that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak." This also is free to sinners. "*She hath furnished her table.*" These things are not only in the house, but spread upon the table. All things are now ready. All this is free and ready for sinners now. It is spread out. There is no need of delay.

II. *The messengers.*

1. *She hath sent forth her maidens*, or young damsels. Prophets, apostles, ministers, missionaries, are here called the maidens of Wisdom. No doubt there is a beautiful suitableness in the word with the rest of the parable. The Saviour is set forth as a queen, so that his ministers are well represented as maidens. But there are also other reasons: (1.) *On account of their weakness.* The ministers of Christ are not compared to wily statesmen, but to simple maidens. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise. And God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring

to naught things that are." God has seldom chosen to convert many by men of gigantic mind and attainments, lest we should glory in man. God often blesses weaker brethren, that he may get all the glory. (2.) *On account of the purity of their lives.* Those whom Wisdom sends are in her own image. Christ first sanctifies, and then sends. Ministers should be like him whom they preach. Hear how Paul speaks: "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe."—1 Thess. ii. 10. And this he could say without pride or boasting. Hear how Samuel speaks: "Witness against me before the Lord and before his anointed, whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you."—1 Sam. xii. 3. Hear what Paul says to Timothy: "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach."—1 Tim. iii. 2. "Moreover, he must have a good report of them which are without." Ah! pray, brethren, that your ministers may be kept humble and holy. We have more temptations than you. Satan aims most at standard-bearers.

2. *She crieth upon the highest places in the city.* This is the way Christ did when he was on earth—in the days of his flesh. How often he stood by the Lake of Galilee, and cried to the multitudes that thronged the shore: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" Once he stood in the midst of the temple, and in the great day of the feast he cried: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." And his last cry over this fallen world was: "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." He crieth still. We are but the mouth-piece of Christ. He crieth by us: "God doth beseech you by us." We are but a voice—it is Jesus that speaks. He cries in your mercies—he cries in your distresses—he cries through his ministers. He is still carrying on his grand prophetical office, and you are called to hear his voice; "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me."

III. *The persons invited.* Those who are simple, and want understanding. So in Prov. i. 22: "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?" Simple ones are those who are ignorant of their danger. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." Prov. xxii. 3. Those among you who do not know the weight of your sins—that do not know the plague of your own heart—that do not know that you are over the depths of hell—smiling and happy when you are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Simple ones are those who are easily deceived by the devil—"who are taken captive by him at his will." Ah! how many of you are

there here who are opposed to the truth—who hate serious preaching! Why? You are taken captive. How many of you are taken up with a creature, that shuts out all the glories of eternity!

*Without heart:* "Ephraim also is like a silly dove without heart." Hos. vii. 11. How many of you have no heart for Christ! You see no beauty in him—"no form nor comeliness that you should desire him." No heart for prayer. You do not love it—you turn away from it with loathing. No heart for holiness—for the pleasures of God, and of heaven. You have a feeling of nausea at the very thought of them.

Such Jesus invites—welcomes—presses to close with him. True, Jesus invites his own: "I love them that love me"—"Come, my people, enter into thy chambers"—"O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock." True, Jesus invites those who have a sense of sin; "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—"Ho, every one that thirsteth"—"I will give to him that is athirst." Yet it is as true that Jesus here invites simple ones—those that have no heart for divine things. Ah, brethren! many of you are like Gallio, "who cared for none of these things." You have no heart for preaching or praying—no heart for Christ and the eternal world. All your heart is taken up about this world—about your lusts and pleasures. Ah, silly doves! Jesus calls for you, and does not wish you to perish. You may perish—you may sink into your grave—but it will be with the voice of Jesus ringing in your ear: "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?"

IV. *The invitation.*

1. *Forsake the foolish, and live.* If ever you are to be saved, you must forsake the foolish. Solomon tells you plainly, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed."—Prov. xiii. 20. Hear what David said: "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for God hath heard the voice of my weeping."—Ps. vi. 8. Even though they should be those of your own household, yet God's command is clear: "Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house."—Ps. xlv. 10. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." Ah! how many poor souls have been carried away captive, and led down to hell, all through foolish companions? Forsake the foolish, and live. You say you cannot. Why? Are they more precious than salvation? If you will be the friend of the world, you must be the enemy of God.

2. *Come, eat of my bread.* This is explained in John vi. 53: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." You must personally close with Christ, and live upon him—as one who eats and drinks, when hungry, really enjoys the feast. It is not the man who hears of a feast, or sees it, but he that sits down and eats and drinks—he alone

enjoys it. So those only who close with Christ—who take him as their righteousness, and feed upon him as their strength and daily life—are saved through him.

*Improvement.*

1. Amazing love! that calls you to a feast, and not to hell.
2. Those of you that do not care, are the very persons called.
3. If you do not obey his call, you will soon be in the very depths of hell.

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## LECTURE XIV.

### FOLLY'S HOUSE.

"A foolish woman is clamorous; she is simple, and knoweth nothing. For she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city, to call passengers who go right on their ways, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; and as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell."—PROV. ix. 13–18.

IN our last lecture from this chapter, we saw that Wisdom is the Lord Jesus Christ, that he has builded a house, and prepared a feast, and that he is inviting poor simple sinners to turn in to him and be saved. We now come to the opposite side of the picture. Another woman, but O how different! sits at the door of her house, and cries to the same passengers. She invites them to turn in and partake of "stolen waters, and bread eaten in secret." But, ah! "her guests are in the depths of hell." I have little doubt that this second woman represents the devil, the great enemy of God and man.

I. *The name and character:* "A foolish woman is clamorous: she is simple, and knoweth nothing." This is the name and character of Satan: "Foolish, simple, knowing nothing." Satan was once one of the brightest spirits that stood before the throne of God. He is called Lucifer, son of the morning: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"—Isa. xiv. 12. There is reason to think that of all the creatures, he was the likest to the Son of God. All the fallen angels were like morning stars, and Satan was the brightest of them all. When they fell, these bright spirits were darkened—they lost the Holy Spirit. They still remain full of amazing powers and faculties; but all distorted now. Satan himself has lost all his true wisdom. He is very crafty still, full of cunning and lies, but he has no wisdom. He has no true knowledge or understanding. His name is Folly—he is simple, and knoweth nothing.

I shall give three examples of his folly:—

1. *In the fall of man.* It was Satan who brought about the fall. He beguiled Eve through his subtlety. He wanted to destroy the glory of God. He wanted to rob God of the praise and glory which a holy world would have given him, and he thought he had succeeded. He smiled when he saw man fall under God's wrath and curse. But it proved the occasion of far greater glory to God than if man had stood. It proved the occasion of God manifesting his justice, his truth, his grace and love, in quite a new manner; so that God gets far more glory and far louder praise than if man had never fallen. The songs of the redeemed would never have been heard if man had not fallen. Satan thus showed his folly—he is simple, and knoweth nothing.

He wanted to make man miserable. He envied the happiness of Adam and Eve; when he saw poor dust and ashes rejoicing in the love of God, out of which he had been cast, he envied them and resolved to make them miserable. He said: "Ye shall be as gods;" but he meant it as a lie, and so he deceived them, and brought the world under the curse of God. But God turned it into a blessing to them that are saved. It was the occasion of God sending his Son in our nature, and of our becoming united to Christ, clothed with a divine righteousness, and loved with the same love with which God loves his Son. We did indeed become as gods in a sense which Satan knew nothing of. We are brought far nearer to God, and are far more happy and glorious, than if man had never fallen. He wanted to make man his slave. He wanted to make him his drudge, to do his bidding—his captive, that he might torment him. But man by this became his judge: "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?"

2. *In the death of Christ.* It was Satan who stirred men up to destroy Christ. He opposed Christ from his birth to his death. He moved the Jews and Gentiles against him. He entered into Judas, and persuaded him to betray Christ. He urged on the crowd to cry, "Crucify him, crucify him;" and the soldiers to pierce his hands and his feet. By all this he destroyed himself. Christ, by his death on the cross, destroyed the dominion of the devil over all his own; and so he triumphed over the devil in his cross. By this Satan was shown to be a fool.

3. *In the temptations of the saints.* Satan has great enmity against the children of God. He stands at their right hand to resist their conversion. Afterwards he tries to corrupt them from the simplicity that is in Christ. He shoots fiery darts at them. "He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor." —Ps. x. 8. He seeks whom he may devour, and yet he has never been able to destroy one soul that believes in Jesus: "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Their temptations are made the means of keeping them

in the dust, and clinging tremblingly to the arm of Jesus—thus Satan is cheated of his prey. Oh, surely ye are witnesses that Satan is simple, and knoweth nothing.

II. *Those whom Satan invites.*

1. *Simple ones, and without heart.* The same persons mentioned in verse 4. I showed you that Christ is caring for those that do not care for him—those who do not know their danger—those who are like Ephraim, a silly dove without heart—those who have no heart for Christ, no heart for holiness—no heart for prayer—Gallios, who care for none of these things. It is a solemn and affecting truth, that Christ is not only loving them that love him, and seeking those who are seeking him, but he is yearning over those of you who are so much lost that you do not seek him—do not care for him. "He is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Perhaps some may say, Oh, this is very comfortable doctrine, and we shall remain in our present condition. Ah! but observe, there is another seeking you, saying, "Turn in hither." The foolish clamorous woman sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city, crying, "Whoso is simple, turn in hither." Yes, my brethren, Satan desires to have you, that he may sift you like wheat. Satan is striving to keep you living in your sins, till the day of grace is past and the day of reckoning has come. Every tavern you see is an open mouth of Satan's dwelling. Every haunt of pleasure—the theatre—the dancing-room—the card-table—these are open doors into Satan's dwelling, and he is busy inviting you in.

2. *Passengers who go right on their ways.* There are none against whom Satan is so angry, or whom he so much desires to lead aside, as those who go right on their ways. When a man is awakened, and goes right on towards Jesus, crying, "What must I do to be saved?" then Satan begins to allure that man, and get him to turn quickly out of the way. When God spoke the commandments, Israel began to seek the Lord in right earnest. But Satan allured them to turn aside and make the golden calf: "They turned quickly out of the way." So with Lot's wife.

When a soul has come to Christ, and goes on his way rejoicing, Folly redoubles her cry, "Turn in hither." Satan loves well to get a joyful believer to fall. "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat." Ah! do not say, I am on the right way, and therefore I am safe; Satan cries to passengers who go right on their ways.

III. *The invitation:* "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant."

The pleasures of secret sin form the baits by which Satan allures and destroys thousands. It is not open sin that he first in-

vites to. Many would shrink back if he were to propose open sin all at once. He does not say, Come and be a drunkard—Come and be an open profligate; but he invites you to secret sin. This is the way he destroys simple ones, who are without understanding. He says, Come and take a little secret sin; no one shall ever know. He does not allow you to remember that no sin is secret—that what you do in dark places is all naked and open to the eye of Him with whom you have to do—that the lusts and unclean imaginations in which you delight yourself are all open as day before the eye of God. He says, They are sweet and pleasant; but he does not tell you that at the end it biteth like an adder. He does not tell you that the end of these things is death.

This is the way he calls those who are under concern, going right on to Christ. Stop, he cries; "Stolen waters are sweet." Are you going to leave all your pleasures—the glass, the dance, the song, the game, the pleasant companion? May you not take a little secret sin, and be saved too? You do not need to let it be known. Do it secretly, Ah, how many here have been thus turned quickly out of the way!

This is the way he calls those who are Christ's own, going right on the way of holiness. He invites to secret sin. A skilful fisher lets his fly fall gently on the stream; if he show the line or make the line splash the water, the fish are alarmed, and the bait is thrown in vain. But he lets it fall gently and secretly upon the stream; the sharp-barbed hook is concealed beneath the shining fly, and so the silly fish is caught. So when Satan catches men, he does not show the hook. He says, Take a little secret sin; do it so that none shall see and none shall know. The poor believer catches at the bait, and feels the iron enter into his soul.

Beware of secret sin. No sin is secret. All is naked and laid open, and all will be made known before an assembled world. Do not say you do not need to fear, for it is but a small temptation. Satan always begins with a small temptation. Take heed of going as far as you can in temptation without committing the sin. Thus fell Noah and Samson, and David and Solomon. "She hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her."

IV. *The end of Satan's house:* "He knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

Are there many who hear the voice of Folly? Ah! look to your crowded taverns, teeming with God-defying brawlers—look to your theatres and other haunts of wicked pleasure crowded with shameless worshippers of Satan—look at your crowded steam-boats on the Sabbath, or your crowds of daring Sabbath-breakers that pollute the highway—look to the heaven-defying

profanities of the Chartist meeting-house. All those began with the "stolen waters that are sweet, and the bread eaten in secret that is pleasant." And what becomes of all that enter there? "The dead are there"—the eternally dead. Ah! this is the end of sin. "What shall the end be of those that obey not the Gospel?"—The depths of hell! Those who are now going right on their ways, who turn aside and die in their sin, sink into the depths of hell.

*He knoweth not.* Satan hides this from you. When Satan bids you enter, he shows you nothing but what is sweet and pleasant. The cup is sparkling, the lights are glancing—all that your eye can desire to see is there. But ask to see the inner chamber—ask Satan to show you the innermost room; "The dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell."

Choose this day whose voice you will hear. On the one hand, Christ invites you to receive pardon, and a new heart, and eternal life. On the other hand Satan beckons you to receive stolen waters, and then the depths of hell. O, pray that your eyes may be opened—pray that you may not be deceived for eternity.

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## LECTURE XV.

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in at the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them."—John x. 1–6.

We may learn from verse 6, that this parable is difficult and dark to the natural eye: "They understood not what things they were which he spake unto them." How much need, then, have I of a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit while I open it to you! and how much need have you to have the face of the covering destroyed from off your hearts, and to receive the unction of the Holy One, that you may know all things!

1. The thief and robber.
2. The good shepherd.

I. *The thief and robber:* "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, the same is a thief

and a robber."—Verse 1. There can be no doubt that this chapter is a continuation of the preceding. Jesus was showing the Pharisees what blind and guilty teachers they were. They were deeply offended at him. In this chapter he goes on to show them the marks and defects of false teachers. It seems plain, however, that Jesus speaks mainly of *one* thief and robber. He calls him "a stranger"—verse 5; "the thief"—verse 10; "the hireling"—verse 13; and he contrasts him with the good shepherd, who gives his life for the sheep. Who is this thief and robber, who climbs over the wall of the sheepfold? this stranger, who tries to lead away the sheep of Christ? this thief and robber, who comes not but for to kill, and to steal, and to destroy? I have no doubt that it is Satan—the god of this world—the prince of the power of the air—he that entered into Judas—he who filled the heart of Ananias and Sapphira.

Satan has three ways of attacking the sheepfold.

(1.) *Through Antichrist.* There can be no doubt that Satan is the grand master-mover of all the workings of Antichrist. We are told so in 2 Thess. ii. 8, 9: "And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and with signs, and lying wonders." Again, Rev. xii. 9: "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." And again, Rev. xiii. 1, 2: "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. . . . . And the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." This is Satan's grand plan for killing and destroying the sheep of the sheepfold. Thus he wears out the saints of the Most High. (2.) *Through the world.* Satan is the god of this world. From the days of Cain the world has come over the walls of the sheepfold, to kill, and steal, and destroy. The world, whether it smiles or frowns, hates the Christians, and seeks to leap over the wall of the fold. (3.) *Through worldly ministers.* Satan entered into Judas, and no doubt enters into many ministers still: "For such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel: for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." There is no way in which Satan has done more damage to the Church than by thrusting unfaithful shepherds over the wall of the fold. Such were the Pharisees of old—such are careless ministers to this day.

1. *The mark of the false shepherd.* The false shepherd "entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way." The door of the fold we know to be Christ: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—Verse 9. This is the

sure mark of Satan and all his underlings—they do not enter in, and are not saved through Christ. It is so with Satan himself. Unhappy spirit of evil, the strait gate of life was never opened to him. He leaps over the wall into the fold, seeking to devour the sheep—himself lost and unholy. So it is with Antichrist and all his ministers. They have never themselves entered by the door. They deny Christ to be the door. They would have men climb over some other way.

2. *The object of the false shepherd:* "The same is a thief and a robber. . . . . The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill and to destroy."—Verse 10. The object of Christ in coming to this world was to seek and to save that which was lost: "For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."—Luke ix. 56. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John x. 10. So with all his ministers. Our heart's desire and prayer to God for you all is, that ye may be saved. We cease not from "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. i. 28. "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—1 Cor. ix. 22. But the object of Satan, and all under him is, "to steal, and to kill, and to destroy." 1st, *They seek to rob God.* Antichrist robs God of his throne, changing the very law of God—robs Christ of the glory of being the only Mediator between God and man. The world robs God of his throne in your hearts; and worldly ministers rob God of his glory by concealing it—keeping back the counsel of God for man's salvation. The same are thieves and robbers. 2d, *They seek to rob man.* Antichrist robs man of the Bible—of the preached Gospel—of the way of pardon and peace. The world tries to rob you of your peace—of your way to holiness and eternal life. Worldly ministers seek to rob you of your precious, never-dying souls.

Awake, my friends; you are in a dangerous time. Beware of false shepherds, which come to you in sheep's clothing. Beware of Antichrist, in whatever form he may come to you. Beware of the world, whether in its frown or in its bewitching smile. Beware of cold worldly ministers.

II. *The good shepherd:* "The shepherd of the sheep."

1. *The shepherd of the sheep is the Lord Jesus Christ:* "I am the good shepherd."—Verse 11. "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."—Verse 14. Why does he get this name? (1.) *Because he died for the sheep.* He is not a thief nor a robber—he is not a stranger nor a hireling, but the shepherd of the sheep: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. liii. 6. (2.) *Because he finds the sheep:* "What man of you having an hundred sheep,

if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it?"—Luke xv. 4. Every sheep in the fold has been found by Jesus. (3.) *Because he carries the sheep :* "And when he hath found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing."—Luke xv. 5. He gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom. (4.) *Because he leads and feeds the sheep.* They "go in and out and find pasture."—Verse 9. "The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. xxiii. 1, 2. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

2. *The marks of the good shepherd.*

(1.) *He entereth by the door.* You may be surprised at this. Is not Christ himself the door? How can he enter by himself? *Ans.* It was just by himself that he entered. Compare Heb. ix. 12, "By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place," with x. 19, 20, "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holies by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh." Christ himself entered in by this way to the Father, namely, by his own blood ; and by this way every faithful servant of Christ enters in: "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." O that God would raise up many such in Scotland—men who have entered in by the door into the sheepfold—men who can speak of sin because they have felt it —of pardon, because it is sweet to them.

(2.) *He calleth his own sheep by name.* In the east country, the shepherd frequently speaks to his sheep. He calls upon them, and they hear and know his voice. So is it with Christ. He is not a stranger shepherd nor a hireling. He calls his own sheep by name. This intimates—1st, *His knowledge of them.* When Zaccheus, a lost and wandering sheep, was straying far away from the fold, Jesus called him by his name: "Zaccheus, come down." When Nathanael was wandering under the fig tree, Christ saw him, and called him by his name. When Mary did not know Jesus, he said unto her, "*Mary:* she turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni." Christ knows all in this congregation who are his. He could name them over. He does often name them. Man does not know you—ministers do not—you may not know yourself; but Christ knows you. He calleth his own sheep by name. 2d, *He deals in a very endearing manner with his own sheep.* This is implied. When you love a person, you love his name—it has music in it. So Christ loves to call his own sheep by name. He loves the name of those for whom he died. He holds sweet and daily communion with them. 3d, *He changes their nature.* When Abram became a believer, Christ gave him

a new name; so with Peter. So, when the Jews are brought to Christ, it is said, "Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name."—Isa. lxii. 2. "But now, thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that redeemed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine."—Isa. xliii. 1. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is the New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him *my new name*."—Rev. iii. 12.

If one of you were brought to Christ this day, you would get a new heart and a new name. You would no more be called worldling—swearer—drunkard—wanton: but disciple—child of God—heir of glory—Christian indeed. Has Christ called you by your name?

3. *He goeth before them.* He did so while on earth. He went through all that he calls us to follow him in. He went before us in faith and holiness. He went before us in labors of love—in reproaches—in necessities—in sufferings—in death. He does not ask you to go through anything that he did not go through. He still goes before his sheep; often unseen, often unfelt and unheeded, but still present. He will not leave you orphans: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. xliii. 2.

My dear friends! are you following Jesus, the good shepherd, or a stranger? Ah! flee from strangers. Flee from the company of the world, where you cannot hear the voice of Jesus. It is not safe to be there. Flee from those houses where the voice of Jesus is not heard, but the voice of strangers. Follow Jesus. Keep your eye on the Master. Believe on him, and do not let him go.

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## LECTURE XVI.

### CHRIST THE DOOR.

"Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John x. 7–10.

Christ is a kind teacher. He was speaking to stupid, prejudiced, and ignorant Pharisees; and, as we have seen from the

context, "they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them."—Verse 6. They did not understand his first parable, and here he explains it over to them. He showed them the difference between the true and false shepherd—that the true shepherd enters by the door, but the other climbs up some other way. The two points they did not understand were, 1st, What is the door? and, 2d, Who is the true shepherd? These he now proceeds to explain: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep."

*Christ is a kind teacher still.* He can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way. How long he bears with those of you who are stupid and prejudiced by your lusts! He gives "precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little."—Isa. xxviii. 10. He will readily explain his word to those of you who are seeking after him. He will open your understanding to understand the Scriptures.

I. *Christ is the door into the sheepfold:* "I am the door of the sheep." All that ever came another way were thieves and robbers; but the sheep did not hear them. "I am the door." There is no way of entering into the Church of God, but by conversion and faith in Christ.

1. *There is no other way for shepherds.* Many, in all ages of the Church, have entered into the ministry by another way than by conversion and saving faith in Christ. Jesus here says, they are thieves and robbers. Many have entered in by their learning—masters of sciences and of many languages—many who have written learned volumes in defence of Christianity. Now, learning is good, and not to be despised; but it is not the door. Christ is the door of the sheep; and unless a minister enter by this door, he is but a thief and a robber. Many have entered in by their gifts—men of human eloquence—mighty in word, either for good or evil—men of rich imagination, strong judgment, and fluent tongue. The world runs after them. Still these gifts are not the door, and the men are but thieves and robbers. Many have entered in by the favor of the great—by the patronage of the rich and powerful. They have great influence, and are held in esteem. Still this is not the door: "I am the door of the sheep." All who are faithful shepherds enter in by this door. As poor, lost sinners, they come in through the blood and righteousness of Christ. Ah! none can speak of sin, but those who have been taught by the Spirit to feel the load. None can speak of Christ's beauty, but those who know and love him. None can speak of forgiveness, but those who have tasted it. Hold such in reputation: "Esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." Flee from others. The sheep do not hear them. Whatever be their gifts—their learning—their eloquence—flee from them. They are

strangers—thieves and robbers. They come not "but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy."

2. *There is no other way for the sheep.* Many enter into the Church in other ways; many come into the fold of the Lord's table by another door; many enter *by their knowledge.* They have learned the plan of salvation through Christ. They can answer questions upon it. They have a form of sound words; but nothing more. Ah! this is not the door. Conversion to Christ is the only true door. Many enter by *their blameless character.* Many are members of the visible Church because of their blameless character in the sight of man, though unconverted in the sight of God. You do not live in any way of open sin, and, therefore, you think you have a good right to sit down at Christ's table. Alas! you are but wolves in sheep's clothing. Christ is the door. Unless you have entered in by him—by his obedience and blood—you are but a thief and a robber. "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" may be addressed to multitudes. How did you come to the Lord's table among the sheep of Christ? Was it by a true conversion and faith in Christ? or was it in some other way? If you came in by your knowledge—by your serious air—by your blameless character—and not by Christ, you are but a thief and a robber. You have stolen into the fold. You will soon be cast out among the liars.

3. *Christ is the door at present:* "*I am* the door." There is plainly an emphasis on the words, *I am.* All to whom the Gospel comes have a short time in their existence when the door is open to them—when the rent veil is open—when the way into the holiest, the way into the Father's love, is made manifest to them. *That time is short.* Compared with the long eternity that is to follow, it is but a moment—it is but a breathing-time. The few short years that each sinner has the open door before him will soon pass away; and then the door will be shut to all eternity. Each of you, in eternity, will look back upon this sweet time when the door stood open before you: "*I am* the door." Oh! my brethren, if I could promise you that the Gospel door would stand open for you a hundred years, still it would be the part of true wisdom to enter it now; or, if I could say, for fifty, or twenty, or ten years, it would still more be the part of true wisdom to enter in. But I cannot say for one year, nor for one month, nor for one day. All I can say is, that *Christ is now the door.* To-day there is a way of pardon and eternal life open before you. To-morrow it may be closed forever.

II. *The invitation.* 1. The persons to whom. 2. The invitation, what?

1. *To whom.* "Any man." Some of the sweet invitations of Christ are addressed to *the thirsty:* "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters"—"If any man thirst, let him come unto

me and drink." Some are addressed to *the burdened soul:* "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Some are addressed to *the hungry:* "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Some to those who feel themselves *prisoners:* "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." But here is the freest invitation possible. It is addressed to *any man:* "If any man enter in, he shall be saved." It is not like the door of some of the great people of this world—open only to the great and the rich, and the beautiful and the gay. This door is open to all people, and any man may enter in. The beggar Lazarus was laid at the rich man's gate. He was not allowed to enter in. But Christ was an open door to him. It is not like the door of *some churches*, where none but the rich and the gay must enter—none but those who wear fine clothes—that have a gold ring on their hand, and a fine robe. No; Christ says: "If any man enter in, he shall be saved"—"To the poor the Gospel is preached"—"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

Some may say: I have committed open sins—sins of which it is a shame even to speak; so that if men knew they would stone me. Still Christ says: "If any man enter in he shall be saved." Some may say: I have despised Christ all my days—sinned against godly parents—godly teachers—against my Bible—against my conscience—against the Holy Ghost striving with me. Still this is His word who cannot lie: "If any man enter in, he shall be saved." Of whatever rank, or age, or sex you be—of however deep a dye your sins may be—you are invited to enter in.

2. *What? Enter in.* Many content themselves with *hearing* about the open door. They like to hear the Gospel preached. They know about the way of salvation. They can talk about it.

Still, they do not *enter in.* They do not experimentally go through the door into the sheepfold. They do not forsake all their sins—all their worldly companions, for Christ. They do not appropriate Christ. They do not wash in his blood. They do not put on Christ as their righteousness. They are never at rest—never taste forgiveness. Oh! mark the word: "If any man *enter in.*"

*Many come up to the door.* Like Agrippa, they say: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." They see the folly and vanity of the world. They feel deeply their lost and ruined condition. They desire to be saved through Christ. But, when they come to the door, they do not enter in. When they come to the point—when they must forsake all—when they must cut the cord that binds them to the world—when they must leave Pharaoh's palace and bear afflictions with the people of God—they pause and draw back—they do not enter in. They do not choose Christ for better for worse—for life and for death.

*Many see others enter in.* Many not only hear about the door, and come near it, but see others enter. Still they do not enter in. They see a brother, or sister, or friend, giving up all for Christ; and yet they do not enter in. Ah! my brethren, do not rest in mere convictions. Conviction is not conversion. Concern about your soul is not faith in Christ. Many look in at the door, who go away sorrowful.

III. *The promise:* "He shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. . . . . I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

1. *Salvation.* All who are without are unsaved. "Walk in wisdom toward *them that are without*."—Col. iv. 5. "Without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world."—Eph. ii. 12. "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."—Rev. xxii. 15. All who come short of Christ, come short of salvation. All who do not come to God through the blood and righteousness of Christ, must come naked, guilty, exposed to everlasting wrath, and shall be frowned away into outer darkness. But he that entereth in *shall be saved.* Jesus here gives his word for it. Enter in by me, and you shall be saved. Immediate pardon—immediate entrance into the love and smile of God—is the portion of all that enter in. You will be pardoned all the sins that you have done the moment you receive the Lord Jesus Christ. Free, full, immediate salvation, is what Jesus gives.

2. *Liberty:* "He shall go in and out." This alludes to the sheep. When sheep are gathered into the fold, then they are at perfect liberty under the care of their shepherd. They go in and out. They are cared for and treated as dear sheep. Ah, brethren! "if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John viii. 36. There is no freedom like that of Christ's flock. As long as you are of the world, you think that to be a Christian is to live a dull, strict life—to give up all pleasure. But the reverse is the truth. The pleasures of the world are not to be compared with those of the Christian. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." It is true slavery, to serve sin. Sin is the hardest of all slave-masters: "The wages of sin is death." But Christ's sheep go in and out. They have true, genuine liberty—the same freedom that God and Christ have—freedom from the power of sin.

3. *The pasture:* "Shall find pasture"—more than life. The soul that enters in by the door is not only saved, but sanctified—set free, filled, enriched for eternity. Jesus will never suffer you to want, here or hereafter. The saved soul shall verily be fed.

Even though under-shepherds be removed—though Scotland be made desolate, the witnesses slain, and God's people scattered—still verily they shall find pasture.

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## LECTURE XVII.

### I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep."—JOHN x. 11–15.

IN the preceding verses, we have seen that Christ is the door into the sheepfold. Now let us regard him as the shepherd of the sheep. Christ is represented to us in Scripture under a great variety of names and titles. There are more than a hundred different names applied to Christ in the Bible. He is the rose of Sharon, the apple-tree, the plant of renown, the bridegroom, the husband, the friend of sinners, the door, the way, the true vine, &c. The reason is, that no one name fully describes Immanuel. He is so full, so wonderful, so filled with treasures of grace to the needy soul, that all the names in the Bible do not half describe him. Here is one of the sweetest: "I am the good shepherd." May God draw you this day to put your lost souls in his hand!

We understand things best by contrast. For this reason Christ here contrasts himself with the hireling.

I. *The hireling.*

1. *He is an hireling.* It is quite right for ministers to preach for hire: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"—"Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."—1 Cor. ix. 14. It is not desirable that God's ministers should waste their strength in other occupations, so that they must needs be maintained. But unfaithful ministers make hire *the end* of their ministry. So they did long ago, "Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his quarter."—Isa. lvi. 11. "For from the least of them unto the greatest of them every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth falsely."—Jer. vi. 13. "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed

themselves: should not the shepherds feed the flocks?" So Paul complains of those in his day: "I have no man like-minded, who will naturally care for your state. For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's."—Phil. ii. 20. Ah! this is the black mark of every unfaithful minister. He is an hireling—he seeks his own—his own ease—his own profit—his own honor.

2. *Whose own the sheep are not.*—Verse 12. He has neither part nor lot in the sheep. Faithful pastors have a peculiar relation to the sheep. There is a peculiar tie between a minister and the people saved under him—a tie that will never be dissolved. *They are fathers:* "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel."—1 Cor. iv. 15. "My little children of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you."—Gal. iv. 19. "Unto Timothy, my own son in the faith."—1 Tim. i. 2. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds."—Philem. 10. *Those saved under them are to be their crown:* "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming; for ye are our glory and joy."—1 Thess. ii. 19. Not so careless ministers, whose own the sheep are not. Instructors they may be, but not fathers. God, in general, does not own them in the conversion of souls. They have no sons in the faith. They have no crown in the presence of the Lord Jesus at his coming.

3. *He careth not for the sheep.*—Verse 13. Faithful pastors have a peculiar care for the sheep. How remarkably is this exemplified in the case of Paul? (1.) *He prayed for them:* "I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you."—Col. ii. 1. "God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the Gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers."—Rom. i. 9. "We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you."—Col. i. 3. (2.) *What labors he underwent for them:* "Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons."—Acts xx. 18. "Remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one day and night with tears."—Verse 31. "And I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."—2 Cor. xii. 15. "So being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us. For ye remembered, brethren, our labor and travail: for laboring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God."—1 Thess. ii. 8. (3.) *What tears did he shed for them:* "For, out of much affliction and anguish of heart, I wrote unto you with many tears."—2 Cor. ii. 4. "I fear lest, when I

come again, my God will humble me among you, and that I shall bewail many that have sinned already."—2 Cor. xii. 21. "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, *even weeping*, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."—Phil. iii. 18. (4.) *What joys over them:* "Now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord; for what thanks can we render to God for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before our God?"—1 Thess. iii. 8.

Not so the unfaithful pastor. He cares not for the sheep. They are not his brothers and sisters. He may call them brethren; but they are not his joy and crown. They are not his spiritual children: "He careth not for the sheep."

4. *He fleeth.* The wolf in the Bible means either false teachers, or a persecuting world: "For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock."—Acts xx. 29. "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves."—Matt. x. 16. "Behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."—Luke x. 3. Heresy and persecution are the two great dangers to which the sheep are exposed. These are the very times when faithful pastors stand most firmly to their post, though it should cost them life itself. But the hireling fleeth. He does not defend the flock from heresy by sound teaching; nor does he stand between the flock and the arrows of a God-hating world.

O, my brethren! pray for a faithful ministry to be given and continued to Scotland—not hirelings, whose the sheep are not—who care not for the sheep, but flee at the approach of the wolf. Pray for holy self-denied pastors, who will spend and be spent in the cause of Christ, and not count their lives dear.

II. *The good shepherd:* "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—Verse 11. "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."—Verse 14. Our Lord here lays down the marks of his excellency as a shepherd.

1. *In giving his life for the sheep.* This is the chief point of his excellency. Herein he excels all others. *Jacob* was a faithful shepherd: "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night: and my sleep departed from mine eyes."—Gen. xxxi. 40. But the good shepherd gave his life for the sheep. *David* was a faithful shepherd. A lion and a bear took a lamb out of the flock, and David went after them, and delivered it out of the mouth of the lion, and caught him by the beard and slew him.—1 Sam. xvii. 34. But what was this to *Christ?* "I lay down my life for the sheep." The sheep were condemned to die. This sentence was suspended over every one of them: "Thou shalt surely die." All were ready to be cast into hell, when he cried, "*Lo, I come.*" He laid down his life for the sheep.

Observe, *it was not merely temporal death.* His death was equal to the eternal death of sinners. He died under the wrath of God: "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts"—"All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. liii. 6. He himself "bare our sins in his own body, on the tree." He was made a curse for us.

Observe, *he did it freely:* "I lay down my life"—"No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself."—Verse 18. "As Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."—Eph. v. 2. "Who gave himself for us."—Tit. ii. 14. "Who gave himself a ransom for all."—1 Tim. ii. 6.

Herein consists the goodness of the shepherd. He was such an one as to lay down his life freely. There will be much in Jesus to admire when we shall see him as he is. But that which will draw out the loudest notes of the new song will be the sight of the prints of the nails, and of the wound in his side: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. v. 9. This makes Christ the most attractive of all objects now: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John xii. 32. Ah! brethren, what are you made of, that you are not drawn to give up all for Jesus?

2. *In knowing his sheep:* "I know my sheep." Christ knows the sheep, as the Father knows him. The Father knew the Son from all eternity: "Then I was by him as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him."—Prov. viii. 30. He was in the bosom of the Father. So did this good shepherd know his sheep from all eternity: "Chosen before the foundation of the world." The Father knew the Son with a knowledge of most perfect delight and love: "I was daily his delight." At his baptism, a voice from heaven was heard saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Matt. iii. 17. So does Christ know his sheep: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee"—"The King is held in the galleries"—"How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!"—"Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me." The Father knew the Son through all his sufferings. So Christ knows his sheep: "I know their sorrows"—"In all their afflictions, he was afflicted." He knows their decays: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot." The Father will know the Son to all eternity; and so the Son will know his sheep for ever and ever. They shall soon "hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."—Rev. vii. 16.

3. *I am known of mine.* Christ knows the Father perfectly: "No man knoweth the Father but the Son"—"O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee; but I have known thee." So do

Christ's sheep know Christ. He gives them "the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him." He manifesteth himself to them in another way than he doth to the world. He gives them an understanding to know him that is true. This is the perfection of our shepherd, that he reveals himself to us—that he lets out his fragrance, and draws us after him: "*I am known of mine.*"

Brethren, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ? Has he opened up his unsearchable riches to you, and drawn you to leave all for him?

# FAMILIAR LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

TO HIS FAMILY.

March 29, 1839, 8 *o'clock*, A.M.

My dear Father, Mother, and Sister,

I begin this letter in the steamboat, that I may be able to put it in the post-office to-night. If this were not the middle of the sea, ten miles off the Nore, I would say that I ought to raise an Ebenezer, or stone of help, for "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." The day we left you was a very pleasant one indeed. The evening was quite beautiful, and scarcely a ripple on the Forth. I enjoyed the sight of the Bass Rock very much, and thought of the holy men who had found there a prison-house and a home. What a different voyage I and my brethren are going; not to be imprisoned for the truth, but to try and bring it within reach of the prisoners of Israel. You would be quite thankful, mamma, if you saw that lonely rock, that your son is free, and not a prisoner there. We dined at 4, and then walked on the deck till 8. The moon gave light all the night. The sea continued perfectly calm, and I went to rest in my crib about 10. Yesterday morning I arose at 7, and found that we were opposite Whitby. It seemed a nice-looking old town, with its castle or cathedral frowning over the deep. The morning was dull, but soon cleared up into a most beautiful day. The sea was perfectly calm, like a mill-pond, the whole day and night. Nobody on board has been the least sick. The coast is not very interesting, and we were some time out of sight of land all round. This is the first time in my life I ever was so, and I thought upon the world of waters. I occupied myself in watching the sea-gulls. Two followed the ship a long way: they did not fly straight, but hither and thither, still following. I thought on the way a believing soul follows the Saviour—hovering, yet following. We had some heavy showers, but a perfect calm. The company on board are very pleasant people. The Misses C. I find exceedingly agreeable, especially the youngest, who seems a very devoted Christian. But the most interesting person to me is a young Jew, Mr. T. I observed him opposite to me at dinner the first day, and by his beautiful features at

once recognized a son of Abraham. Next morning, before breakfast, he happened to sit near to me. I said, "Do you know the Hebrew language?" He looked very surprised, and said, "O yes." I asked him if he were not of the Hebrews; he said "Yes," and wondered how I knew. He said many people would not believe he was a Jew, even when he told them. I asked if he would like to return to Jerusalem. He scoffed, and said "No." He cared nothing about it. He had been strictly brought up by his parents till 18 years old. Being then at liberty, he had gone to America, and learned to cast off Moses and the Prophets. He is a complete infidel—a fashionable-looking youth. He says a great many Jews are of his way of thinking. He was a little interested to hear of our expedition, and has paid marked attention to me ever since, sitting next me at table. He ate ham this morning, telling me at the same time with a leer, "Now, this is wrong." I told him I saw no harm in that; but I blamed him for not reading the Bible. He gave me the address of the two London synagogues and the Jewish bookseller, and a good deal of information. I hope to have another talk with him more seriously still before we part. He told me he could not sleep last night, and asked me if I thought it was because of a troubled conscience. We had beautiful moonlight last night. I watched the different light-houses till dark, and then, when at Cromer Point, committing myself, and you, and all, into the hand of Him who holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, I went to sleep. Slept very comfortably till 7. A drizzling rain this morning opposite Harwich. We are now entering the Nore.

11 *O'clock.*—We are now sailing rapidly up the Thames. We have had truly a merciful passage; not a wave the whole way. I feel a great deal the better of the voyage. The palpitation has quite left me. I will finish this in London. I am glad to see the trees again, on the coast of Kent and Surrey. I have had another interesting conversation with the Jew, which has made him a little more serious. Is it not curious that I should be brought into contact with an Israelite so early in my pilgrimage? I rather think my maps are left behind; at least I cannot find them in my large portmanteau. Perhaps you will send them by Andrew.

I hope you will take good care of one another while I am away, not forgetting the soul, which is of eternal importance. O to have a healthy soul, forgiving and sanctified! This is durable riches. Give Andrew my kindest regards. I shall long anxiously for his arrival, and that of our Fathers; I know not how I am to get on in London without them. I pray God to direct my way. If he has something for us to do for his Israel, I am persuaded he will.

*Hampstead Heath*, 5 *O'clock.*—I safely arrived here half-an-hour ago, am quite well, and have been received by Mrs. Tate, as if I were her eldest son returning from India. This is a delightful place; and her kindness makes me feel quite happy.

Surely the Lord has been preparing the way. He that loves Israel is opening a way for his poor servants. I add no more, as old ministers say, except to pray that God may watch over you night and day. Your affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH, *9th April*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTER,

I HAVE received your kind letters, and only grieve at their being so short. I am thankful to perceive that you are all well. I heard of you also to-day from Andrew Bonar and my *compagnons de voyage*. I am wonderfully well in spite of all the toils of a London life, which are neither few nor small. I never was in a place like London before; and were it not for the great kindness and considerate watchfulness of the kind lady with whom I stay, I believe I would have been fairly knocked up by this time. On the 30th March I made my first entry into London with Mrs. Tate. We drove through Regent's Park, and I admired its seeming palaces, which also reminded me of the whited sepulchres. I called on Sir George Sinclair, but he was out. Surveyed St. James's Palace, which you know is a grave-looking building, like some of our Canongate palaces. Walked through Burlington Arcade and the Quadrant—called on Mr. Nisbet, the bookseller, and Mr. Hamilton, a Scottish elder, who has been the kindest person in London (out of this house) to me. We returned late, and I heartily tired.

*Sabbath*, *March*, 31.—Being a little fatigued, I went to the Hampstead churches—first to the chapel. Mr. H. preached, evidently a very good man, though needing much to be roused up into life and energy. Afternoon, went to the parish church. Heard one of the curates. Saw the Baptismal Service—far too long—too many kneelings, and the absurd signing with the cross on the forehead of the child. The sponsors, too, seemed ignorant clowns. I fear there is a sore evil here. Evening spent quietly.

*Monday*, 1*st April*.—Into the City by 2. Went with Mr. Hamilton to Mr. Waghorn, a singular blunt Englishman. He called our expedition a trip—pointed out the easiest route in a trice, and was done. I could fix nothing till I knew the resolve of my Fathers. Called on Mr. Andrew Bonar, one of the merchant princes of this great city. Very kind; invited us to dine on Saturday. Riding some miles further, called on Dr. Crombie, Scotch

minister—serious, pleasant young man. He agreed to print Mr. Candlish's Statement, and to call a prayer meeting of all the congregations for Tuesday. Called on a rich Jew—made little of him. Wrote Mr. Candlish. Rattled a long way to Manchester Street—dined and spent the evening with the Wettens.

*2nd. April.*—Stayed at home all day to recruit mind and body. This city wears away all my thoughts and feelings. Palpitation, which had left me, returned in some measure yesterday and this day.

*3rd. April.*—Into the City by 2. Called at Tract Society, who have granted us as many tracts as we please, and all the help in their power. Went through St. Paul's—paced up and down its splendid area—went over the marble statues of departed heroes. Was especially pleased with that of the first Bishop of Calcutta baptizing two Hindoos, all beautifully carved. Also Bishop Heber kneeling—the marble of his gown very like silk—newly erected. It is a glorious edifice, but more for looking at than for use. Walked along Fleet Street and Strand, guided by Mr. Hamilton—Exeter Hall. Saw Secretary of the Jewish Society. His daughter married to Ewald, missionary at Tunis—said all his family will write. Poor man! he will be disappointed, now that we are not going by Africa. He seemed a godly man, and a lover of Israel. Walked round Westminster Abbey, and was awe-struck by its grandeur. Had not time for the inside—rode to Haverstock—Mr. Hamilton's—dined there with Mr. Macmorland, minister of Irving's old church. Edward's fall was a great blow to the Scottish Church here. We must do something for the Church here. It is of vast importance. There are said to be 100,000 Scotchmen in London, yet few cleave to the church of their fathers.

*4th April.*—Into the City by 12. Then to Bethnal Green, several miles further. There is no end to this wilderness of houses. Called on Mr. Cartwright, Secretary to London Jews' Society, Palestine Place—kindly received—conducted through the schools for Jewish children. Saw 45 boys at their dinner. They afterwards read some Hebrew to me and sung a hymn in Hebrew, "Worthy the Lamb"—the chorus was very sweet, עלני טבוח,—"*slain for us.*" In the other school, saw 28 girls—pretty Jewish faces. They sung the 111th Psalm in Hebrew, responding to one another in the true Hebrew style. It was very sweet. Saw the chapel where they have a Hebrew service every Sunday afternoon—a Jew is to be baptized next Sunday evening. City again. Introduced to an American Jew—a colonel who has been in Palestine lately—very communicative and kind—quite a gentleman; seemed to think the Jews will be very friendly to us. Another rich Jew gave me a piece of unleavened bread. I left them, saying, "I hope we shall bring no evil to Israel;" they replying, "No; we hope you will bring much good." Dined at Mr. Macniell's, the

Persian Ambassador. He and his lady very kind—full of clear information. Advises us to go from Aleppo to Constantinople by land. Mrs. T. and daughter with me.

*Friday, 5th April.*—Snowy day. Drove to West End—called on Dr. Welsh and Mr. Dunlop. The latter went with me to Sir George Grey, who had appointed to meet me at 2. Very pleasant man—very kind—very quick in dispatching business. In five minutes we were on our way to the Foreign Office, where I left Sir George's letter and my card for Mr. Backhouse. City. Heard the Cathedral Service in St. Paul's—was solemnized by it—beautiful singing. Called on Mr. Saul, a converted Jew, who did not know what to do or say for joy because we were going to Jerusalem. "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel!" Went to the Synagogue with Mr. H. About 500 Jews present—all hats on—a hollow murmur or muttering of prayers was going on. Suddenly the Rabbi, on a raised platform lighted with large tapers, burst into a loud chant. Sometimes the whole assembly started to their feet and joined with loud voices—sometimes three voices sang alone, a splendid chant, all in Hebrew. I could catch a word now and then. Visited another synagogue much more splendidly fitted up, quite new—200 or 300 present. The same kind of service going on. I thought on the Valley full of dry bones. I longed that they would ask me to speak to them. "Men and brethren, say on!" Wrote down a prayer for the coming of the Saviour, painted on the wall.

*6th April.*—My kind hostess insisted on my taking the play—visited, with her, the Colosseum, a truly wonderful panorama of London. My head felt quite giddy, and I feared to look over, lest I should fall from the top of St. Paul's—visited the Polytechnic. Met James Mackay and Mrs. Gordon. Rode round Hyde Park—called on Mrs. Wetten. Dined at Mr. Bonar's, Chester Terrace. Very kind people. Two Misses Hope there—very kind. One promised me many letters, and to introduce me next day to Baptist Noel.

*7th April.*—Quiet Sabbath. Walked in to Mr. Noel's. I now begin to know London quite well. Heard him preach with great power and talent, on the fear of God and fear of man. Afterwards saw the Communion dispensed, with which I was much pleased. It was very simple and solemn. Found Mr. Noel a very pleasant man—very kind and interested about our mission. Afternoon, heard his curate, Mr. Garret, and liked him better even than Mr. Noel, though the church was not one-third full. In the morning, hundreds had to stand. Evening quiet. London is not nearly so bad on the Sabbath as I expected.

*8th April.*—Called on Misses Hope—found several friends of Israel—many letters and kindnesses. Called on Sir R. Inglis—not at home. Quiet evening at home.

*9th April.*—Went to Mr. Nesbit's and heard of my fellow-

travellers. Found them in the City;—all happy to meet. Went to Mr. Waghorn's and Foreign Office. Dined at Mr. Nesbit's. Solemn meeting in Regent Square Church; many converted Jews and friends of Israel present. Two ministers read and prayed, and Dr. Black gave an address. Now I sit down to give you an account of all. Andrew is looking thin, but is quite well. I am much better, though a little wearied with incessant business. I have many engagements for to-morrow; and we sail next morning for Boulogne. I shall be glad when we are fairly off. May God keep me humble, and prayerful, and holy. I commend you all to Him day by day. May He watch over you when I am far away, and over dear Willie. I heard from Dundee to-night; all goes on well. Surely God hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. I will write soon again. Pray for me, your affectionate son and brother,

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 12*th April*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTER,—You will be happy to know that I and my interesting friends are now safe in the first town of *la belle France*. We left London last night at 7 o'clock, and arrived here this forenoon at 11. The Wednesday after I wrote to you was a day of much business and bustle to all of us in London. We all breakfasted with Sir Robert Inglis, who was very kind, and gave us many directions. We visited Mr. Waghorn and Lord Ashley, the latter a most interesting young man, who is deeply interested in the cause of Israel. I saw Miss Teed at Kensington; bade adieu to several people, and dined at Sir George Grey's. Lord Glenelg, Lady Varney, Arthur Kinnaird, and other great people, were present. Many were kind to me; still I was thankful to get away. Slept at 21 Berners Street.

*Thursday, April* 11.—Not having obtained our passport, we could not sail as we intended from the Tower Stairs in the morning. I bade good-bye to my kind friends at Hampstead; and having made some purchases and all ready, we set off in the Dover coach at 7 in the evening; all four inside. We were very happy all night—conversing in all foreign tongues, and cheering one another about Israel.

At 6 this morning we came to Dover; breakfasted, and at half-past 7 were sailing away from the white cliffs of Albion. The

sea was very pleasant, and I watched retiring England till I could scarcely see it; and France, with its undulating shore, attracted our gaze in an opposite direction. At eleven we sailed into the harbor of *Boulogne-sur-mer*, a clean pretty town. We have gone all about it, and seen all its wonders. We talk French as well as we can. I am thankful to say that I feel almost quite well. The palpitation being very slight.

We have had a Jew with us, a most interesting character, of whom more hereafter. To-morrow we go by diligence to Paris. I can add no more. We are all well. May God bless and watch over you. We feel much that God is opening the way. Your affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER IV.

TO HIS MOTHER.

SAILING PAST VALENCE ON THE RHONE, *April* 20, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—If all has gone well in my absence, you will be left alone to-day; and therefore have I set myself down on the deck of the steamboat, surrounded on all sides by people of strange language and costume, to write you a few lines. Before I take up the thread of my story where I left off, I may tell you that I am quite well. My beating heart has hardly at all troubled me, except in London and Paris; and I am, in all other respects, in very good health. So also are my companions. For this we have great reason to be grateful to God, who has preserved us hitherto.

My last from Boulogne was dated 12th instant. I was sorry to send so little news, but had not a moment more. We slept happily that night, our first in France, being glad that we had begun our work in good earnest. Our interview with the Jew I mentioned was very encouraging. "One rule," he said, "I will give you in your dealing with Jews, *Treat them as Brethren.*"

*Saturday, April* 13.—We set off in the Diligence at 10 o'clock morning, for Paris. I suppose I had never attended to the descriptions of the French Diligence, for I never understood what it was till I was in it. There are four places for passengers. The *coupé* in front, like a chaise, holding three—we occupied this. The next is the *interieur*, being a large coach holding six. The hinder part holds four more, and is truly uncomfortable. On the top is the *banquette*, where you may banquet on fresh air night and day. We set off with five or six horses, very small creatures, and ill dressed, and with wretched harness, but very persevering animals. This is the conveyance all over France. The driver is a country-

like man, with a blue frock, who cracks his whip in a most extraordinary way. The *conducteur*, or guard, is a smartly-dressed gentleman, who sits at table with the travellers. The misery of French travelling is, that you must go day and night. We left Boulogne in a fine morning—wind easterly and cold, though not so bad as in the north. The hedges were beginning to sprout, and the gardens to blossom. We amused ourselves with looking at the people riding to market on donkeys and ponies; the women with handkerchiefs neatly pinned over the head, and the white frill of the cap appearing below; the men universally wearing the blue frock. We noticed the ploughing as very rude, the plough having two wheels. It is curious to see a Frenchman digging. He is like a child playing. There is a want of energy about his labor, which is everywhere remarkable. You will find *Montreuil* in the map—we passed through it—an old walled town going to decay. *Nouvion* we found a very pretty clean French town. At *Abbeville* we stopped to dine—a walled town—every thing French. It lies on the river *Somme*, a broad stream. There were so many things at dinner that I was like to be starved. I have a great horror at their French dishes. Their light wines I find very delightful, and I think peculiarly agreeing with me.

*Sunday, April* 14.—After a tolerable night spent in the Diligence, we arrived in Paris, I grieve to say, near 12 o'clock. The Diligence was very heavily laden with ingots of silver, and was very late. After being nearly devoured by French porters, and having dressed ourselves, we sallied forth in search of the Protestant church. Alas! poor Paris knows no Sabbath. I never knew what Sabbath-breaking was till I saw Paris. Hardly any of the shops were shut at all. Pleasure seemed to be the order of the day. Every right-thinking mind must be deeply wounded at the sight of such a Sodom. M. Monod's church was just coming out when we found it. In the afternoon we went to *Marbeuf* Chapel, across the *Champs Elysées*. In that heaven of the Parisians, boys and girls were going round in swings—older people amusing themselves in other ways, and all the fashionables walking or riding about. One thing struck me very much in France, the ladies wear no bonnets, but walk about just as they do within doors. Marbeuf Chapel was a sweet sanctuary from the unholy din without. We had an excellent English sermon; Mr. Goulen was the clergyman's name. In the evening we heard M. Monod preach in French. I could follow a little. The French Protestants have about 400 ministers in all France; nearly one-half of whom are esteemed faithful men. Fourteen faithful sermons are preached in Paris every Sabbath day. They follow the Presbyterian form—have no liturgy, and sing the psalms with all their heart.

*Monday, April* 15.—Walked through the *Louvre*, *Tuileries*, and *Champs Elysées*—sun very hot. Called on Mr. Evans, who was

very kind to us. Called on Lord Grenville, the British Ambassador, who was very polite. Called on M. Rousselle, a French Protestant minister. In the evening, called on Mr. Grimshaw, who wrote the life of Leigh Richmond. He gave us some information about the Italian Jews. This day I was fairly knocked up with the fatigues of Paris.

16*th*.—Went through some of our business matters. Saw the church of St. Magdalen, a new building, and the most beautiful I ever saw. I suppose there are few superior to it in the world. Its pillars are of pure Corinthian. Saw Rizler, the famous Parisian publisher. Got French tracts from him. We were in the church of our Lady of Loretto, the finest, internally, in Paris. The roof, and paintings, and crosses, were very gorgeous; several poor old people were kneeling in different places. Alas! gross darkness covers this people. At 4, set out, per Diligence, for *Châlons*, thankful to turn our backs upon Paris, for we were all wearied with it. Lovely evening; a deep blue Parisian sky; pleasant balmy wind. We drove up the Seine and across the Marne. The country was truly beautiful—finely cultivated, with rows of graceful poplar trees. Mansions are very rare in France. There is no law of primogeniture, and therefore properties are small. This would be a lovely land, if only righteousness dwelt in it.

*Troyes, April* 17.—I awoke among the pleasant vineyards of *Troyes*. Fine poplars, elms, and willows, edging the fields; apricots and cherries blooming in the gardens of the peasantry. Troyes has 28,000 inhabitants; I fancy no Protestants at all. Breakfasted there. The horrors of a French breakfast are indescribable. It begins with soup—then dishes and salads without a name, and wine washing all down. We now enter the vine country. Vineyards and wheat fields alternate. The vineyards, of course, are not now in their beauty, merely the stock appearing above ground. They cut them down every year, or every two years. The crosses become more frequent in churchyards and entrances to villages. Came to *Bar-sur-Aube*, pleasantly situated at the foot of a hill, washed by the winding river *Aube*. Our chief employment all day was giving tracts to all passers by, and in the villages out at the window of the Diligence. The eagerness of the people to receive them is quite remarkable. We gave many hundreds; no man forbidding us. First it began with the youthful members of the deputation, but soon the contagion spread till we had the delightful sight of a professor of theology handing out tracts, or flinging them on the wings of the wind to those in the field, crying, "*Voilà! Un petit livre pour vos enfans!*" Dined at *Châtillon*, a pretty French town. Walked on with Andrew, under a clear evening sky, till the Diligence overtook us, and we gave ourselves up to repose.

*Dijon, Thursday, April* 18.—Awoke among the beautiful vine-

yards and gardens of *Dijon*. Pretty place outside, and having avenues of trees, like all French towns, for the inhabitants to walk and enjoy themselves. The Diligence stops here till the evening. We breakfasted and went to our beds to make up the rest of the two past nights. I fancy you know well what a French bedroom is. A stone floor, diamond-shaped, a rug beside your bed. They are ignorant of the delights of a large basin to wash in. Instead, they have a small dish, like the corner one of a dinner set. Mirrors abound. A simple blanket, and a light downy bed upon the top, keep you very comfortable. We called on *M. Frontin*, the Protestant minister, and found him a remarkably intelligent and devoted young man. There are only 200 Protestants here. He was very kind, and very glad to see us. There are 500 Jews here. With him we called on the Rabbi, and had a long discussion. He is an old man, Moses Israel—not very intelligent. We gave him a tract which he at once pronounced to be Christian. He was much prejudiced, and did not seem much interested in our journey; but another Jew, who was present, was a good deal impressed, and accepted a book and tracts very readily. Our tracts made some noise at the *table d'hôte;* and, when we had left, a boy was sent after us to request copies, which were supplied to a large company. A Jew, in a blue frock, was waiting at the Diligence to request a book. He took us kindly by the hand; and his boy actually danced for joy when he got the books. Diligence at 6—priest along with us. Dr. Black and he immediately entered on discussion in French, the rest putting in a word now and then. I tried to prolong the discussion in Latin till 11 o'clock, when we all dropped asleep. He was a complete Jesuit in argument, but appeared solemnized at the close.

*Châlons, April* 19.—Awoke entering *Châlons*. A nice town on the river *Sôane*. All French towns are similar. The high irregular houses, opening lattices, and gutter in the middle of the street, with lamps swung from side to side, form the chief features. Embarked at 7 morning, on the Sôane—a delightful river, so placid that you cannot say which way it runs. The banks are cultivated fields and vineyards—sometimes brushwood. The group on board was truly remarkable. Three Catholic priests in their cassocks, sashes, three-cornered hats, and black white-edged bands. Then there were French soldiers, bearded like the Pard; peasants with their blue frocks and wooden shoes, and women in net caps; some with large round straw hats, like Chinese, and some with the Swiss bonnet, that seems as if falling over the forehead. There were hundreds on board. We sailed swiftly and safely along, 90 miles down the Sôane, passing *Tournus*, with its fantastic Cathedral, *Maçon*, half-way—a large town, and *Trévoux*, most romantic, hanging over the river. There are 17 bridges over the Sôane, under which we pass—the finest chain bridges I ever saw. As we approached Lyons, the scenery is exquisite;

the mansions, villages, churches, gardens, flourishing almond trees, all combine to charm. It is all like a dream. The Protestant minister entertained us to dinner at Lyons, M. Cordés, a delightful man. Lyons is one of the few living places in France. God seems to love it for the sake of his saints who were martyred here. There are 300 living Christians in it. We were glad of a comfortable bed this night.

*Lyons, April* 20.—At five this morning we embarked on the Rhone in a large steamer, which takes us to Avignon. There are a great many passengers; an English gentleman and his lady in their carriage; all else are foreign tongues. The sail is one of the finest in the world. The Rhone is very rapid, but perfectly smooth. The mountains are often terraced to the top. The range of the Alps is now 12 miles from us; their fantastic tops reach the clouds. I am perfectly wearied with looking. Ah! no joys satisfy, but the joys which Christ gives to the soul. I have written this all upon deck, and hope you may be able to read it. We hope to be at Marseilles to-night by a carriage we mean to hire at Avignon. The steamer for Malta sails to-morrow. We arrive at Avignon at 5 o'clock. I will not be able to write you again, except from Malta. How I wish you were here to see the lovely scenes that are gliding past us. My heart is much with my dear people at Dundee. I hope God will provide for them. You must be sure and write to me, that I may find it perhaps at Smyrna or Constantinople. Andrew sends his kindest remembrances. He is perfectly well. Dr. Keith wishes you to let his son know how we are coming on, and that he is well. We will soon be like blackberries in the sun. You cannot imagine what a lovely castle is before me just now. I am weary, weary of the French language. I begin to understand a good deal of what I hear, and sometimes venture to argue a little *en François*. Dr. B. is truly an excellent scholar; all are very delightful companions. I have great hope that our mission will be for great good. I would have written Mr. Candlish, but will not have opportunity. Tell him you have heard from me. We lean upon the prayers of our believing friends whom we leave behind. A foreign land draws us near to God. He is the only one whom we know here. We go to Him as to one we know—all else is strange. May God bless you, and keep you, my dear Mother, Father, Eliza, and Willie. You are always on my heart, and especially when I pray to my Father in heaven. We are now sailing through most wonderful rocks. Farewell. May God bring us to meet again. Your affectionate son,

Robt. Murray M'Cheyne.

## LETTER V.

TO HIS SISTER.

GENOA, HOTEL DE CROIX DE ST. MALTE, 24*th April*, 1839.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—This letter is to be addressed to you, as I suppose you will be returned from Dundee by the time this reaches beloved Scotland. My dear people and all of you have been much on my heart during these days, and you may be sure I am anxious to know how the sacrament was conducted in St. Peter's —how all my friends were helped in their services—and if there were marks of good done to perishing souls. Ah, dear Eliza, every step I take. and every new country I see, makes me feel more that there is nothing real, nothing true, but what is everlasting. The whole world lieth in wickedness. Its judgments are fast hastening. The marble palaces, among which I have been wandering to-night, shall soon sink, like a mill-stone, in the waters of God's righteous anger. But he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. Happy, you and I, dear Eliza, if we have part in Christ, for we shall stand with him in glory when all the world shall sink in ruins. I wrote to Mamma when sailing down the Rhone. I have no doubt you have traced our progress on the map, and have a complete acquaintance with our route.

In a few hours after finishing that letter we safely reached Avignon in a lovely evening. Avignon is the place where the Popes chose to build their palace ; it is a city of palaces—" The arrowy Rhone" is there a splendid stream—broad, deep, and rapid. A ruined bridge of stone half spans the stream. Beautiful spires, and ruined towers, rise above the rocks ; and the snowy Alps beyond complete the scene. The whole sail down the Rhone is one of the grandest in the world. We intended to proceed to Marseilles the same night by Diligence, near 70 miles, but could not get places. I intrusted my letter to a gentleman's servant to put in the post, and we agreed to proceed by the same steamer down the Rhone, in hopes of reaching Marseilles by sea early on Sabbath morning. The government packet for Malta was to sail on Sabbath at 5 evening. We sailed in sweet moonlight, and slept at Beaucaire. At 4 in the morning we sailed again to Arles, and then in another steamer still further down the Rhone. We grieved thus to use the Lord's day ; but felt it a case of necessity. and tried to make good use of our time. We soon gave tracts to all on board—mostly French, one German, one Italian, one English—all received them anxiously, rich and poor, passengers and sailors. It was my Sacrament day in St. Peter's, and my heart was with my flock. It was a lovely sunshine morning.

About 9 we reached the Mediterranean, when all of a sudden a wind, called *Maestral*, sprung up with great violence. Frenchmen lose all self-possession in a storm ; and it was really amusing, if it had not been dangerous, to see how they ran about ; one ran for the anchor, another for the cable, another to the helm ; all was confusion. In a few minutes we were driven close upon the shore, and were soon safely moored upon the desolate bank. We all disembarked and spent our Sabbath on the desolate island, the captain not daring to unmoor the ship. About a dozen of fishermen's cabins, with a fig tree in their garden, and a vine over their door, a herd of asses, and a waste of rushes, formed the scenery of the place. The natives speak a mixture of French and Italian, which we could with difficulty understand. They seemed not to know the Sabbath from another day ; some we found training their vine before their cottage door. We sat under a bush and read the account of Paul's shipwreck on Melita, Acts xxvii. 28, and on the whole spent a quiet and delightful Sabbath. Our course is entirely in God's hand, so we felt quite resigned to stay there, assured that this delay would in some way turn out for his glory. Mark how often the Apostles were hindered from going to places where they had fixed to go, Acts xvi. ; so we wish to be guided. We could not preach to the poor people, or we would have done it, but we sent a tract to every house. The engineer of our boat was an Englishman, and gladly helped us in this. We commended ourselves and all we love to our heavenly Father, and slept on the floor of our cabin very comfortably.

*Mediterranean, 22nd April, Monday.*—The wind had greatly lulled. At 5 we were under weigh on the tideless sea ; we sailed along the bleak coast. Soon it became bold and rocky, till Marseilles came in sight, the hills in the background reminding us of " Scotia's darling seat." The country around is finely variegated and spotted with white villas. The town is strongly fortified, and we sailed far into its majestic harbor, amidst a forest of masts from every country under heaven, about 8 o'clock morning. We were strictly examined at the Custom House, a most disagreeable part of travelling in this country ; I was thankful when we got to our comfortable inn. We called on one of the Protestant ministers, M. Monod, a fine young man. There are 150,000 people in Marseilles—nearly 2,000 Protestants—3 pastors, who preach by turns to the same congregation. They have a Sabbath school and day school. They were very dead till two years ago ; since then God has given them living pastors, and the work of grace is commencing. We called on the Rabbi of the Jews, and introduced ourselves : he was an intelligent-looking Frenchman of 40, exceedingly polite to us. His wife sat in the room. There are 1,000 Jews in Marseilles ; few learned ; few attached to their religion ; most devoted to commerce. Dr. Black carried on a most interesting discussion with him, in which we joined as we were

able. We went to the Synagogue with him—few were present. One Rabbi read prayers, then another concluded the service; at one time all prayed in silence. I prayed along with them, that God would take the veil away from the heart of Israel. Called same evening on Mr. Hayes, a nice English gentleman, who gave us much information; two of the pastors were present; we stirred them up in the cause of Israel. I forgot to mention that the government packet had sailed, and we agreed to go by the boat of to-morrow, which goes to Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. Marseilles is entirely a business town, yet a pleasant place; the air is truly delightful, very hot at mid-day, but pleasant morning and evening. The houses are very tall, the streets more regular than other French towns; one street has the ambitious name of Rue de Paradis. Alas, I fear there are few that tread the narrow way here; yet I remember Elijah and Martin Booz, and am thankful.

*Marseilles, 23rd April.*—On board the Sully at 11. Fine steamer—people of all nations on board, Italian, English, French, Flemish, Swiss, German. Hot, hot sun, and a cloudless sky. Andrew and I got a delightful cabin on the deck to ourselves. We sailed out of the harbor, and through the rocky islets that are in front of Marseilles. We coasted along; the precipitous banks are high, bold, verdureless; a whitish rock, a deep blue sea below. To the south without any bound to the eye. We began the reading of Italian with some spirit; thought of Paul's determination, Rom. i. 15, and prayed it might be ours. We must now lose ten days before proceeding to Malta, and we have resolved on spending them in inquiring after the Jews of Italy. We would rather have been on our way to Palestine, as the hot weather is setting in; but God himself has shut us up to this course, and we hope he will bless us in it. We passed Toulon, the bay of the French navy, the place where Napoleon first pointed his cannon. The town lies low on the beach, as most Italian towns do; bare rocky hills form the background, with a circular olive valley down to the town. In the evening we passed the pleasant Islands of Hyères, resorted to by invalids on account of their delightful climate. Dr. Keith pointed out to us the place he was sent to for his health, where the month of January was quite delightful. It is a lovely land, but gross darkness covers the people. The sun set sweetly behind the hills of Provence,—we thought upon the martyrs of the Alps, and on Felix Neff. The moon shone most beautifully, bringing silvery smiles out of the dark waves of the Mediterranean. The sea is perfectly calm like a lake, and I find my health always improved on the water; my palpitation then entirely ceases; the bustling haunts of men bring it back. We had evening prayer in our cabin, and soon after committed ourselves to repose.

*24th April, Wednesday.*—Awoke on the coast of Italy. Alps descending steeply into the sea; many a sweet valley revealing

itself. Strange hanging villages, with their graceful churches, often appear on the brow of the hill, oftener on the shore ; the number of towns and villages is incredible, and there is never one without a spire. The papists know the true principle of church extension. To provoke a smile, I have a good mind to describe our breakfast, dear Eliza, but I believe it would be impossible. It begins with different kinds of fish, then eggs dressed in various ways, then mutton, beef, chickens, messes without a name, young peas and potatoes of this year, oranges, figs, nuts, and fruits of all kinds ; the only beverage was wine. How happy I shall be to get back to plain fare again. Oh, for a cup of tea ! I thought within myself. At 1, we entered the glorious bay of Genoa, or rather Genova, for now we must speak Italian—*O bianche palazzo di Genova !* Such a glorious sight I never saw before. You remember the town beside Dunolly. I forget its name.* Imagine it spread out into a circular bay of many leagues, and instead of a row of humble houses, imagine huge piles of marble buildings rising above one another, handsome spires, fantastic columns. and noble mountains behind, all green with olives, and all the heights spotted over with white marble villas ; the bay filled with water of the deepest blue, and an Italian sky above, and you see Genoa. We were carried ashore in a swift boat under a pleasant awning, and tried our Italian upon the sailors. We asked for the British Consul. "*O Sapiamo—Sapiamo !*" they cried. The narrowness of the streets strikes me very much. In the older streets carriages could not go. In the *Strada Nuova* there is just room for two to pass. They are very cool and shady, like Benares. Most of the houses have piazzas, and entrances, and staircases of pure white marble—many houses are entirely marble. In the moonlight they look inexpressibly soft and beautiful ; some houses are of red plaster, some with paintings on the outside, which give too showy a look for my humble taste. The white veil worn by all the women is most beautiful ; it covers the back part of the head and shoulders, and comes over the breast ; some wear it of bright variegated colors. The number of priests is very remarkable—they swarm. There are from 90,000 to 100,000 inhabitants ; 30 English, 150 Swiss, 250 Jews. We called on the Consul, who was very kind, and on the Swiss minister. We call on the Jews to-morrow, and sail in the evening for Leghorn. May the Lord go with us ! We care little for sights if we cannot do any thing in our great mission. At Leghorn there are 24,000 Jews. We hope to see Rome and the Jews there this week, and be back to Civita Vecchia in time for the Malta steamer. The steamer we are in goes only to Naples. Our hearts groan for this land of darkness. You cannot form any idea of it. We dared not bring a single tract with us into Genoa ; we would have been put in prison immediately, and all our books burned. If a Catholic were converted, and

* Oban.

wanted to join the Protestant worship, they dare not receive him. And yet the people are gay and smiling. Poor careless Italians! they sit still and are at ease. Leghorn is a free port, and we hope great things may be done there; the engineer of the Sully is a nice Irishman, and has agreed to receive tracts and distribute them to all passengers going from or into Italy. By a wonderful providence, all engineers are British, and Protestants; we have contrived to interest them a good deal in the great cause. I must now close, as it is midnight. I am mercifully preserved in health, as are all my companions. Andrew is sometimes a little sick at sea, but it soon wears off. Dr. Keith hurt his foot in Paris, which troubles him a little. Dr Black is indefatigable, and stands all his fatigues wonderfully. I do trust you are all well, and that I shall hear from you soon. *Poste restante, Alexandria*, I fear will be too late unless you have sent. Let Andrew's friends know. Commend me to Dr. Russell and lady. The spy-glass is in constant use; and Andrew sometimes steers by the compass. Commend me to Mr. Candlish and all that inquire for me. May you and I be kept abiding in the Beloved to the end—nothing else is worth possessing. Your affectionate brother,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

I fear Mamma will not find all the domestic particulars she would like in my letters. My clothes have answered well hitherto. I shall certainly adopt the native costume if we find it very hot. I miss my quiet cup of tea, and supper of oatmeal, most of all. We are getting burned in the complexion a good deal. We read the 17th of Revelation to night; I never saw it so full of meaning before. Oh the blessing of a pure preached gospel, of a simple faith in *Jehovah Tzidkenu!* We met some monks to-night, with their bare heads and brown garments. Love to Willie; kind regards to Moody; I hope they do not forget us; it is a hard enterprise, and we need divine grace and strength every hour. *Vale, vale, o mia sorella!* The very children here speak Italian!

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## LETTER VI.

TO HIS FATHER.

HARBOR OF VALETTA IN MALTA, *5th May*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,—We have just cast anchor in the beautiful harbor of Valetta, after a most prosperous and pleasant voyage from Italy across the great sea of the ancients. I have just heard the musical bells of the town striking the hour of ten, although by my watch it is only half-past nine, P. M. As we have thus gained

half an hour by journeying east, I shall expend it upon you. On reflection, I perceive that we have lost the half hour; still, whatever way the bargain be, you shall have the benefit. I hope you received my last letter, I think, dated Genoa, 24th April. Italy is such an inquisitorial place that letters are often opened and detained.

*Genoa, 25th April.*—On the 25th we met with an interesting Jewish gentleman, who gave us much information; and we had some interesting conversation with the Vice-consul, a very pleasant Italian—a Catholic. He showed us his Bible, Latin and Italian, but it cost about L.3, putting it beyond the reach of the mass of the people. We had a nice walk to the top of the hills above the town, and saw the pleasant vales of the Ligurian Mountains beyond. The town is fortified on all sides. and the guns are all pointed down upon the town. We bade farewell to Genoa the same evening during a lovely sunset. The sea was rougher than usual, but the Sully carried us nobly through. We awoke next morning in the harbor of Leghorn.

*Leghorn, 26th April.*—The morning was raw and rainy, like old Scotland over again. The place very unlike Italy; a great contrast to Genoa. It lies quite low and flat, so that you see nothing from the sea but the Custom House. It is, like Venice, intersected with canals. We were rowed up one of these to the Hotel *San Marco;* here we were welcomed by Mr. Thomson, the excellent *albergatòre.* You remember it was here the faithful Martin died in 1834; and here poor A. G. spent nearly his last days. Mr. Thomson and his lady are good kind people, and were truly overjoyed to receive four Scotch ministers all in a lump. They had heard of our coming, and were on the look-out for us. He insisted on our dining with him the first day; and we found it so agreeable, that we just formed part of the family during the week we remained there. A Captain S., a truly excellent though eccentric gentleman, and a Mrs. Dr. G., on her way to Bombay, formed part of the family. We visited the Synagogue the same evening, being the beginning of the Jewish Sabbath. It is a very handsome room, capable of holding 2000; next to that of Amsterdam, it is the finest synagogue in Europe. The place where the law is kept is beautifully adorned with white and variegated marble; it resembles exactly the altar in Episcopal churches. The reading and chanting desk, in the middle of the room, was also finely ornamented. The room was well filled with Jews from every nation under heaven. Andrew and I wandered up and down among them, staring and stared at. The Rabbi was reading prayers, which ended with a beautiful Hebrew psalm. They were greatly surprised when Andrew and I joined in the psalm. A Jew who could speak English joined us, and explained every thing. Several venerable men in Eastern dresses, with splendid beards, stood beside the Ark; many came and kissed their hands,

and received their blessing. We were told that these were Rabbis from Jerusalem.

27*th April, Saturday.*—This morning we visited the Synagogue again at half-past 8, and again at 1. We saw them bring the law out of the Ark with great pomp; the Rabbi and others marched, whilst a chorus of men and boys chanted a psalm; the velvet curtain was drawn aside—the doors opened with a silver key—three immense rolls, splendidly covered with velvet and silver, were revealed. One was chosen, and carried aloft to the reading place, the choir still singing. The Rabbi uncovered the roll, and suddenly lifted it up in sight of all; instantly the psalm hushed, and every head was bent in adoration. We joined in the reading of the Law and then of the Prophets; this attracted many of them to us. Alas, the veil is on their hearts; they draw near with the mouth, when the heart is far from God. They concluded with the 29th Psalm, "*Jehovah will bless his people with peace,*" magnificently sung. We were introduced to the Rabbi from Jerusalem, who gave us snuff, and was very polite; asked who we were, and whence we came, and invited us to visit him in his dwelling, *sopra synagoga*, on Monday. Same day we visited the English burying-place; a sweet spot, adorned with melancholy cypresses, and weeping willows and roses; all the tombs are of marble. We saw the tomb of Smollet, of Horner, and, still more interesting, that of James Martin, bearing an inscription from the pen of Chalmers. We prayed that we might be like him. We spent the evening in getting much valuable information from Captain S. as to popery.

28*th April.*—A quiet Sabbath in Leghorn. Heard English service by Mr. ——. A congregation of 60 to 70. Very poor, or rather very bad. Dr. Black preached in the evening, in the hotel, to about 60 or 70 people. Many Scotch—many that had not heard a sermon for years. All were deeply impressed, and some in tears, it was so affecting to hear divine truth in our own way, so far from the land of our fathers. Many said they would like to hear the same every Sabbath evening. We have been seriously impressed with the importance of Leghorn as a station both for Jews and Protestants, and may yet recommend that a minister should be sent to labor among both.* The text was in Ezek. xi. 19, "I will give them one heart." It was in the room next to that in which Martin died. I could not but think how much his meek spirit would have rejoiced in the solemn exercises of the evening.

29*th.*—Visited the Rabbi from Jerusalem, and had a most interesting interview with him for about two hours. He sat cross-legged in the Eastern style; spoke Italian and a little French; is a strong-minded man, and admirably versed in the Old Testament. He has also some knowledge of the New. But I must

* The Rev. R. W. Stewart has since been appointed to this station by the Free Church of Scotland.—Ed.

not now enter into particulars. We visited their library, and saw several rare and curious Hebrew books. We also visited their school, which is a large, handsome establishment—300 boys and girls attend it. They are admirably taught Hebrew, Italian, French, Geography, and History. There are about 20,000 Jews in Leghorn, and they are perfectly free in Tuscany. We determined, therefore, to spend the rest of the time here, till the government steam-packet came up, rather than make a hurried visit to Rome. In the evening we met an English clergyman from Pisa, Mr. Robins, an excellent and living young minister, who greatly encouraged us.

*Tuesday, 30th April.*—We spent this day in going over the school carefully. We began with those learning the Hebrew letters, and ended with the young men reading the Talmud. We paid another visit to the Jerusalem Rabbi, and had a still more interesting discussion with him. Many came in to hear and to join in the argument. Jews always speak at the top of their voice, and when a quotation in Hebrew is made, they all join in it, so that you may imagine there was some degree of noise. One interesting thing we saw at the door of the Synagogue, the box for collections to send to Jerusalem; L.800 a year is gathered in Leghorn for this object. We dined at a Mr. Macbean's, who was very kind, and gave us much information. In the evening we visited another Rabbi in the library. He was very proud of his Jewish books; but when we pressed him on Isaiah liii. and Micah, he held up a little book in his hand, חגה המונה; or, "The Defence of the Faith," and said that it contained an answer to all objections.

*1st May.*—Guns firing, the Duchess of Tuscany having been safely delivered of a son. Two Jewish gentlemen called on us, and went with us to introduce us to some of their most influential people. The Jewish quarter is quite stirred when we pass through. Every eye upon us. All have heard of our discussions with the Rabbi. The learning of Dr. Black and Andrew Bonar, and their knowledge of their books, has made an evident impression. We are told that they cannot imagine what it is we are seeking, in this friendly way of visiting them. Visited the burying-ground of the Jews in the evening, and wandered among their marble sepulchres till the sun went down; type of the present state of Israel—darkness and death. We fervently pray that God may really make use of our mission, in the smallest measure, to open the door of faith to Israel.

*2nd May.*—The most remarkable event of the day was a visit from the Chancellor of the Jews, their chief man, a polished Italian, who gave us much information in a most open and friendly manner. We are told the Jews are very sorry that we are going away. Wrote my people this evening.

*3rd.*—Took farewell of our kind host and hostess, and got on

board the Lycurgus at 1 ; a very splendid steamer and ship of war. We had a singular mixture of company on board as far as Civita Vecchia, where we arrived at 6 in the morning of the 4th. We had 3 nuns in their black veils and white hoods ; 2 Dominican monks from Italy with their brown coarse gowns, rope, and rosary, and sandaled feet. Athanasius, Greek Bishop of Tripoli—2 of his young clergy, and a servant, in beautiful dresses—a Greek in his turban and romantic red and green dress, and many others. Most were going to Rome; and we had some eager discussions on Popery in Latin.

*5th May.*—Spent a quiet Sabbath on the water. Andrew has been sick a good deal. I have not felt so well and comfortable since leaving home, as I have done these 3 days. The bland winds of the Mediterranean agree with me. We sailed about 20 miles south of Sicily this morning, and saw its hills among the clouds. I felt it very sweet to lie and see the sea, round and round, a complete circle to the horizon on all sides. It made me feel so little, and God so great. The rocks of Gozza came in sight about 4. I watched the sun sinking behind the sea. It was truly beautiful ; and now I must conclude for to-night, leaving a small space for to-morrow. I hope I may find letters from you here. I intend to write Mr. Candlish to-morrow. If by any means I should not get it accomplished, you might show him this letter. Our vessel is motionless. I hear the Valetta clock strike 12. Good night ; and may the God of Israel watch over you all. Yours,

R. M'C.

*Valetta, 6th May*, 1339.—This morning we landed safely, and I have been writing Mr. Candlish ever since. I now shut up this to you. I hope it may find you well and happy all. We sail for Alexandria to-morrow morning by 7—five days' passage. We go by Syra, one of the Greek islands, where we land for two hours. If the Lord keep us and guide our course, we shall be in Alexandria on Sabbath next. The sea to-day is dead calm. Malta is a warm spot—just like an oven. I forgot to tell you that we got large straw hats at Leghorn, and a linen shirt to wear instead of a coat. I think you would hardly recognize the venerable deputation. We were glad to hear the English tongue once more in this place, and to see the English soldiers and sailors. We call on Dr. Clark this evening—out of town an hour's ride. I am sorry there are no letters from you ; hope they may be at Alexandria. We have heard nothing since we left London. There are few Jews here. Andrew is quite well to-day after his sea-sickness. The two Doctors wonderfully well. The Lord has blessed us hitherto. He will keep the feet of his saints, of whom we are the least. My heart beats a little to-day ; but another sail will do me good. One thing I know, I am in the hands of my Father in heaven, who is all love to me,

not for what I am in myself, but for the beauty he sees in Immanuel. Good-bye for the present. May the Lord watch over you, father, mother, sister, brother; thus prays your affectionate son, ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER VII.*

TO THE REV. R. S. CANDLISH.

VALETTA, IN MALTA, *6th May*, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hoped to have written to you long before this, but we have travelled so rapidly, often day and night, till we came to Leghorn, where we stayed a whole week, that I could not get it accomplished. I trust I shall be strengthened not to be so forgetful in time to come. My thoughts are often with you and the kind friends we have left behind. We left London on the 11th of April, and crossed from Dover to Boulogne the next morning. The very first evening we spent in France we were visited by a Hebrew gentleman, who had heard of our mission to the holy city of his fathers. He had spent great part of his time and fortune in seeking after his brethren in different parts of the world. He seemed evidently to be anxious about his own soul—conversed with us with much emotion for some hours, and accepted a Hebrew New Testament, &c., at parting. We could not but thank God for this token of good to us at our first outset. We travelled to Paris by Diligence, and spent the Sabbath there. But poor Paris has no Sabbath. It is the day of the god of this world among the Parisians; and the pleasures of the Champs Elysées seem to be the only heaven that day sought after. We heard a precious sermon in English in Marbeuf Chapel, and a lecture in French, from M. Monod, in the evening. There are about 2,000 Protestant hearers in Paris, and 14 faithful sermons preached there every Sabbath day. But "what are these among so many?" There are also Sabbath schools, attended by 800 children, two-thirds of whom are Roman Catholics. On Monday and Tuesday morning we made all the inquiries we could about the Jews. We met with many of the best people of Paris; still we could get little important information. The Jews here are little known. "*This is Zion whom no man seeketh after.*" There is so little of vital godliness in Paris, that the cause of the Jews seems to be overlooked. So far as we can learn, the account given by M. Courtois of Toulouse, is substantially true of the great majority

* This and subsequent letters to Dr. Candlish are taken from the Missionary Record, 1839.

of the French Jews.* Infidelity and Rationalism—explaining away the Scriptures—are making fearful way among them, especially among the rising generation. Rabbi Cahen, who lives at Paris, is the author of a Neologian translation of the Old Testament, which we saw in Rizler's.

We left the French capital on 16th April—a lovely evening—passing through beautiful cultivated plains on the banks of the Seine and Marne. We travelled nearly constantly for three days and three nights, till we came to Lyons on the river Rhone. We met with many things worthy of note on the road. The country, though generally far from beautiful, was to us strange and interesting. The vineyards, especially, illustrated Scripture to us, and taught us vividly many of its precious lessons. In the plains a field of wheat and a field of vines generally alternate, affording the two blessings of "corn and wine." In the hill country vines reign alone, covering the hills often to the very summit. We noticed many that answered the description in Isaiah v.—"My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill," literally "*a horn, the son of oil.*" The poplars, elms, and willows were all in leaf, and a peach or an apricot was blossoming in every garden.

Another thing that cheered us very much in our journey was the giving out tracts in French, which we got at Paris. Much good may be done, and has been done, in this way in France. No Christian traveller in that dark land should omit furnishing himself with hundreds of them. Caution is needed in dispensing them. The government do not allow them to be given in the streets, but in a house, or steamboat, or diligence, or for sale, they are lawful. The people in every village crowded round us to receive them. We felt that this was doing what we could for France, and "sowing beside all waters."

Another interesting thing was, that a Catholic priest travelled one whole night with us in the Diligence. We tried to enlighten his dark mind by bearing testimony to the truth. We discussed many points with him, first in French, then in Latin. He was well versed in the common defences of his Church, and argued with great vehemence of hand, head, and tongue. We could only leave the result to God. The secret of a Papist's attachment to his mystery of iniquity is awfully revealed in 2 Thess. ii. 10. We have often been led to think of it.

In every town where we stayed any time we made inquiry after the lost sheep of the house of Israel. In one French town we called on the Protestant minister, a lively, judicious, and interesting young man.* He and a Jew conducted us to the Rabbi, an old man with a grisly beard, living in a poor house with few marks of comfort. A few folio volumes in Hebrew adorned the drawers,

* This account is contained in a letter to Dr. Keith, inserted in the Missionary Record for August, 1839, p. 23.

† M. Frontin of Dijon. See p. 463.

and an old book-case contained some more. The Jew introduced us as friends of Israel, but the Rabbi soon found out that we were Christians. His French was very bad and his German little better; but we easily understood that he was bigoted and illiterate. We read Isaiah liii. in his own Hebrew Bible, which he explained according to the comment on the margin, referring it to the sufferings of all just men in this world. The Jew, who was with us at first opposed bitterly along with his Rabbi, but he afterwards calmed down and seemed really impressed, accepted Dr. Keith's book, and refused any recompense for his trouble. We took leave, feeling that we had left a testimony to the truth. Before starting, the same evening, an old Jew, in a blue frock, came to us, kindly shaking us by the hand, and asking for tracts. We gave him the life of Cappadose, and some others; his little boy actually dancing for joy as he received the books. He said he knew we were going to the holy city, and that he looked for a Saviour from heaven. We could stay no longer with him; but he looked very like one who was "waiting for the consolation of Israel."

In order that you may see clearly the two classes of Jews in France, I will relate to you an interview we had with another Rabbi in the south of France. He received us very politely, and was quite ready to enter upon an amicable discussion on divine things. He seemed an intelligent-minded man of forty years of age. His wife, also, was in the room. He told us that there were few learned Jews there, most being entirely devoted to commerce. When we expressed our deep veneration for Israel and our obligations to the Jews, he surprised us by saying that a man might be saved in any religion. He denied the fall of Adam, and tried to prove to us that the curse was really a blessing. He told us that the new heart promised in Ezekiel was only a higher improvement of the mind. He had no confidence in the Talmud,—did not believe in the restoration of Israel. We went over many other points. He seemed to love argument much, especially of a philosophic kind, falsely so called. In a word, he was a complete specimen of the Rationalist Infidel Jew. Do you remember the pathetic cry of Jeremiah,—"Mine heart within me is broken because of the prophets?" He rose up with us and led us to the synagogue. A small number of Jews was collected; and our Rabbi immediately began to chant the prayers,—strange contrast! At one time all prayed in silence,—a poor dead service it was. The dry bones are very many and very dry.

We arrived at Lyons on 19th April. It is beautifully situated, and we looked on it with a tender interest, remembering how often it had been the scene of martyrdom. God loves the place still. There is a small body of 300 believers who live here under the faithful ministry of M. Cordès. He cheered our hearts very much, and sent us away with affectionate prayers. Next morn-

ing by 5 we embarked on the Rhone, and sailed upwards of 100 miles through some of the finest scenery in the world. We hoped to have spent the Sabbath at Marseilles, but just as we entered the Mediterranean, a stormy wind, called the *Maestral*, arose and drove us on a barren island. We all landed, and were obliged to spend our whole Sabbath there. We gave tracts and books to all our fellow-passengers, and to the few inhabitants that were on the island, and tried in secret to hallow and improve the Sabbath. The next morning the storm abated, and we sailed over the deep blue Mediterranean, and entered the beautiful harbor of Marseilles about 8 o'clock. We found that the Malta packet had sailed the evening before. We felt that as the apostles were often hindered by the Spirit from entering certain countries, so God was directing our way. So we determined to sail into Italy, and occupy the 10 intervening days there.

Before leaving France, I may say that it has struck us all, from what we have seen, that a movable missionary would be most suitable among French Jews. They are not in very great numbers in any one place, and still there is a vast number in France. The qualifications requisite seem to be a complete knowledge of French and Hebrew, and, above all, as M. Courtois says, a capability of simply and affectionately stating and urging the Gospel on them. Talmudical knowledge appears to be a very secondary consideration in France. More of this hereafter.

We arrived in Genoa on the 24th of April.—In a natural point of view a truly magnificent place—to a spiritual eye, the valley of the shadow of death. We met with a very interesting Jewish gentleman there, who kindly gave us every information. He told us of the state of Israel in most of the towns of Italy; and, as far as we have examined, we have found his information to be very correct. He told us of one family, in Genoa, of seven, who had become Roman Catholics lately—of one child of a Jewish father, who had been baptized by the English minister at Pisa. In Tuscany the condition of the Jews is better than, perhaps any where else. They have great power and privileges. In Rome, they are still grievously treated, and shut up every night, or during Lent in the Ghetto, or "The Place," a term of reproach applied to the Jewish quarter.

We arrived in Leghorn on the 26th of April—a raw morning, quite unlike Italy. Like Venice, it is intersected with canals. We were kindly welcomed by Mr. Thomson, the excellent person who keeps the Hotel San Marco. You remember it was here your faithful predecessor died in May, 1834. We found it quite a home during our stay in Leghorn. We visited the synagogue the same evening. It is a very handsome one, and was well filled. The place where the law is kept is very like the altar in Episcopal churches, and is beautifully adorned with white and variegated marble. The reading desk in the middle of the room is similarly

ornamented. The Rabbi was reading prayers in a loud powerful voice, and there was a fine chant and psalm in conclusion. They were a little attracted when they saw we could read Hebrew. Several venerable men in the Eastern flowing dress, with turban and fine long beard, stood beside the ark. Many came for their blessing, kissing their hand, and receiving it on their head. We were told they were Rabbis from Jerusalem. Next morning, Saturday, 27th April, we attended the synagogue again at half-past 8 morning, and again at 1. We saw the law brought from the Ark with great pomp and the sound of psalms. When the Rabbi lifted up the roll of God's law in the sight of the people, the psalm was hushed in a moment, and every head was bowed down in adoration. We joined with them in the reading of the Law and the Prophets. The whole concluded with the 29th Psalm in Hebrew, very nobly sung. We could not help thinking how well these voices will join in the song of ransomed Israel, when God shall take away the veil from their heart.

*28th April.*—We spent a quiet Sabbath in Leghorn, Dr. Black preached in the evening, in a large room of the hotel, next to that in which Mr. Martin died. His text was Ezek. xi.—"I will give them one heart." Many had not heard a sermon for years. All were deeply impressed; and many said they wished they could hear the same every Sabbath evening. There is an Episcopalian chaplain here, but he does not seem to draw out the Protestant residents, the majority of whom are Scotch people. We have been deeply impressed with the propriety of taking Leghorn into consideration as a most fit station, perhaps, for a missionary, with the double commission of preaching to Protestants and Jews. Many things seem to show that this would be the most judicious and effectual method of reaching the immense multitude of Jews who live here. Their numbers cannot be accurately ascertained, but I believe there are many thousand Jews in Leghorn. More of this hereafter.

We three times visited the Rabbi from Jerusalem, and had most interesting conversations with him. He received us in the Eastern fashion, sitting cross-legged. Spoke Italian and a little French, and quoted Hebrew with great fluency. He seems a strong-minded man, admirably versed in the Old Testament; and, as he said, has read the Gospel—"*il tutto Evangelio.*" He showed us many of his books, then entered on the discussion of Messiah being a Prophet, a Priest, a King. To show that no expiation was needed, he referred to the case of David. This gave us opportunity to explain the 51st Psalm,—that David prayed for *washing* before the *new heart.* The 100th Psalm, Isaiah ix., and other texts, were also spoken upon. He showed how Jesus could not be "The Prince of Peace," for he himself says, "I am not come to send peace but a sword." Several similar objections he

stated. He borrowed his arguments chiefly from a little book he showed us, called "*A Defence of the Faith.*"

We one day visited the school for Jews; a most excellent institution. It is on the Lancasterian mode; and 300 Jewish children are taught Hebrew, Italian, French, writing, &c. This will certainly introduce a new era among the Jews, especially among the girls, who were busy learning. The young men we heard read the Talmud. We could not help trusting, that, although they think not of it, God might be in this way training these young Jews to be his servants to all ends of the earth. We visited their library, containing old books and manuscripts. We had another interesting conversation with the Rabbi who keeps them. Several Jewish gentlemen called on us, and we called on many. The Jewish quarter is really moved as we pass through. All eyes turn upon us; and we are told they are at a loss to explain this friendly mission to Israel. Our discussions with the Rabbi, we perceive, are well known everywhere. The learning of our two champions has evidently made an impression on them. But we do trust in a higher might, that something may have been done for the dry bones of Israel during our stay. We visited their burying-ground, and mused amid the sepulchres of Abraham's children.

*2nd May.*—We embarked for Malta, and arrived here last night. My fathers and Andrew (Mr. Bonar) are seeing several people here, especially Mr. Freemantle, just returned from Palestine. To-morrow morning we sail for Alexandria by Syra. We hope to be there, if God speed the vessel, on Sabbath next. We lean on the prayers of all that love us and Israel; and above all, on Him who has not left us hitherto. Brethren, pray for us; and give God no rest for Jerusalem. We are deeply anxious to hear from you and all our loved friends. Direct to Constantinople. We pray that the blessing promised to them that love Jerusalem may be felt in the coming Assembly. May God be a wall of fire around our Zion. Only be of good courage—quit you like men; for the Lord is with you. Farewell. And, believe me, &c.

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER VIII.

TO HIS MOTHER.

ALEXANDRIA IN SIGHT, 3 O'CLOCK, P.M., *13th May*, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I begin a letter to you while the prow of our vessel is pointing to the far-extended city of Alexandria. My thermometer is now 74° in the shade, and rather hotter in the

cabin, so that we have something of the heat of our Scottish summer. I wrote my father last from Malta—the letter was to go through France. I hope it is now on its way, and may reach you in a few days. Malta is a singularly interesting spot, and I was sorry we had so little time to see it and its inhabitants. After writing you, Andrew and I rode out of Valetta in a calesh or covered car, the driver running by the side of it the whole way. We went 4 or 5 miles to call on Dr. Peebles' friend. The roads are in some places singularly steep. The bays, formed by the sea, are clear, calm, and beautiful. Barley was ripening; and the evening sky had a tinge of purple and yellow which I never saw before.

*7th May.*—We left Malta this morning at 7. I began to think of Major Donald's story of the Highland sergeant, in the West Indies, saluting his officer every morning with, "Anither het day, your honor." It is too true in these latitudes. We are now within quarantine, and therefore needed two small boats in getting on board the steamer, that the boatmen may not catch the infection. For your consolation, mamma, we are told that the east was never so free from the plague as it is now. Read the 91st Psalm, and be sure that our heavenly Father will do with us what is best. The Malta steamer was a French one, but not the same we came in. They keep up great style. The sea was as calm as a Highland lake; you never saw any thing so magnificent. We soon left Malta far behind, and when it disappeared, we could look round and round upon a complete circle of bright blue sea, as still and calm as the sea of Galilee when Jesus hushed it to rest. We had several of our old friends on board with us. The Arabic priests had left us at Civita Vecchia to go to Rome; this I was sorry for, as one of them got very intimate with me, as intimate as our limited knowledge of language would admit. He took me aside once to ask me very gravely if I had a wife. I told him no, but that I was freely allowed to marry. He told me he was a Monaco, and was not allowed to marry. I told him the Bible said otherwise. The Tripoli bishop could not comprehend how we were all the bishops we have in our country; he measured me over and over with his eye, and asked my age. He accepted an Italian New Testament. We lost also our nuns, and most of our monks; still our Greek friend accompanied us, one American, and several French gentlemen. The calm sea rendered all very pleasant, and gave us a fine opportunity to study our books. The Greek taught us to read Greek in the modern way, and sang us many of their patriotic songs.

*10th May.*—This morning we came in sight of Cape Gallo, the first cape of the Morea. We crossed the Gulf of Coron, and when I came up we were opposite Cape Matapan. You may be sure we looked with deepest interest upon the hills of Greece, and stirred up all our classic remembrances. The Greek was quite

enthusiastic in praise of his native land. Eternal snow was resting on some of its summits. We crossed the Gulf of Laconia, and thought of Spartan glory. We passed between Cythera and Cape Malea, with its high rude mountains. Through my glass I descried several hanging villages with terraced fields and gardens running up the sides of the bleak mountains. Leaving Cythera and the Morea far behind, we sailed north-east till Spezzia and Hydra appeared in view far to the north—the one like North Berwick law, the other like the Bass. We came towards Melos and Antimelos, and looking back saw the sun go down gloriously over Falconera, a small rocky islet. The Ægean sea was so called from the Greek word, signifying a goat, because the islands start up just like goats on every hand. The islands are also called Cyclades, being all in a circle or heap. It was a calm and lovely sea below, and a glorious spotted sky above. When we rested for the night, Seriphos was just coming in sight.

*Syra, 11th May.*—At 2 in the morning we anchored in the Bay of Syra, a beautiful island and Greek town. We were rowed ashore by a fierce-looking Greek in his wide trowsers and red cap. We breakfasted in the inn, or rather, as it was expressed on the sign, *ξενοπανδοχειον*. We were treated with Grecian honey. After breakfast we wandered through the bazaar; the shops are all open, no window, but all door. We were heartily stared at, and often laughed at; indeed you cannot imagine any thing more ridiculous than our Frank dress, compared with the beautiful attire of the meanest Greek. There is something elegant about the whole cast of their dress. The soldiers' dress is very like that of our Highlanders, only the kilt is beautiful white cotton. We looked through three shops with books, and were glad to find the Greek Bible for sale, counterbalanced by two of Sir Walter's novels. We visited the school maintained here by the Church of England Missionary Society—an admirable institution; 600 Greek children, boys and girls, were all busy, some reading Xenophon in old Greek, and translating it into modern; the Bible read every day. Such fine-eyed children you never saw. We afterwards called for the missionary, a German, Mr. Hildner; he and his wife and three children, and a Miss Wilcox, received us kindly. We were sorry that we could stay but a short time. At 12 we embarked in another French steamer for Alexandria.

Leaving Syra we sailed south-east, among the beautiful islands famed in Homer's song. If you follow us on the map you will have some idea of the scene; it reminds me exactly of sailing among our own Western Islands. At one time I counted twelve islands all in sight; Syra; Eubœa far in the distance; Andros nearer; still nearer Delos, Apollo's island; and Mycone; far in the east, Icaria; then, in front of us, Naxos with its snow-white town; Paros and Antiparos, where the finest white marble used to be found. Xiphos, and two others behind, towards the west.

We gazed and gazed, between Icaria and Naxos, to see if our eye could reach Patmos, where John was so highly favored of God. We were within sight of it, and often thought we did see it, but whether or no we could not settle. It was sweet to be near so blessed a spot. We had four Jews, two Turks, and three Greeks on board, all in eastern costume, and one of the Turks had his wife with him, veiled all but the eyes, with her parasol in one hand and a long hookah in the other, which she smoked on deck. The Jews the first day were very friendly; they too were going to Jerusalem for the first time. "We are brethren," said Andrew in Hebrew, "as Jacob and Laban." They all smiled assent. *Noi quattro e voi quattro.* We showed them our Hebrew books, and many pictures of Jewish antiquities, with which they were highly entertained. One picture of Paul preaching in chains, they could not comprehend. Andrew read the account of it in the Italian New Testament, and they listened with all gravity. If you look at Acts xxii. 1—22, you will see how appropriate the passage was. It would have amused you to have seen the deputation all squatting, after the eastern method, on the deck, opposite to the four Jews; the Greeks and others looking on. We sailed between Naxos and Paros, and then night came down.

*Crete, 12th May.*—The Sabbath. We got up early to see Crete. We sailed down the one end of it; passed Salmone, pointing directly for Alexandria. Ida, in the centre of the island, towered high, clothed with snow. We read and thought of Paul, Acts xxvii., and read over the Epistle to Titus with no small interest. The sea was very rough all this day,—a clear sky and bright sun above. All along I have been mercifully preserved in rough weather. I have never felt sick, and always better than on shore. I was the only laborer among the Jews this day. Read over Zech. xii. and Jer. xxiii. with them. We had also a curious conversation with the doctor of the ship, a young Frenchman. I gave him my French Bible before leaving. We are not sure whether this be the communion Sabbath in Edinburgh. Grace be with you all.

*Alexandria, 13th May.*—Smoother and smoother as we approach Africa. At 2 o'clock we descried the ships of war in the Roads of Alexandria. At 4 we cast anchor among them—twelve ships of the line, all completely furnished for war. The white costume of the marines, contrasted with their brown legs and faces, their red belts and glancing muskets, gave a terrific effect to these floating batteries. We are told that there is no fear of war; the accounts from Constantinople are much more pacific. The Pacha is determined to carry all before him; and no doubt is entertained, that if it should really come to war, he will carry his arms to the walls of Constantinople, or Stamboul, as they call it here. You cannot imagine the landing at Alexandria; it baffles all description—boys with donkeys, men with camels, wild-looking porters,

Greeks and Turks, all roaring in sonorous Arabic, all eager to be at ourselves and our luggage. By the help of Mr. Waghorn's agent, who laid about him with his stick, we got our luggage on human backs and ourselves on donkeys, and away we went full gallop through the narrow streets of Alexandria. Women with their faces covered all but the eyes, others carrying their little children astride on their shoulders, fakirs, soldiers, children—all had to rush out of our way; and many a contemplative Turk took his hookah from his mouth to see what strange figures hurried by. We got rest and quiet in our hotel, and read over many of the Bible descriptions of Egypt. The Pacha is in the town. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One case of plague has occurred this day, so that the city is laid under quarantine. Many of the board of health are convinced that it is not a case of plague; still the quarantine declaration has been made.

14*th May*.—To-day we called on the consul, Mr. Larkins, on Colonel Campbell, the resident, and on several other persons; many are very kind to us. If we leave this by sea for any port in Syria, we must ride quarantine for many days; but the consul has assured us, that if we proceed by land we shall be there before the land quarantine is established. We have therefore been procuring two tents, a carpet each to lie on, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in; we are to have two servants and a great many asses and drivers; and on Thursday morning by the earliest dawn we begin our march through the desert. We ride on donkeys the whole way—fine, gentle, sure-footed creatures they are. We are told that it is not nearly so hot as we imagined it to be. The hours of march are from 4 to 10 A.M. and 6 to 10 evening. The route is first to Rosetta by land, one day's journey, then straight on to Damietta, crossing Lake Menzaleh; we proceed to El Arish, and enter Syria by Gaza and Hebron. We cast all our care upon Him who careth for us. Not the slightest danger is apprehended on the road, and it is constantly travelled. I have a good hope that the exercise will be highly beneficial to me. I find constant repose does not do me good. We expect to be at Damietta in 3 days, at Jerusalem in 10 days, more or less; only we shall take time. We are all well; thus far God has done great things for us, and he is faithful who will preserve us from all true evil. Mr. and Mrs. Freemantle travelled in the desert many days, and lived under tent for months. An English clergyman and his lady have just returned from doing the same. I know you will be anxious, my dear mother, but you must just be still, and know that God is God. I had some palpitations last night again, owing to my drinking pure green tea by mistake, which kept me from sleeping; but to-day it is better again. We sleep below mosquito curtains, not a very agreeable prison-house. We have been inquiring after the Jews of Alexandria and Cairo. We are very sorry that we cannot visit Cairo, the capital of this wonderful country. How-

ever, our way seems clearly pointed out by our heavenly Guide—our pillar cloud. Still we have heard nothing from home, publicly or privately. I must just commit you all to Him who is never one moment absent from you. We find it difficult to keep up a constant course of reading and study; still it is very needful, even to make our journey interesting, much more to make it profitable. Lord Lindsay's dragoman has been offering himself, but he cannot speak English. This is the Assembly week; we shall be in the desert the day the Assembly meets. Our hearts tremble for the ark of God; may He that dwells between the Cherubim shine forth upon them! My bed for the desert will make a capital rug when I get home. We have got nice pillows also, which Jacob had not when he slept at Bethel. May God appear to us as he did to him. Remember me most kindly to all dear friends. I often think on the Monday evenings, that we will not be forgotten in Mr. Moody's session-room; and on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and Sabbaths, that we will be remembered by my own dear flock. All this is a sweet comfort, and lifts up our hands when they hang down. I do trust that our mission is to be the beginning of good things for Israel. The Jews that are in earnest evidently expect the Messiah very soon. There is an unaccountable impression upon them that he will come very soon. Several thousand Jews in Poland have asked leave of the Emperor to go to Canaan for two years; and, if Messiah does not come in that time, they promise to become Christians. All this shows that the dry bones are stirred. Good-bye. May God watch over you, and fill you with all peace and joy in believing. I am your affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

15*th May*.—All well.

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## LETTER IX.

TO HIS FAMILY.

MOUNT CARMEL, 26*th June*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTER,—It is a long time since I have been able to write to you, this being the very first time since leaving Egypt that any one has appeared to carry letters for us. I must therefore begin by telling you that, by the good hand of our God upon me, I am in excellent health, and have been ever since I wrote you last. Fatigues we have had many, and much greater than I anticipated. Hardships and dangers we have also encountered; but God has brought us all safely through, and in fully better condition than when we began. You must

not imagine that I have altogether lost the palpitation of my heart, for it often visits me to humble and prove me. Still I believe it is a great deal better than it was, and its visits are not nearly so frequent. I hope very much, that in a cold bracing climate, and with less fatigue, I may perhaps not feel it at all. I was very thankful to receive your letter, dated 8th May, the first since leaving home. I was delighted to hear of your health and safety, and of the peaceful communion of St. Peter's. The public news was alarming and humbling.* I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, and go over all our journeyings from the land of Egypt through the howling wilderness to this sweet land of promise. I would have written journalwise, as mamma would say, from time to time, so that I might have had an interesting budget of news ready; but you must remember it is a more fatiguing thing to ride 12 or 14 hours on a camel's back in a sandy wilderness, than in our home excursions; and I could often do nothing more than lie down on my rug and fall asleep.

*Alexandria, 16th May*, 1839.—We left Alexandria on the 16th, parting from many kind friends in that strange city. We and our baggage were mounted on 17 donkeys, like the sons of Jacob when they carried corn out of Egypt. Our saddle was our bedding, namely, a rug to lie on, a pillow for the head, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in. We added afterwards a straw mat to put below all. We had procured two tents, one large one and a smaller one, which Andrew and I occupy. The donkeys are nice, nimble, little animals, going about 5 miles an hour. A wild Arab accompanies each donkey. We have our two Arab servants, to whom I now introduce you—Ibrahim, a handsome small-made Egyptian, and Achmet, the cook, a dark, good-natured fellow, with a white turban, and bare black legs. Ibrahim speaks a little English and Italian; Achmet, Italian, in addition to their native Arabic. I soon made friends with our Arab donkey-men, learning Arabic words and phrases from them, which pleased them greatly. We journeyed by the bay of Aboukir, close by the sea, which tempered the air of the desert. At night we reached Rosetta, a curious half-inhabited Eastern town. We saw an Eastern marriage, which highly pleased us, illustrating the parables; it was by torchlight. We slept in the convent.

*Rosetta, 17th May.*—Spent the morning in Rosetta; gave the monk a New Testament; saw some of Egyptian misery in the Bazaar; saw the people praying in the mosque,—Friday being the Moslems' day of devotion. In the evening we crossed the Nile in small boats, which mamma would abhor. It is a fine river; and its water, when filtered, is sweet and pleasant. We often thought upon it in the desert. We slept that night on the sand in our tents by the sea-shore.

*Bourlos, 18th May.*—In 6 hours we came to Bourlos (you will

* He alludes here to the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case.

see it in the map of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge ;) we were ferried across. Watched the fishermen casting their nets into the sea ; hot, hot! In 2 hours more, through a pleasant palmy wilderness, we came to Balteen, the vale of figs—an Arab village of mud huts. You little know what an Arab house is. In general in Egypt it is an exact square box, made of mud, with a low hole for a door. The furniture is a mat and cooking things —an oven made of mud at the door.

*Balteen, 19th May.*—Spent our Sabbath unoccupied in midst of the village. The poor Arabs have no Sabbath. The thermometer 84° in tent. The Governor called in the evening, and drank a cup of tea with great relish. The heat we felt very much all day ; still it was sweet to rest, and remember you all in the wilderness.

*20th.*—At 12 at night left Balteen by beautiful moonlight, proceeding through a pleasant African wild of palms and brushwood. We reached the sea in 2 hours, and rode along, its waves washing our feet ; very sleepy. We got a rest at mid-day, if rest it could be called, under that scorching sun, which I never will forget. Proceeding onwards, at 3 we left the sea-shore, and perceived the minarets of Damietta before us. The mirage cheated us often when we were very thirsty. We crossed the Nile again, a much smaller branch, the only remaining one, and soon found ourselves comfortably reclining on the divan of the British Vice-consul, an Egyptian gentleman of some fortune and manners. He entertained us to supper in true Egyptian style ; provided a room for us, where we spread our mats in peace. We spent the whole of the next day here, having sent off a Bedouin to have camels waiting us at San. The Consul entertained us in the same Egyptian style of hospitality, and sent us away, the next day, on board of a barge upon Lake Menzaleh. Even you, Eliza, would not have been afraid to sail upon that lake. It is nowhere more than 10 feet deep, and, in general, only 4 or 5. We made an awning with our mats, and spent a very happy day. At evening we entered a canal among immense reeds. In moonlight, the scene was truly romantic. We slept moored to the shore all night.

*23rd May.*—Reached San about 10 in the morning. This evening we spent in exploring the ruins of the ancient Zoan ; for this we find is the very spot. Wandering alone, we were quite surprised to find great mounds of brick, and pottery, and vitrified stones. Andrew at last came upon some beautiful obelisks.

*24th.*—In the morning we examined all carefully ; found two sphinxes, and many Egyptian obelisks. How wonderful to be treading over the ruins of the ancient capital of Egypt. Isaiah xix. 12.—"Where are the princes of Zoan?" Ezekiel xxx. 14.—"God has set fire in Zoan." This is the very place where Joseph was sold a slave, and where Moses did his wonders.—Psalm lxxviii. 43. This was almost the only place where we have been

in danger from the inhabitants. They are a wild race, and our Arabs were afraid of them. You would have been afraid too, if you had seen, out at the door of our tent, our Bedouins keeping watch all night, with their naked sabres gleaming in the moonlight, firing off their gun now and then, and keeping up a low chant to keep one another awake. No evil happened to us; we feel that many pray for us, and that God is with us. This day our journeying on camels commenced, and continued till we came to Jerusalem. It is a strange mode of conveyance. You have seen a camel kneeling. It is in this condition when you mount. Suddenly it rises, first on its fore feet, and then on its hind feet. It requires great skill to hold yourself on during this operation. One time I was fairly thrown over its head, but quite unhurt. When you find yourself exalted on the hunch of the camel, it is somewhat of the feeling of an æronaut, as if you were bidding farewell to sublunary things; but when he begins to move with solemn pace and slow, you are reminded of your terrestrial origin, and that a wrong balance or turn to the side will soon bring you down from your giddy height. You have no stirrup; and generally only your bed for a saddle; you may either sit astride or as on a side saddle; the latter is the pleasanter, though not the safer of the two. The camel goes about three miles an hour, and the step is so long that the motion is quite peculiar: you bend your head toward your knees every step. With a vertical sun above, a burning sand below, you may believe it is a very fatiguing mode of journeying. However, we thought of Rebecca and Abraham's servant, Gen. xxiv., and listened with delight to the wild Bedouin's plaintive song. That night we slept at Menagie, a Bedouin mud village; palm trees and three wells, and an ocean of sand, formed the only objects of interest.

25*th*.—Up by sunrise, and proceeded as before. The only event this day was Dr. B.'s fall from his camel, which greatly alarmed us. He had fallen asleep, which you are very apt to do. We encamped, and used every restorative, so that we were able to proceed the same evening to Gonatre, a miserable Arab post, having a governor; not a tree.

26*th*.—The Sabbath dawned sweetly. Therm. 92° in tent; could only lie on the mat and read Psalms. Evening, gathered Governor and Bedouins to hear some words of eternal life, Ibrahim interpreting.

27*th*.—Two very long stages brought us to Katieh (see map). Thankful to God for his goodness while we pitched by the date trees.

28*th*.—Spent the day at Katieh. Interesting interviews with the Governor, a kind Arab. Therm. 96° in tent. Same evening proceeded six hours through a greener desert, among flocks of goats and sheep, and encamped by a well, Bir-el-Abd.

29*th*.—Another hot day in the desert. Came in sight of the

sea, which gave us a refreshing breeze; bathed in a salt lake as hot as a warm bath. Encampment at Abugilbany.

30*th*.—This was our last day in the Egyptian wilderness. We entered on a much more mountainous region. The heat very great; we literally panted for a breath of wind. The Bedouins begged handkerchiefs to cover their heads, and often cast themselves under a bush for shade. Towards sunset we came down on the old ruins of Rhinoculura, now buried in the sand; and soon after our camels kneeled down at the gates of El Arish, the last town of the Egyptian frontier.

31*st*.—We spent in El Arish, being unable to get fresh camels. We bought a sheep for 5s.—drank freely of their delightful water; what a blessing after the desert! Found out the river of Egypt, the boundary of Judah mentioned in the Bible, quite dry.

*El Arish*, 1*st June*.—Visited the school—a curiosity. All the children sit cross-legged on the floor, rocking to and fro. repeating something in Arabic. We had a curious interview with the Governor, sitting in the gate in the ancient manner. We are quite expert now at taking off our shoes and sitting in the Eastern mode. Smoking, and coffee in very small cups, are the constant accompaniments of these visits. Left the same evening, and did not reach Sheikh Juidhe, in the land of the Philistines, till the sun was just bursting into view.

2*nd June*.—Spent a happpy Sabbath here. Sung "in Judah's land, God is well known." Singing paises in our tent is very sweet; they are so frail like our mortal bodies; they rise easily into the ears of our present Father. Our journey through the land of the Philistines was truly pleasant.

3*rd*.—We went through a fine pasture country; immense straths, flocks of sheep and goats, and asses and camels, often came in sight. This is the very way up out of Egypt, little changed from the day that the Ethiopian went on his way rejoicing, and Joseph and Mary carried down the babe from the anger of Herod. Little changed! did I say? it is all changed. No more is there one brook of water. The river of Egypt, wady Gaza, Eschol, Sorek—every brook we crossed was dried up; not a drop of water. The land is changed; no more is it the rich land of Philistia; the sand struggles with the grass for mastery. The cities are changed; where are they? the people are changed;—no more the bold Philistines; no more the children of Simeon; no more Isaac and his herdsmen; no more David and his horsemen; but miserable Arab shepherds, simple people without ideas; poor, degraded, fearful. Khanoonis was the first town we entered; Scripture name unknown. The burying-ground outside the town, the well, and the people coming to draw. were objects of great interest to us. The people were highly entertained with us in return. We sat down in the Bazaar, and were a spectacle to all. How much we longed to have the Arabic tongue, that we might preach the

unsearchable riches of Christ in God's own land. Same evening we heard the cry of the wolf; and encamped two miles from Gaza. The plague was raging, so we did not enter, but spent a delightful day in comparing its condition with God's word concerning it, "Baldness is come upon Gaza." The old city is buried under sand hills without a blade of grass, so that it is bald indeed. The herds and flocks are innumerable, fulfilling Zeph. ii. Andrew and I climbed the hill up which Samson carried the gates.

*5th.*—Passed through a fine olive grove for many miles, and entered the vale of Eschol. The people were all in the fields, cutting and bringing in their barley. They reap with the hook as we do; they seem to carry in at same time upon camels. No vines in Eschol now; no pomegranates, but some green fig trees. Crossed the brook Sorek, dry; spent the mid-day under the embowering shade of a fig tree; tasted the apricots of the good land. Same evening came to Doulis, which we take to be Eshtaol, where Samson was born.

*6th.*—We went due east, and after a mountain pass, saw the hills of Judah; an immense plain intervening, all studded with little towns. From their names we found out many B ble spots. This is the very vale of Zephathah, in the plain of Sephela, of which you read 2 Chron. xiv. Before night we entered among the hills of Judah—very like our own Highlands—and slept all night among the mountains, at a deserted village called Latroon.

*7th.*—One of the most privileged days of our life. We broke up our tents by moonlight. Soon the sun was up. We entered a defile of the most romantic character; wild rocks and verdant hills; wild flowers of every color and fragrance scented our path. Sometimes we came upon a clump of beautiful olive trees—then wild again. The turtle's voice was heard in the land, and singing birds of sweetest note. Our camels carried us up this pass for 4 hours; and our turbaned Bedouins added by their strange figures to the scene. The terracing of all the hills is the most remarkable feature of Judean scenery. Every foot of the rockiest mountains may in this way be covered with vines. We thought of Isaiah often wandering here, and David and Solomon. Still all was wilderness. The hand of man had been actively employed upon every mountain, but where were these laborers now? Judah is gone into captivity before the enemy. There are few men left in the land; not a vine is there. "The vine languisheth." We came down upon Gorieh, a village embosomed in figs and pomegranates. Ascending again, we came down into the valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath. Another long and steep ascent of a most rugged hill brought us into a strange scene—a desert of sunburnt rocks. I had read of this, and knew that Jerusalem was near. I left my camel and went before, hurrying over the burning rocks. In about half an hour Jerusalem c me in sight. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" Is this

"the perfection of beauty!" "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger!" It is indeed very desolate. Read the two first chapters of Lamentations, and you have a vivid picture of our first sight of Jerusalem. We lighted off our camels within the Jaffa Gate. Among those that crowded round us, we observed several Jews. I think I had better not attempt to tell you about Jerusalem. There is so much to describe, and I know not where to begin. The Consul, Mr. Young, received us most kindly, provided us a house where we might spread our mats, and helped us in every way. Mr. Nicolayson called the same evening, and insisted upon our occupying one of the mission houses on Mount Zion. The plague is still in Jerusalem, so that we must keep ourselves in quarantine. The plague only communicates by contact, so that we are not allowed to touch any one, or let any one touch us. Every night we heard the mourners go about the streets, with their dismal wailings for the dead. On Sabbath, Mr. Nicolayson read the prayers, and Dr. B. preached from Isaiah ii. 2. Dr. K. preached in the evening. Three converted Jews were among the hearers; Lord Claude Hamilton, stepson of Lord Aberdeen, &c.

On Monday, 10th, we visited the Sepulchre—a painful sight—where we can find no traces of Calvary. Same evening rode up the Mount of Olives; passed Gethsemane, a most touching spot. Visited Sir Moses Montefiore, a Jew of London, encamped on Mount Olivet; very kind to us.

11*th.*—Went round most of the places to be visited near Jerusalem,—Rephaim,—Gihon,—"Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God,"—the pool of Siloam,—the place where Jesus wept over the city,—Bethany—of all places my favorite,—the tombs of the kings. Such a day we never spent in this world before. The climate is truly delightful. Hot at mid-day, but delightful breezes at morning and evening.

12*th.*—A business day; getting information about Jews. In the evening, walked to Aceldama, a dreadful spot. Zion is ploughed like a field. I gathered some barley upon it, and noticed cauliflowers planted in rows. See Micah iii. 12. Jerusalem is indeed heaps. The quantities of rubbish would amaze you; in one place it was higher than the walls.

13*th.*—We went to Hebron, 20 miles south. Mr. Nicolayson, his son, the Consul and lady, accompanying us—all on mules and horses. Judah's cities are all waste; except Bethlehem, we saw none but in ruins till we reached Hebron. The vines are beautifully cultivated here, and make it a paradise. The hills all terraced to the top. We spent a delightful evening and all next day. We met the Jews and had an interesting interview with them. We read Gen. xviii., and many other Bible passages, with great joy. Saw the mosque where the tomb of Abraham and Sarah is.

14*th*.—Returned by Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Bethlehem is a sweet village placed on the top of a rocky hill, very white and dazzling; you see it on both sides of the hill. At Rachel's sepulchre, you see Jerusalem on one hand and Bethlehem on the other, an interesting sight, 6 miles apart. On Sabbath we enjoyed the Lord's supper in an upper chamber in Jerusalem. It was a time much to be remembered. A. B. preached in the evening in John xiv. 2, 3.

17*th*.—Hebrew service at 6. Synagogues of Jerusalem. Curious interview with a Jew at the old wall of the temple.

18*th*.—The plague has been increasing, so that we think it better to depart. Last visit to Gethsemane, and Bethany, and Siloam. Evening took farewell of all our friends in Jerusalem with much sorrow you may believe. Went due north to Ramah, by Gibeon, and slept at Beer again in our tents, in Benjamin.

19*th*.—Passed Bethel where Jacob slept. Passed through the rich and rocky defiles of Ephraim, by Lebonah to Sychar. You cannot believe what a delightsome land it is. We sought anxiously for the well where Jesus sat. Andrew alone found it, and lost his Bible in it.

20*th*.—Had a most interesting morning with the Jews of Sychar. Saw many of them, also the Samaritans, in their synagogue. Same evening visited Samaria—a wonderful place—and encamped at Sanoor.

21*st*.—Arrived at Carmel, where we now are;—encamped within 2 yards of the sea. We have to be in quarantine here 7 days, as there is no plague north of this. Several English are encamped here, Lord Rokeby, Lord Claude Hamilton, &c. We have daily *conversazionès* sitting on the sand. We are not allowed to touch even the rope of a tent. Acre is in sight, across the bay. We have delightful bathing. To-morrow Lord H. leaves, and kindly offers to take this. Carmel's rocky brow is over us; we are all well and happy. On Monday we propose leaving for Tiberias and Saphet; soon we shall be in Beyrout, and on our way to Smyrna. Do not be anxious for me. Trust us to God, who goes with us where we go. I only pray that our mission may be blessed to Israel. Sir Moses M. has arrived, and pitches his tent within 50 yards of us. Give my kindest regards to all I love, and that inquire after me, not forgetting dear Willie.

Your affectionate son, ROBT. M. M'CHEYNE.

I will try and write both Mr. Candlish and Mr. Moody by this opportunity. The only thing I think of mentioning is, that the affair of Aden seems premature. We were strongly advised in London by Mr. M'Neill not to make any attempt there at present. The Arabs are very jealous in their religion; and Aden can scarcely be securely in possession yet.

28*th*.—Still all well,—bathing daily in the sea. To-morrow is

our last day of quarantine. The therm. is about 86° at mid-day, 78° at midnight; the sea about 76°. May every grace and joy be given you.

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## LETTER X.

TO THE REV. R. S. CANDLISH.

Mount Carmel, *27th June*, 1839.

My Dear Sir.—It gives me great joy to write to you from this land of hallowed recollections. First of all, I must express our thankfulness to our heavenly Father that he has brought us hitherto in safety. We have met with many of the perils which Paul speaks of—"in the waters and in the wilderness,"—still we are all here safe, encamped in quarantine, beneath the rocky brow of Mount Carmel, close by the sea.

We left Alexandria on the 16th of May, and arrived in Jerusalem in 23 days. The first part of our journey, as far as Damietta, we rode upon asses, reminding us of the sons of Jacob, when they carried corn out of Egypt. Our track lay by the sea-shore, so that we enjoyed a cool breeze, tempering the hot air of the desert. We crossed the only two remaining branches of the Nile, and drank with pleasure the sweet water of the river that once bore the infant Moses on its bosom, and that once ran blood. From Damietta we sailed across Lake Menzaleh as far as San, the ancient Zoan. You may believe that the ruins of this once noble city afforded us matter for deep reflection. For about 3 miles there are immense mounds of brick and pottery, entirely covered with loose alluvial matter. At one spot we found immense blocks of granite; the remains, no doubt, of some ancient temple. Two sphinxes were lying close by—one in very perfect preservation—and a great many obelisks, beautifully carved. There are also many vitrified stones, as if the place had been destroyed with fire. How full of meaning Isaiah's words appeared to us (xix. 11, 12,) "Surely the princes of Zoan are fools; where are they?" and Ezek. xxx. 14. "I will set fire in Zoan." We have no doubt that this is the very "field of Zoan," (Psal. lxxviii. 12) where God did his marvellous works upon Pharaoh and his people. The country round is quite flat; a rich soil, but without water, without cultivation—desolate. From Zoan to Jerusalem we rode upon camels. Before coming to the land of the Philistines, we found it all a waste howling wilderness, "a land of drought, and of the shadow of death." We suffered a good deal from the heat, the thermometer being sometimes 95° in our tent. Our thirst was often very painful; and we were frequently so tired, that at the end of our march

we could only spread our mat upon the sand and cast ourselves upon it to sleep. I never before saw the full meaning of these words, Deut. viii. 2. Still the desert life has its charms—you are alone with God! No object attracts your eye—there is only one wide ocean of sand round and round; no sound breaks on the ear, but the plaintive song of the Bedouin, cheering on his slow-paced camel. We entered the land of the Philistines on 1st June. It may be described, in one word, as an open pasture country, composed of vast undulating plains; or, more graphically, in the words of Zephaniah, "Dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks." I have counted ten flocks, of immense size, from a single eminence. We did not enter Gaza, as the plague was raging there; but as we stood on Samson's Mount and looked down upon the town, encircled with gardens of figs and olives, we could trace the fulfilment of every word that God had spoken against it. The old city of Gaza seems to be actually buried beneath smooth round hills of sand. "Baldness is come upon Gaza." The next day we found the reapers busy in the valley of Eschol; and met many a camel carrying to the threshing-floor the ripe barley. Its vines and pomegranates are gone; some fine spreading fig-trees remain.

Our first view of the hill country of Judea was truly heart-stirring. Emerging from a mountain pass, the immense plain of Sephela lay stretched like a map before us; the rays of the morning sun glanced on the brown walls of the many towns that lay beneath us; the hills of Judah rose in the back-ground, tier above tier. We thought of the Ark of God carried back by the oxen—of Asa's battle with the Ethiopians—of Mary's visit to Elizabeth. That night we pitched our tent among the hills of Judah; next morning we entered a mountain defile of the wildest description. I have seen many mountain passes, but never one of such romantic beauty. "The flowers that appeared on the earth, the fig-tree putting forth its green figs, and the voice of the turtle heard in the land," gave it a holy loveliness. We thought that surely Solomon had often wandered here; and Isaiah too, for here was, "in the wilderness, the shittah-tree, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box together." The terraced hills, above all, excited our admiration. You have no idea to what an extent that wonderful method of cultivation must have been carried on by the Jews; nor of the perfect condition in which the remains are at this day. We have scarcely seen a hill in the whole land, however rocky and barren, that does not bear the traces, more or less perfect, of having been terraced literally from top to bottom. We often counted 50. 60, and 70 terraces on one rocky hill. No spot was left uncultivated; so that when the vines were planted, and trained, the words of the 80th Psalm were literally true, "The hills were covered with the shadow of it." Indeed we remarked, that God himself seems to have suggested this

method of cultivation to his people, by the very structure of the Judean mountains. Most of them are stratified in a horizontal direction; and the strata appear at such regular distances, that in many cases they are used as the foundation of the dike or rough wall which supports the terrace. The question was continually rising to our lips, "Where are all the vines that covered these hills with their fragrant clusters?" We found the answer in Hosea ii. 12, "I will destroy her vines;" and in Joel i. 11, 12, "Howl ye vine-dressers! for the vine is dried up, and the fig-tree languisheth;" and in Isaiah xxiv. 7, "The vine languisheth." Another question also was suggested,—"Are these empty terraces ever to be replenished again?" Again we found the answer in the prophet Amos ix. 14, "I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof. The mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."

But I must hasten to Jerusalem. The first sight of the city of the Great King is truly a moving one. The question in Lam. ii. 15, was felt by each of us,—"Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" And the word of the Saviour we saw was true indeed, "Your house is left unto you desolate." The British Vice-consul, Mr. young, who entered on his interesting office in Jerusalem about 3 months ago, paid us the kindest attention. Mr. Nicolayson, the missionary of the London Society, a man of learning and a man of God, received us as brethren, and insisted on our occupying one of the mission-houses on Mount Zion. He devoted the chief part of his time to us during our stay—led us through all the touching scenes in the neighborhood of Jerusalem—accompanied us to Hebron, and, in every way, endeavored to make us fully acquainted with the state of the Jews in this the land of their fathers.

Calvary is the only place about Jerusalem which yields nothing but pain and disappointment. Buried under marble pavements, lighted up by lamps and tapers, and watched over by poor ignorant monks!—my heart sickened at the view; but we lingered again and again at Gethsemane. Descending the steep bank of Moriah, you cross the Kedron, now quite dry,—as David did when he fled from Absalom,—as Jesus did on that night in which he was betrayed. The path before you leads directly up the steep of Mount Olivet; the path to the right, gently ascending, leads you round the hill to Bethany. Between the two paths, inclosed by walls of rough stones, you see Gethsemane. Seven very old olive trees mark the spot; each of them supposed to have lived 1000 years. At the further end of it, a small stone pillar bears this inscription, "*Hic tenuerunt eum.*" Mark xiv. 46. Here Jesus often-times resorted with his disciples; or rather, as Mr. Bonar suggests, from *συνηχθη*, this was often-times the place of rendezvous for Jesus and his disciples when going out to Bethany.

You may believe that we felt a peculiar delight in tracing our way to that favored village. It was indeed a favorite place with us—about two miles from Jerusalem. Descending the rugged pathway, you come unexpectedly upon a village almost concealed by rocks, and figs, and pomegranates,—this is Bethany!—"The house of figs,"—the village of Martha and her sister Mary. Several houses are inhabited by Arab fellahs, built of good stone, and flat roofed. Many are in ruins; and there are sepulchres hewn in the rock, one of which was doubtless that of Lazarus. Mr. Bonar and I twice visited Bethany, and read John xi. there with a peculiar interest. Of all places in this land, it is nearest to the condition in which Jesus left it;—the curse seems to have fallen more lightly on the spot which Jesus loved, and where so often he laid his head.

The liveliest picture of Jerusalem that can be drawn is to be found in Micah iii. 12. Zion is indeed ploughed like a field. I pulled some ripe barley from a field on the very top, near David's sepulchre. Jerusalem has become heaps;—nearly one half of the city appears to be heaps of ruins. In one place the rubbish is actually higher than the city wall. The mountain of the house (Moriah) is like the high-places of the forest. It bears 2 lofty temples of false worship—the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque El Uksar. These are surrounded by trees, under whose shade the Moslem ladies walk on their solemn days. God has fulfilled his word to the very letter. Now, how confidently may we expect the fulfilment of the sure promise that immediately follows; and how much encouraged may we be to say to the Jews, "O house of Jacob, come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord!"

I should have mentioned, that plague was carrying on its awful work in Jerusalem during our stay; indeed it has been little out of it for two years past. An increase in this awful disease hastened our departure. We left on the 18th, having visited Hebron, and the Jews there, the week previously. We passed through Ramah, Gibeon, Beer, Bethel, Lebonah, Sychar, Samaria, and arrived at the foot of Carmel, where we now are, on the 21st. We hope to leave this on Monday, for Tiberias and Saflet, that we may visit the Jews in these places. We shall also visit those in Tyre and Sidon, on our return to Beyrout. From Beyrout an Austrian steamer carries us to Smyrna. All this if the Lord will. Continue to pray for us, that God may prosper our way, and make our mission a blessing to Israel. Our hearts' desire and prayer for Israel is, that they may be saved. This is the object we have set before us night and day; and however engrossing the scenes are through which we are passing, still they all lead us to pray and strive for the salvation of that people, scattered and peeled, who are the true inheritors of these mountains.

The accounts we received at home as to the state of the Jews

in this land are far from being accurate. The exact number of Jews in Palestine it is very difficult to ascertain. The largest estimate reckons them to be about 15,000. Some state the number so low as 10.000. They reside chiefly in the 4 holy cities, as the Jews call them. In Jerusalem, about 7000; in Hebron, 700 to 800; in Tiberias, 1200; in Saffet, 1500 to 2000. In the towns along the coast there may be—in Jaffa, 60; in Kaiffa, 150 to 200; in Acre, 200; in Tyre, 150; in Sidon, 300; in Nablous (the ancient Sychar) we found about 200, and 150 Samaritans. In the villages of Galilee there may be 400 or 500. The increase in the number of Jews has been very decided since 1832, when the Pasha of Egypt took possession of Syria. For 2 years past the increase has not been so great, owing to the ravages of the plague, the increased price of provisions, the embarrassed finances of the Jewish community, and the oppression of their Rabbis. In my last, I mentioned that in Europe collections are made at the door of the synagogue, for the support of the Jews in the Holy Land. These collections amount annually, upon an average, to L.2,800. Every Jew in the land, rich or poor, after he has been a year in the country, has a share appointed to him, if he chooses to take it. The chief cause of their returning to this land, seems certainly to be attachment to the inheritance of their fathers. They also believe that their Rabbis here are actually inspired; that to die in this land is, to a Jew, certain salvation; and that, if they die out of it, they must make their way under ground, to rise in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They are very different from the Jews we have seen in France and Italy; they are far from being infidel; on the contrary, they are superstitious Jews. They have a real expectation of Messiah's coming; and this feeling is waxing stronger and stronger. They are far kinder and gentler in their dealings with us; they seem to look upon us as friends. This is not wonderful, when you remember that they are counted as dogs by all the Moslems. They maintain the beautiful dress of their fathers, and are a noble-looking race, when compared with the wretched Arabs who are scattered over this land. Almost all the male Jews here spend their time in reading. There are 6 synagogues in Jerusalem, and 36 reading places. These latter are established by individuals, that they may attain some merit to their souls! Five or six readers are appointed to each, having a small salary; one or two of whom are expected to be always there, reading the Talmud.

The English mission, in the hands of Mr. Nicolayson and his Jewish fellow-laborers, with the blessing of the God of Israel, appears to be prospering admirably. There are three Rabbis at present inquiring the way of life, and determined openly to profess their faith in Jesus! What encouragement does this hold out to the Church of Scotland to go and do likewise.

At Sychar we found the fields white already unto harvest. We

spent a most interesting forenoon, testifying to both Jews and Samaritans that Jesus is the Christ. We visited both their synagogues, and saw the Samaritan MS., said to be 3600 years old. The most of the Jews in this country speak Hebrew; many of them better than any other language. Although our lips can only stammer in the holy tongue, yet we find it deeply interesting; and we believe that God is able to make use of our weakness in opening their hearts.

The only other thing to be mentioned now, is as to the qualifications of a missionary to this country. Hebrew is plainly the most necessary language, read and spoken in the Spanish way. Arabic is next in importance the language of the country. The elements should be learned in Europe—the more perfectly the better; the pronunciation and use must be learned here. Spanish, German, and Italian, are also useful; the two first, in direct intercourse with the Jews; the last, as being the language of all Europeans in this country. He should be acquainted with Hebrew literature, so as to be able to set aside the Talmud in argument. He should know the Cabbalistic Commentaries, such as Zohar's, that he may know the sources of Jewish ideas. Chaldee and Syriac are useful. Controversial talents are perhaps of greater importance than splendid preaching talents; at the same time, it is to be hoped the time is at hand when both will be required. He should be well grounded in prophecy. In the words of Mr. Nicolayson, "He should fully and thoroughly adopt the principle of grammatical interpretation, both that he may be encouraged to persevere in his work, and also that he may be able to deal with the Jews." There ought to be both Jewish and Gentile laborers; the latter to form the nucleus, the former to be the effective laborers. I mention these things thus early, in case God should be raising up young men full of an ardent desire to labor in the cause of Israel, that you and the Committee may be able to show them the needful preparatives. And now, my dear sir,—farewell. If a day of trial is near, it will be happy for us, as ministers, and as a Church, to be found doing the Lord's work, and seeking the good of Jerusalem. Pray for us, that we may be kept humble, believing, joyful, faithful, unto death.

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## LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

BEYROUT, 5*th July*, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I wrote you from Mount Carmel by the sea, I did not expect that I would be sitting down so soon again to

write you. But as we are about to make an important change in our method of conducting our mission of inquiry to Israel, I think it our duty not to lose the first opportunity in making you acquainted therewith. Our last day of quarantine in Carmel was Sabbath last. On Monday we had the pleasure of being released and allowed to go northward. I wrote you that our intention was to proceed immediately to Tiberias and Saffet, returning by Tyre and Sidon to Beyrout. These are the only towns in this land containing Jews that we have not visited, and, in some respects, they are the most important of any. Before leaving quarantine, we heard with some pain that, in consequence of the country being drained of soldiers, who are all occupied in the war at the north of Syria, the roads to Tiberias and Saffet were very dangerous. Several robberies and murders were stated to have occurred; and the British Vice-consul of Kaiffa (an Arab gentleman) paid us a visit on Sabbath to warn us of our danger. On these and other representations, it was determined that we should proceed by sea to Beyrout. We did not omit to visit the synagogue in Kaiffa, at the foot of Carmel, on the Monday morning, and had a deeply interesting conversation with the Jews of that place. Thereafter we embarked, for my own part, with a feeling of deep regret, and, after a rapid voyage, arrived in Beyrout on Tuesday at mid-day. We have been kindly received here by the American missionaries and several others. Above all, we have had the great advantage of meeting with Mr. Pieritz, a Jewish convert, and one of the laborers of the London Society in Palestine. He appears to be a most enlightened and burning laborer in the Jewish cause, and his success has been very great. His information has been most full, and of the greatest value to us. We have also met with Mr. Calman, another Jewish convert, of a very gentle and kindly spirit. Dr. Gerstmann also, the medical laborer, we have seen.

When we left Mount Carmel by sea, we did it under the full impression that, if the roads were ascertained to be safe, we would still proceed across the country to the cities of Galilee. We have now ascertained that the roads are perfectly open; the reports were greatly exaggerated for interested purposes; and many gentlemen who were in quarantine with us at Carmel have visited the sea of Galilee, and returned with perfect impunity. A new obstacle, however, has arisen, in the providence of God, which has given rise to the plan now to be mentioned. I mentioned to you that we had been wonderfully preserved through many fatigues and dangers. For this we have need of continued gratitude to our great Shepherd. Since our quarantine at Carmel, however, our esteemed fellow-traveller, Dr. Black, has begun to feel the fatigues and great heat of this climate. We have already been detained in southern latitudes much longer than we anticipated. The season is now about its hottest. A long land journey, and multiplied inquiries, are still before us, in what may be called the

strongholds of Judaism. And however much we must regret the absence of our venerable friend, still we all feel that the line of duty is, that he should return by the easiest route. Dr. Keith and he, therefore, propose to leave this for Smyrna and Constantinople the day after to-morrow. They must run quarantine there for 15 days. They will then proceed up the Danube by Galatz, Pest, and Vienna. They will cross over by Frankfort to the Rhine, and then proceed through Holland to London. By this line they will be brought in contact with many places where multitudes of Jews reside; and yet almost the whole way will have the benefit of steam communication. They may thus reach home by the end of August or beginning of September, and be the bearers of the first-fruits from the land of Israel.

After prayer and deliberation, Mr Bonar and myself, having fully advised with our Fathers, have come to the conclusion that it is our duty not to leave this land without visiting the Galilean cities. The Jews there are the most degraded of all in the Holy Land. They sit in darkness and the shadow of death; and who knows but in that place once more the light may arise. It has been the impression of us all that, if the Church of Scotland is to make any effort for Israel in this the land of their fathers, Saffet and Tiberias may probably present the least occupied and most advantageous field. We accordingly feel that it is of the greatest importance that we be able to speak of it from personal observation. Indeed, every new place we visit convinces us of the vast advantage of this mode of inquiry. The victory lately gained by Ibrahim Pacha, of which I presume you have heard the full particulars, has quieted the country very much;—the Bedouins are retiring again to their deserts, and the Druses to their mountain fastnesses. 15, 000 men are said to have been taken prisoners, and 180 pieces of cannon seized by the conqueror. For 3 days past, every town in Syria has been resounding with the roar of cannon. All the citizens are commanded to rejoice, and the streets are all illuminated in the Eastern manner.

The next steamer for Smyrna leaves this on the 28th of July. Before that time, Mr. B. and I propose, along with Mr. Calman and our two Arab servants, to visit the Jews on the sea of Galilee, and perhaps in Damascus, which is only 3 days from this. If God prosper our way, we shall be in Smyrna and Constantinople the first week of August. It is expected that the plague may be entirely away from Smyrna in a short time, so that we may escape the quarantine at Constantinople. We shall then proceed by Bucharest and Jassy through Wallachia and Moldavia into Poland proper, by Lublin, perhaps Krakow, to Warsaw, into Prussia, returning by Hamburgh. We have invited Mr. Calman to accompany us, engaging to pay his expenses, and to send him back again to this land. We have taken this step with the full advice and consent of our elder brethren in this mission. Mr. Calman

is a native Russian, speaks German and Polish, and Hebrew, and would therefore be of great service to us in these countries. Indeed, it appears to us that there is no other way of accomplishing, with any degree of fulness, the great object upon which we have been sent. We have not yet received Mr. Calman's consent to go with us. If he should not, we shall anxiously look out for some of the Jewish converts at Constantinople who may accompany us. Our only desire is, that we may be enabled to lay before the Christian people of our beloved church, so full and moving a statement of the condition of Israel, that they shall rise up as one man, to plead with God and with man for the salvation of the Jews.

And now, dear Sir, my heart sinks within me when I think of the greatness of our errand, the length and dangers of the way, and the feebleness of the messengers. Do not sin against God by ceasing to pray for us. And stir up your praying people to hold up our weary hands. Since I began this we have visited the synagogue of this place, where there are about 200 Jews. We were too late for the service, but found the lamps still burning. Several Jews gathered round us, to whom we spoke of the Messiah that was cut off not for himself. You cannot think how different Jews are here from what they are in Europe. Affliction has humbled them as it did Manasseh. They are ready to hear; and though they shake the head, still they repeat your words, and dwell upon them.

Mr Bonar will write you when we have been at Saffet. We cast ourselves, helpless, upon our God. He is a rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him. Beyrout is finely situated on the sea, Mount Lebanon, with its pines and villages, towering in the background. "Is it not a little while, and Lebanon shall become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest?"

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## LETTER XII.

TO HIS SISTER.

BEYROUT, *8th July*, 1839.

MY DEAR ELIZA.—I wrote to you all from the foot of Mount Carmel. This letter will reach you as soon, for the steamboat is riding in the bay, and does not sail for a few days. I write you now very hastily, that you may know our movements, and how kindly God has dealt with us hitherto. When I wrote you last, I told you that we intended to visit Tiberias and Saffet immediately after leaving quarantine. We did not do so. You are aware that God is desolating this land with at least two of his dreadful weapons—plague and war. We have left the first, we hope, be-

hind us. The second we are advancing upon. In consequence of the war in the north, we heard that the Druses, a wild people of Mount Lebanon, had risen, and that the Bedouins were scouring the country seeking prey. These reports made us think it more prudent to go direct to Beyrout by water. We therefore left Mount Carmel quarantine on Monday last; and after visiting the Jews in Kaiffa, the neighboring town, embarked in one of the native boats. I can assure you I was much grieved to think of missing the Jews of Galilee, and the sight of the sea on which the Saviour walked. We had a sad rocking in the boat for 25 hours, which was relieved now and then by a sight of some interesting Scripture place. We sailed by Acre, the ancient Ptolemais (Acts xxi. 7.) where Paul staid one day. We came by evening to Tyre, of which you read much in the Prophets, Isaiah xxiii., and also an interesting story in Acts xxi. It is the very shore where Paul and the Tyrian Christians kneeled. The next morning we awoke opposite Sidon; and by 1 o'clock landed in Beyrout. I have seldom seen a more lovely place than this. The town is thriving; the bazaars are lively. Outside the walls there are pleasant mulberry gardens, where the silk-worm spins its tiny web. A solitary cypress stands among the Arab tombs. The sea is truly beautiful; and Lebanon towers over all,—a splendid mountain, with snow lying in its crevices. Lebanon recalls many interesting things. You remember Moses prayed that he might go over Jordan to see that goodly mountain and Lebanon; and he saw it from the top of Pisgah. You remember Solomon got all his cedar-wood from its forests, 1 Kings iii.; and again you remember the Prophet says, that in a little while Lebanon shall become a fruitful field. We have had the pleasure once more of resting in an inn, and sleeping in a bed, the first time (but one) since leaving Egypt. The missionaries are Americans—nice, good men; and we have met here with 4 converted Jews.

You will have heard, probably, of the great battle that has been fought near Aleppo, and of the complete victory which Ibrahim has gained over the Sultan. 180 pieces of cannon have been taken, and 15,000 men, it is said, made prisoners. The Sultan is now very unwell, and it is feared may die in the meantime. This battle has completely quieted the country. The accounts of its troubled state were quite exaggerated; and now the Druses and Bedouins have slunk back into their caves. The guns of all the towns have been firing for three days; and there have been rejoicings and illuminations for three days and three nights. There being now no danger, and many of our companions in quarantine having been at Tiberias since the disturbances, we intend to proceed thither to-day. Our valuable fellow-traveller, Dr. Black, has for some time felt the heat of Syria and the mode of travelling too much for him. He is too stout for such a climate; and, though still quite well, yet fears he might not be able to undergo further

fatigue. He and Dr. Keith have accordingly resolved on returning by the Danube. We felt sorry indeed to part; but, for the sake of our great cause and of his health, I believe it is our only duty. We saw them on board the Austrian steamer yesterday, which will arrive at Smyrna in four days. They will proceed by Constantinople up the Danube. and then across to the Rhine; and so they may reach home with hardly any land travelling, which is very needful to the Doctor's comfort. He has already performed good service in the cause; and I trust will reach home in safety. They promised to see you in passing through Edinburgh; as they will probably be a month before us.

Andrew and I feel that more is cast upon us now, so that we have more to cast upon God, who careth for us. We have got a converted Jew engaged to go with us, a most interesting young man of the name of Calman. We met him in London, and here again. He has labored five years in Palestine, and is much and justly esteemed. He speaks Arabic, Polish, German, &c.; so that we shall be better off than ever in regard to making inquiries. We propose, if God direct our steps, to sleep to-night near Sidon; to-morrow morning to visit the synagogue. and proceed to Tyre; then across to Tiberias, where are 1000 Jews; then to spend Saturday and Sabbath in Saffet. Next week we shall return to this place by Damascus. The Austrian steamer sails again on the 28th. We purpose to sail by it for Smyrna and Constantinople. From that we proceed by land through Bucharest, Jassy, Lublin, Cracow, Warsaw, Posen, Berlin, Hamburgh, Hull, Edinburgh. We know not what a day may bring forth, but we trust that our way homeward may be prospered. My health is now decidedly better. A Jewish physician here (a convert) encouraged me much about my health, he having had the same complaint himself. He thinks the travelling will be very beneficial. The only new trouble that has come upon me is deafness in one ear. Had I acquired it when sleeping on the ground, I would have attributed it to that; but I got it within this last week, sleeping in a comfortable bed. I hope it will go away as quietly as it came. Andrew is quite well; and we are standing the heat much better now. Beyrout is the hottest place in Syria. Dr. Black preached yesterday, before sailing, in the American Consul's; we had the Communion afterwards at the Mission-house. It was pleasant to join in that holy service with so many of different persuasions. There were more than 20 turbans—two that had been Armenian Bishops—Bishop Karavet and Bishop Yakob, with venerable beards—one Abyssinian—several Greek Catholics—Presbyterians—Congregational, and Church of Scotland—and four converted Jews.

Now, my dear Eliza, how are you coming on in my absence? and how are you all? Do you hear still from Miss Carnegy? I am truly thankful to think that they are so well supplied in my absence. Perhaps my great Master will fully recover me, and I

shall preach among them once more the unsearchable riches of Christ. I sometimes think I set my heart too much upon this; and that God has sent me away to teach me that He can save and feed the people without any help of mine; and that His will, not my will, must be done. I fear I shall not be back till the end of October, if all shall go on safely, so that I must devolve my Communion again on some of my friends. I may be in time for it; but in case I should not, it will be better to ask some one to undertake it. You know it is the last Sabbath of October. What I propose is, that Mr. Mellis should preach the forenoon of the Fast, Mr. Moody the afternoon and evening. I mean to ask John Bonar to undertake the principal part on Sabbath, Horatius Bonar to preach on the Saturday and Sabbath evening. Robert Macdonald will undertake Sabbath tables, and the Monday. I shall try and write to all these myself, bidding them all write to my father, whether they can undertake it or no. In case of any declining, you must just use all your discretions to find out suitable laborers to fill their place. I would like Cumming to be asked, if John Bonar declines.

Now, dear Eliza, may your soul prosper and be in health. I commend you all to Him whom Jesus called your father and my father. If you have all a saving heart-acceptance of Christ as the Lord our Righteousness, all is well; without it, we shall surely perish. Every step I take makes Christ more precious. Indeed I should be miserable had I not a Father near. Commend me again to all dear friends. Kiss one another for me; and believe me ever your affectionate brother,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

We intend to part with some of our portmanteaus; sending them home by sea to Liverpool, then to Leith.—Farewell.

My dear Eliza,—I have written half a letter to John Bonar, but a converted Jew has interrupted me, and now the hour is come we must ride. Our horses are at the door. If I leave this letter till I come back to Beyrout, he will not receive it for another month, that is, till September. I do not like to send him a hurried line from this land, and must therefore postpone it. Perhaps, then, my father will write to him, urging my earnest request, that he will, in case of my not arriving, dispense the Communion. Perhaps also he will invite Mr. Moody. Explain to him why I have not written him. I shall write him my very first leisure. He may write H. Bonar of Kelso also. Mellis and Macdonald I will undertake. The Lord watch over you again. My dear Eliza, yours.

I plucked a rose of Sharon for you, and concealed it under my saddle, but, alas, it dropped. I am of opinion that the rose of Sharon is the splendid rhododendron, or rose-tree, which blooms there in magnificent profusion. It is, like Christ, altogether lovely.

## LETTER XIII.

TO MRS. COUTTS.

BEYROUT, *22nd July*, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. COUTTS,—I do not forget my promise to write to you; and as I know you will wish me to do so from the land of Israel, I make a point of writing you before I leave it. I would have written from Jerusalem, but there were so many things I thought it my duty to see and inquire after there, that scarcely a moment was left for writing. Our Lord has dealt very kindly with us in all our journeyings, although the fatigues have been such as I never experienced before, and the dangers often very imminent. Yet praise be to Him on whose errand we go; He has let no true evil befall us.

The time needful to finish our work in Immanuel's land has been much greater than we anticipated. Still this has given us an opportunity to see more of its hills and valleys, and ruined cities; and we have also the satisfaction of having visited the Jews, and left a testimony for Jesus with them, in every city of this country where they live, with the exception of Joppa. Jerusalem was the first city we visited where there are Jews. During our residence, the plague was daily carrying off its victims; and as the Jews are poor, and most exposed to its ravages, we were greatly hindered in our intercourse with them. Still it was deeply interesting to mark their wan visages in the streets of the city of their fathers. They are quite different from the Jews of our country, or of France and Italy. They have little or no merchandise. Their whole time is devoted to reading the Law and the Commentaries of the Rabbins. They are broken down in heart by their distresses, and, like Manasseh in his affliction, much more willing to attend to one who speaks from God to them. Their appearance is very remarkable. The European Jews wear the broad German hat, or the high Russian fur cap. The beard is allowed to grow, and ringlets down the side of the face to distinguish them from the heathen. They have a pale, thoughtful look, and are really waiting for the consolation of Israel. The Church of England missionaries at Jerusalem are truly delightful men, and their success has not been small. Mr. Nicolayson acted towards us like a very brother, being our guide to all the sacred spots, and a most intelligent informant in all points which we desired to know. Mr. Pieritz, a Jewish convert, is a very singular man. His hold of the Gospel is like that of a little child, and he has great power with the Jews. He may be said, like Paul, to confound the Jews, proving that this is very Christ. One young man, named Joseph,

has been fully brought to know the truth, and has gone to Constantinople for fear of the Jews. Another was baptized in Jerusalem, and has gone to London. Three Rabbis are at present under daily instruction. They are all determined to make an open profession of the faith. They are really earnest, devoted men, and may be a great blessing to Israel.

No place in this world ever did, or ever will, interest me like Jerusalem. It tells so many tales of God's love and grace to guilty souls. It is, as it were, marked by the footsteps of Jesus; and so many promises of future glory are bound up with it. If God has graven its vales on the palms of his hands, should not his children do the same? The view of the Holy City from a distance always disappoints, and makes you feel the words in Lamentations, that all her beauty is departed. I except the view from the Mount of Olives. As you climb up that interesting hill, every step reveals new beauty in the Daughter of Zion; or rather, you are forced to say, How beautiful it must have been! The valleys round it are so deep, the mountains so plainly standing round it on every side. Moriah covered with a Turkish mosque; "the high places of the forest;" "Zion ploughed like a field;" Jerusalem itself vast heaps of ruins and desolate houses, yet most beautiful in the pure air of an Eastern clime. It is a sight never to be forgotten. We stood there, at the very turning of the road where Jesus wept over the city. We lingered on it. Gethsemane, too, with its old olive-trees, was a pleasant and often visited spot; and you will not wonder if we tried there to pray. We went out twice to Bethany—the only place on earth where the Man of Sorrows found a home. It is a very striking village, situated on the back of Mount Olivet, where the road to Jericho winds past. The fig-trees, and olives, and almonds, and pomegranates were growing luxuriantly among the ruined walls. But I must leave Jerusalem. We next visited Hebron, 20 miles south. The Jews here we found the most respectable of any in the land. They sent us a present of wine, and treated us very kindly when we visited them. The land is more cultivated near Hebron than anywhere else. The terraces are pleasantly covered with vines and olives. We tried to find the place where Abraham wrestled so wonderfully for Sodom and Gomorrah; and we sat beneath an aged oak, called Abram's Tree. The cave of Macpelah is covered with a mosque, into which we were allowed only to look. Every recollection of Hebron is pleasant to me. I only wish that I could share the pleasure with my friends.

A most interesting visit to the Jews was at Sychar, where Jesus sat by the well. It is situated in a lovely valley between Ebal, with its bare rocky sides, and Gerazim, planted with gardens. The Jews are a small, but interesting company. One of us visited the synagogue, where there is service every morning and evening. The rest followed. Each of us had a group of

ancient Israel around him, and reasoned with them out of the Scriptures. The European Jews speak German, the others Hebrew and Spanish. We have found it a pleasing exercise to tell them the Gospel in the holy tongue. We have almost everywhere found some who are deeply interested in us and our mission. We also visited the synagogue of the Samaritans here—150 remain; I believe, the real descendants of the worshippers on Gerizim. We tried to lead them to the same living water where Jesus led the poor woman 1800 years ago. They are richer and prouder than the Jews. They made us take off our shoes before entering their synagogue, regarding it as holy ground.

We have seen Israel also in Kaiffa, in Tyre, and Sidon, and in Acre; but the most interesting places of any for Jews are Saffet and Tiberias—the one within sight, the other on the brink of the sea of Galilee. We just returned on Saturday last from visiting these places. Saffet is supposed to be the city set on a hill, to which Jesus alluded in his Sermon on the Mount. It is remarkably placed—the climate truly delightful. The view of the sea of Galilee beautiful beyond description. Once there were 7000 Jews here; but a dreadful earthquake on the 1st January 1837 destroyed great multitudes of them. It is one of their holy cities, and a favorite place with the Jews. There is no plague in the north; but the war with the Sultan having drained the country of all the soldiers, Bedouin Arabs are roving about, committing murder and robbery everywhere. This rendered our journey very perilous, and it makes the Jews go about trembling. All their best clothes and valuables they have buried in the ground; and I never could have imagined such a realization of the words of Moses in Deut. xxviii. 66, "Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee." The Jews here were not so willing to listen to us; they were very suspicious. Still they gave us one of their houses to live in, baked delightful bread for us, and some of them attended most seriously. The synagogue service here is quite different from what I have seen in other places. The earnest cries and tears—the uplifted hands—the head bowed to the ground—and all this among venerable men with snow-white beards reaching down to the girdle—formed one of the most touching pictures I ever beheld. Still Israel are like the dry bones in the open valley, "very many, and very dry;" but if we will preach and prophecy to the spirit, we will yet make them live, and stand up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. Should not Christians pray more for Israel in secret and in united prayer? Preaching and prayer are the divinely appointed means for saving Israel, Ezek. xxxvii. This is never to be forgotten. Should not the answer of our Church be, "We will give ourselves to prayer for Israel, and to the ministry of the word to Israel."

It was pleasant to encamp on the shore of the lake of Gennesareth. The cords of our tents dipped in the very water. It is a

beautiful lake of vast extent; and the Jews told us, in a storm it rages like the great sea. We passed by the ruins of Capernaum, and wondered where Chorazin and Bethsaida are now—monuments of the truth of the Saviour's woe,—an awful warning to parishes that have a full Saviour preached among them and will not receive him. In returning to this place, we went to the top of Mount Tabor, where, in all likelihood, Jesus was transfigured. Mount Hermon, famous for its dew, lies immediately south; and over it we saw Gilboa, where David's curse still rests, and the dew falls not. Endor lay at our feet, and, still more interesting, Nain, where Jesus had compassion on the widow, and said, "Weep not." On coming down, we heard that the wild Arabs were that very night upon the hill, and that last night no fewer than twelve persons had been murdered there. The next day, between Nazareth and Acre, one of our servants who had gone a little way before us, fell in with eight armed Bedouins, who immediately carried him to the mountains, bound him hand and foot, threatened to kill him, stripped him of all he had, and carried off his horse. Meantime we passed safely on. Thus the Lord has delivered, doth deliver, and we trust will yet deliver us. Pray for us, that we may be both guarded and guided, and may have grace given us to execute our mission fully, prayerfully, and faithfully. We purpose, if God so direct our steps, to proceed by Smyrna and Constantinople, through Poland and Prussia. You will have heard that the two elder members of the mission have gone by another route. We hope that double information may thus be gained. Meanwhile, pray for the peace of Jerusalem: for the promise is sure, they shall prosper that love her. Stir up all Christian persons whom you know, and especially ministers, to take an interest in this great work. And thus, whether the time be near at hand (as I believe it is) or no, our own souls shall not lose the reward.

As to my health, it must be much improved, or I could not endure these great fatigues—sometimes riding 14 or 16 hours in the day, under a burning sun. Still I fear I am not yet quite fit for the work of the ministry. I wish I could learn complete submission to my Father's will. It is the hardest of all lessons. I hope you are keeping well this summer, and my excellent friend Miss Collier. Remember that this letter is half to her and half to you. I can never forget her; and hope she still holds up the hands of my successor as she did mine, by the prayer of faith. I thank my God upon every remembrance of her and of you all. Give my best regards to the worthy minister who dwells with you, and also to my good friend next door. I trust they both continue to find help, and comfort, and good success in their ministry; and O that we could always remember that the only right end of our ministry is the glory of Christ in the salvation of many souls! Pray for us, and for my poor flock, who lie heavy on my heart

night and day; and the Lord make you all to increase and abound more and more in every thing that is well pleasing in his sight.

Yours affectionately, R. M. M'Cheyne.

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## LETTER XIV.

TO HIS SISTER.

Beyrout, 22*nd July*, 1839.

My dear Eliza,—I have just returned from my evening walk among the tombs of the Mussulmans; and now I think of beginning a letter to you, though it will be a long time before it reach you. How I wish you had been standing with me to-night to look upon the calm, clear, brightness of the Syrian sky, and upon the sea so perfectly smooth, like a sheet of molten silver—and the ships in the bay, every little cord so clearly seen—and then to turn the eye upon Lebanon with the last blush of sunset upon his towering heights! Or perhaps you would be more taken up with the strange groups that form themselves under the mulberry trees, or among the marble tombs—the beautiful turbans and soft white robes of the Easterns—and you would be struck to see some enjoying themselves on the roofs of their houses—white-veiled donnas and beautiful fairy-like children—their faces clearly seen against the blue sky beyond; and I know you would like to see each bearded Arab as he passed laying his hand on his bosom to wish you peace. It would be a great joy to me if you were here to share the evening hour after sunset. I can imagine your shouts of admiration. No other hour of the day would answer you because of the great heat. The thermometer is about 85°, I think, in the shade, which is not a very great heat; but then it is so still, there is so little air stirring, that the town is considered one of the warmest in Syria. I fear you would languish under it, my dear sister. You would do better for the mountains. On Lebanon you may have any climate of the world you please. Would you like the air of India? you have only to take up your abode in the depth of some of its deep valleys, and there you will find an Indian sun indeed. Do you prefer the coolness of Lapland? you have only to ascend and pitch your tent among its snows. Would you like the genial climate of south France? you have only to pitch on the side of the mountains, where you will have flowers and fruits in perfection. Ah! this is a delightsome land, if only the curse of God were lifted off. I never felt any climate so truly delicious as the air of the mountains of Judea.

My last letter would inform you of the departure of the Fathers of our deputation to proceed more directly homewards by another

route. We are anxious to hear how they have got on. I fear you would be made a little anxious by hearing of our remaining behind in this troubled land. I am sure mamma would. However, I am very thankful we did so, as we have now visited all the towns in this land where there are Jews, except Joppa. We have, during the past fortnight, made one of the most delightful tours that could be found on earth, and I trust also with good success, as far as our mission is concerned. I am sure mamma will not be content without a journal; and therefore, if you will take your maps all in hand, you shall follow us every step of our journey. I told you that Mr. Calman, a Jewish convert, is now our companion. He and Andrew and I, and two Christian servants—that is, Papists—Botros and Antonio—and two muleteers, one a Maronite, the other a Druse—set off on six active Araby horses.

*Friday, 8th July.*—Our old servants accompanied us out of the gate, and bade us good-bye with tears on both sides. We proceeded south from Beyrout, travelling at the swift walk of the Syrian pony. Mount Lebanon, with its hanging villages, was over us several hours. I once counted 20 villages in sight at the same time. There are more inhabitants, I believe, in that mountain than in all the Holy Land. One part are Maronites, a kind of Christians, but image-worshippers, and of the deepest bigotry. The Druses are a mild race, the military possessors of the mountains; they are a kind of Mahommedans, though they sometimes claim affinity with Christians. In about 3 hours we reached the sea, and saw the sun go down, riding by its waves. We encamped about 10 at night at Nibi Younis, or the Prophet Jonah, being the place where the whale cast him on the dry land. I forgot to mention that we lost our way in the dark at the crossing of a broad river, but providentially regained it.

*9th.*—Early the Dervish, or holy man of the place, came for a present; poor old body, he was very thankful. Started at 6. In 2 hours I was in Sidon, riding on before. There is something lively about an Eastern town at morning's prime. The country people are all bringing their cusas and melons to market on donkeys. The Moslem ladies, all in white with parti-colored veils, are wandering out to the tombs. I asked for the Menzellat Jehudi. A Jew soon took me by the hand and led me to his house —tied up my horse, and made me sit down upon his mat. After some discussion on Ezek. xxxvii., he gave me in charge to another Jew who took me to the Synagogue. Here we soon had a congregation. They opposed more bitterly than usual. However, we saw their mind—got our information, and left our testimony. one of the Rabbis took us to his house and gave us cool lemonade. Sidon is a pretty place—on a high promontory running into the sea. Same day proceeded on our way to Tyre. Heard that a traveller was murdered on the road yesterday.

Committed our way to God, and found all quiet. A plain extends from Sidon to Tyre—the range of Lebanon bounding it pleasantly on the east—the blue Mediterranean on the West. Sarepta is among the villages on the brow of the hills. You remember Elijah and the widow, 1 Kings xvii. We slept that night at Kasmia, a khan within sight of Tyre. I wish you saw a Syrian khan. Some of them are 4 walls and a door, and nothing more. The most have a kind of arched place for your horse, and a stone room within for yourself. Some, as the one at Kasmia, are surrounded with a high wall. We pitched our tent on the roof and slept very securely. "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

10*th.*—Spent an interesting morning with the Jews in Tyre—first meeting with them in their wretched Synagogue, and then at the Rabbi's house, who treated us with coffee. They were uncommonly attentive to us at Tyre. I dare say 30 came to see us at the khan, so that we had full work opening to them the Scripture. Andrew and I speak to them chiefly in Hebrew, and we get on better now. Mr. Calman speaks the Arabic, and German, and Russian. A Jew led us about the town; the only one who had a little French. Tyre was once an island, now a promontory, being joined by Alexander with amazing labor. The causeway is quite evident, though the sand has made it now broader than the island. Old Tyre, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, was on the shore some miles off. It is hardly known where it stood, though one of the greatest cities of the world. The fisher spreads his net over it. Left about 2, proceeding due east for Saffet. We soon got up among the mountains of Asher, and noticed with delight the rich olive trees, fulfilling even still the word of Moses, Deut. xxxiii. 24, "Let him dip his foot in oil." We passed through some pleasant villages—Cana (not the one where Jesus made the water wine) and Zadiki—or "the place of righteous men." We entered the mountains of Naphtali by Wady Deb, the Valley of the Wolf, just as the sun had set. It is a splendid wooded ravine. The jasmine, hanging from tree to tree, scented all the air; but the danger was great, both from wild beasts which abound, and from wilder Arabs—and also from the rocky steeps we had to climb. But a Syrian horse is a singular animal; if you just give it its own way, you need fear little. We were truly glad and thankful to get to a quiet village on the top of the mountains, where the peaceable fellahs came all about us to see and hear till near midnight.

11*th.*—We were awakened this morning by the tramp of horses' feet. Saw a man fully armed looking in upon us. The next moment heard the voice of the French Jew of Tyre. They had got news of a poor Jew being shot by the Bedouins 2 hours further on, and they were come to carry him, dead or wounded, to Tyre. This was rather serious news before our breakfast; but it only had the effect of drawing us closer to our heavenly Guide.

The Arab fellahs were going to some market, and wished us to go with them. I believe they wanted our protection; however, we thought it best to go the nearest way to Saffet. Such a splendid country we travelled through I never saw before—winding down wooded mountains, and then through narrow defiles into beautiful plains; but almost all is a wilderness. We had a good deal of anxiety all day. Kept all together and spoke little. We rested about 2 at a Maronite village, Caperbahum. You never saw such kind people. One insisted on our going into his house, the best in the village, and it was all we could do to get remaining under our fig-tree—another brought milk, another eggs, another 2 young pigeons. There was a constant circle of admirers around us the whole time. The two Maronite priests were also very kind, and we tried to give them some light on divine things. This night we arrived safe in Saffet about dark. Andrew's horse fell upon him coming down a rocky hill; he was not the least hurt, but the beast was lamed. How wonderfully we are cared for! The Jews gave us one of their houses to stay in.

12*th*.—Saffet is a delightful place, being on the top of a very high hill. The air is cool and delightful. Twice this day we walked out to view the sea of Galilee, which seems to lie at your feet. It is 3½ hours distant. Solemn, calm, and still; it is unlike any other lake I ever saw. The plain of Gennesareth on the right side was quite evident, where Capernaum stood. Over a promontory we could discern part of Tiberias and the baths. On the other side of the lake the hills are steep and high, and come closer on the lake. Oh! how you would have enjoyed this view. I read over most of the words of Jesus uttered there. We went to the Synagogue the same night to see the Sabbath brought in, There are four in Saffet. Such venerable men you never saw, with long white beards, and such devoted worship. Some lifted their hands as in agony—some clapped their hands—some held them clasped. All were in motion rocking to and fro. Their cries were sometimes angry ones, as if they were angry that God did not hear.

13*th*.—Set off early for Marona, a village high on Mount Naphtali, where we visited the tombs of several Jewish saints. Higher up the mountain we came to Jermach, a village, and visited some Jews who live there, far from the haunts of men. They gave us fine Jewish bread, and milk, and cheese; and we in return told them of the way of salvation. Andrew spoke in German, and I stammered in Hebrew. Returned to Saffet enjoying the mountain air. Same evening had discussions with the Jews in two of their synagogues—very interesting. Therm. before dawn 58°; at 8 o'clock 64°; at 1 o'clock 76°.

14*th*.—Spent a pleasant Sabbath here. Not without causes of anxiety. The poor Jews have buried all their best clothes and valuables for fear of the Bedouins. They keep a watch every

night. We hear that the Bedouins this day robbed Mijdel, a village on the sea of Galilee, on the road to Tiberias. I do hope that our church may establish a mission here. But of this anon.

15*th*.—Descended from Saffet on our active horses—Andrew having got a new one. In 3 hours we were on the plain of Gennesareth. It is delightfully watered by a large mountain stream, and by the fountain Capernaum. It might be made a garden, but bears only one field of dhura, and the rest thistles, and weeds, and *defle*,* growing to an amazing height. We passed under all that remains of Capernaum. We had a good deal of anxiety on account of the Arabs—several of whom we saw, but they did us no harm. Mijdel we found utterly spoiled, without an inhabitant. It is the Magdala where Mary Magdalene was born. There we rested under a tree, and we washed our hands and face with joy in the water where Jesus had walked. Passing round two promontories—a ruin and a well—we came in sight of Tiberias. Built of black lava, ruined by the earthquake, it has a most dismal appearance. We pitched our tent close by the lake. We spent the evening among the Jews. The German Jews we found very suspicious of us—the others kind. We visited their synagogues and reading-rooms, and had interesting discussions with them. A German doctor invited us to his house. and a Jewish widow brought a present of milk to our tent. To both we returned a little tea.

16*th*.—Early in the morning, Andrew and I rode to the bath, about 2 miles down the lake. It is a natural spring, so hot that you cannot put your hand into it. The bath is free to all, of beautiful marble, and delightfully clean. There are attendants whom you may or may not employ. We swam twice round the marble pool. The effects we found truly delightful. We rode still south hoping to see Jordan, but could not venture the whole way. Same day we crossed from Tiberias west to Mount Tabor, and were on the summit by sunset. We had no guide, and therefore did not find the right way. Were obliged to lead our horses, the hill being so steep and rocky. It is a lovely hill; and here it is probable Jesus was transfigured. We got down the hill by the help of a little moonlight. We came upon some peasants watching their corn. They took us, and we took them, for Arabs; so that we were mutually relieved by finding out the truth. They could not believe that we had been on the top of the hill. Told us the Bedouins were there, and had committed 12 murders on the hill. When we reached the village, where we had agreed our tent should be pitched, our servants were all waiting to receive us. They said that the whole village was going to turn out in quest of us. Of the truth of all these things I cannot say, but we felt very thankful to our watchful God who had cared for us. Ah, dear Eliza! we have all cause to trust Him who has so

* Oleander.

often delivered us. He that gave us Jesus, what will he withhold?

17*th.*—I wish you saw the levee we held this morning. I am sure one half of the inhabitants of Daburieh were seated round us. Mount Hermon is on the opposite side of the plain. Endor, where the witch lived, we see at the foot of Hermon; and the pleasant village of Nain, the scene of such divine tenderness, lies right before us. Mounting, we proceeded north, and about 9 o'clock reached Nazareth. It stands at the head of a pleasant valley, and is one of the best built towns in the Holy Land. The rocks are all very white, which makes it exceedingly hot and painful to the eyes. We saw the lying wonders of the convent —and, what was more pleasant, we examined the hill on which the city is built, to find out the precipice where the angry Nazarenes would have cast the Saviour down. We left about 2; and after partaking of Arab cheer in the shape of leban, or sour milk of Sephourieh, we crossed the vast plain of Esdraelon. Toward sunset we came to an old well at the opposite side of the plain. An old Arab mounted on an ass met us, and told us, with every expression of alarm, that 8 armed Bedouins had met him in the valley and threatened to take his ass from him, but it was not worth their taking. We held a council of war. Antonio was missing. He had ridden back to Sephourieh for a cloak supposed to be wanting. Some proposed halting till nightfall, and then going on in the dark. Some proposed going to a village in sight in another direction. Some committing ourselves to God and proceeding. Our muleteers and Botros were in great terror. We rode on in silence through the beautiful wady or vale of Abilene. About sunset we found Antonio's staff. How it came there we could not conjecture. We met many unarmed Bedouins, and passed on unhurt. We slept at a village on the height above Acre.

18*th.*—Arriving in Acre we found poor Antonio. He had come by a nearer road into Wady Abilene, and so got before us. 8 armed Bedouins rushed upon him, and with their long lances drove him off the road and up among the hills. Here they bound him hand and foot—stripped him of every thing—asked him of his company—took his horse and all away, and left him naked. He climbed into a tree till daylight, and then walked down to Acre. While they were robbing him we passed safely by. The English consul of Acre, who is a Jew, said, "You must be on a good errand, or God would not so protect you." Even the monks acknowledged the hand of God in it. That night we slept at Nakoura, on our way to Tyre.

19*th.*—We rode to Sidon.

20*th.*—To Beyrout in perfect safety, and in good health.*

* For a continuation of this Letter see page 526.

## LETTER XV.

TO THE REV. ALEX. N. SOMERVILLE, ANDERSTON.

BEYROUT, 23*d July*, 1839.

MY DEAR ALEX.,—I fear you will think that you are never to hear from your wandering brethren. Still you are ever with us —our companion in many a journey of which you do not know. This land keeps all our Bible friends in remembrance; for every day brings before our eyes some of the scenes of which we have read and preached together. This is only the second opportunity we have had of sending letters since our leaving Egypt, on 16th May. I hoped to have written you by the last steamer; but my weak body, this hot climate, and our great fatigues, prevented me. You will be glad to know how well I have stood all the hardships of travelling in the burning desert, and among the mountains of Syria. I have hardly had a day's illness all the time, and indeed feel healthiest when undergoing the greatest fatigues. My heart still beats a little too loud at times for my comfort, but I have great hopes that, in a colder atmosphere, it may please God to give me complete deliverance from it; so much, at least, as that I may once more serve him in the Gospel of his Son. But O pray still more that I may be made like a weaned child—willing to do—willing also to suffer great things for his name sake.

How shall I begin to tell you of this delightsome land—Immanuel's land—every hill and valley of which tells of the wonders God hath done? I can only say, like the Queen of Sheba, that "the half was not told me." I have tried to deepen, as much as possible on my mind, every Scripture scene, in order that, if God spare us to come together, we may often wander together over Mount Olivet,—and down to Rachel's Sepulchre,—and among the hills of Hebron,—and up to Bethel, and Ramah,—and looking down upon the beautiful sea of Galilee, may meditate together upon the love of Him who stilled its waters. I have felt it to be one of the chief privileges of my life, granted to me in time of my affliction, that I should visit this land of promise, and most that I have seen here will be graven on my memory till I die. You will have heard, before this reaches you, that Andrew Bonar and I, with Mr. Calman, a converted Jew, were left behind by the elder brethren of the deputation, on the 7th of this month. Our father, Dr. Black, suffered very severely in coming through the Egyptian desert. He fell twice from his camel, and was thrown off a third time. From this, and the exhaustion produced by the heat, he never thoroughly recovered, so that by the time of our reaching Beyrout, he thought it his duty to return as

speedily as possible to a colder climate. Dr. Keith accompanied him by steam to Smyrna, and we are now anxious to hear of their safety. They will proceed by the Danube, and probably by the Rhine, visiting as many synagogues as that route will bring in their way. I do trust that God, who has peculiarly favored us all our way, will not suffer this separation in any wise to affect the success of our inquiries. Dr. Keith was to write Dr. Macgill, explaining the necessity for it, and our intentions for the future route, which I hope he has done before this.

Within the past fortnight, Andrew, and Mr. Calman, and I have visited all the synagogues in the north of the Holy Land. We have been safely preserved, although the country is in a most dangerous condition,—murders and robbery were on every hand of us, —still we have been kept from evil, and have had interviews with the Jews of Tyre, of Sidon, of Acre, of Tiberias, of Saffet, and of Beyrout. We have thus been enabled to meet with the Jews in every town of the Holy Land where they live, excepting Joppa, where there are only 60 Jews. Perhaps you would like to know how we carry on our inquiries. It is the most interesting work you can imagine. I will just describe to you our visit to Tiberias. We pitched our tent on the very edge of that lovely sea, where so many of the parables were delivered, and so many miracles wrought. Towards evening we proceeded towards the Jewish quarter. They seemed to live in better houses than the Arabs, and you can easily distinguish them. We first went to the Ashkenazim, or Jews from Poland and Russia. They wear broad German hats—some of them high fur caps—and a long robe, which the Arabs call a kaftan. The Jews are at present in such terror of the Bedouin Arabs, that they have buried all their best clothes and furniture under ground, so that their garments were soiled and torn, and their faces wan and anxious. Their long beard, and moustache, and ringlets, always characterize them in this land. We found a group—some standing, some sitting—to whom we gave the usual Hebrew salutation, שלום. We inquired after the prosperity of Israel among them. A few questions on their part soon found out who we were. Mr. Calman had been known to them before. They would not enter on any religious discussion. One pointed us to the Jewish reading-room—a place set apart for reading the Talmud. A rich Jew dies and leaves a sum of money for the erection of a reading-place, the procuring of Jewish Commentaries, and a salary to some six Jews who are expected, one or two at least, to be always there. We entered, and found it a pleasant room, with all its windows open. Some 200 volumes on the shelves, and three aged Israelites, with beards like snow, sitting reading, each in a low voice.

Strange people! Where, in all the world, will you find men thus devoting themselves, day and night, to their studies; and yet it has only the semblance of gaining knowledge, for, alas! all they

read are the fancies of men—false and mystical comments on God's holy word, leading away from Jesus—away from peace and holiness. There is not a stranger system of self-righteousness than the Jewish system. Popery is its fellow, and both evidently have the same author. We each tried to speak to the old men; but mine was so deaf I could not make him hear—the others were soon warned that we were Christians, and turned away. We tried some younger Jews who had followed us, but all showed the same shyness. We next made our way to the synagogue. We found about a dozen there engaged in reading—middle-aged men. These listened to us for a while, but soon grew shy also. We next went to the Sephardim, or native Jews. We entered a pleasant synagogue, the court-yard being shaded with a tree in the middle. Here we found a bearded Jew teaching all the children the Book of Lamentations. All were sitting in a circle cross-legged, upon the ground, and all at once repeating, in the peculiar song or intonation of the Spanish Jews, the Hebrew words of Jeremiah—"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" Other Jews were sitting on the ground reading Hebrew Commentaries; two were stretched at full length and sleeping, at which I did not wonder, considering the dryness of their studies.

The Sephardim wear the true Jewish dress—the turban peculiar. The women wear what, I have no doubt, is the ancient dress, and it is very beautiful. The Polish and German Jews do not like to speak the Hebrew, but rather the Judeo-German. These again can speak the Hebrew well, and love it much. We were soon surrounded, and our Hebrew Bibles produced. Andrew was seated by the teacher, to hear the scholars repeat and translate Lam. i., which they did very well. Mr. Calman was engaged with another knot, and I with a third. I first began by reading the 32nd Psalm, to show the blessedness of being forgiven. All agreed that there was no true happiness without it. I then read Isaiah—"Israel doth not know;" and Zech. xiii. 1—"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." To show them that Israel did not know the way of salvation, and therefore could not be happy, I showed them also Ezek. xxxvi. 26—"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you;" and put the question, *why* all the prophets agreed that Israel, at this time, would be ignorant of the way of forgiveness. This puzzled all my company; but they brought their two Rabbis, two most venerable looking men, with snowy beards. The question was stated over again. The Rabbi's answer I did not fully understand. He admitted that Israel did not now know, and that the time was coming when Jews and Gentiles would be all enlightened; but he would not admit that Israel did not know how to be forgiven.

You cannot tell how interesting it is to be preaching in the holy tongue in the Holy Land. We stammer a good deal, you may believe, and yet we find it easy to make them know what we mean —the difficult thing is to understand them—so that I have sometimes carried on an argument where I did not understand the answers on the other side. Who knows but God may leave a blessing behind? "She hath done what she could." A missionary in this land should be able to speak the Hebrew; and, for the full work, Judeo-German, Judeo-Spanish, and Arabic, are indispensable. Stir up young men who love the Jews to prepare themselves for this work. I feel very much that this is the centre of the Jewish world, and that one stroke here is worth twenty in another land. The Jews are much more accessible here. Affliction has bowed down their hearts; they have no merchandise to make them worldly, and to take off their attention. Many of them, especially of the young, are seeking knowledge. Mr. Nicolayson of Jerusalem, and Mr. Pieritz, a converted Jew, are real men of God. The latter is with us just now. He is a most singular man, and has already been the means of converting some of the most learned Rabbis in Jerusalem. There are three now upon the point of making an open profession. Our great want will be laborers—"*Δεηθητε οὖν του κυρίου του θερισμοῦ, ὅπως ἐκβάλῃ ἐργάτας εἰς τὸν θέρισμὸν αὐτοῦ.*"*

The Sephardim then showed us their other synagogue and reading-room, hanging over the sea of Galilee. One of the Ashkenazim, a doctor and inquirer after Christ, invited us secretly to his house. He also visited us at our tent. A widow also brought us a present of milk. This is just a sketch of the way in which we conduct our inquiries. Andrew and I paid a very interesting visit to a small number of Jews, in a village three hours from Saffet, upon the great Mount Naphtali. It was a fine wild mountain ride, and we had a kind reception. They spread the table with a kind of milk—the same that Jael gave to Sisera—fine Jewish bread and cheese, and whilst we partook of their hospitality, we repaid them by telling them the words of everlasting life.

Saffet is one of the most delightful spots in the Holy Land—a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. The air is cool and most delicious. The Jews belonging to Saffet are between 1500 and 2000, though scattered at present a good deal through fear of their enemies. We lived in a Jewish house, and visited their synagogues and themselves for several days. I cannot but think, for many reasons, that Saffet is the most desirable place for a mission to Israel in the Holy Land. It is entirely unoccupied as a field of missionary labor. It is one of the four holy cities with the Jews. The communication with Jerusalem is so intimate, that all that is done in the one place is known in the other. The number

* "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."—LUKE x. 2.

of Jews was at one time far greater than at Jerusalem. They will most probably increase again there. The climate is delightful. It is the spot prophesied where light was to arise on the people that sit in darkness and the shadow of death. This was the idea of the deputation before going there, and it is much confirmed by our visit. I fear I must not begin to describe the places in this wonderful land. Oh it is pleasant to wander by the very lake where Jesus wandered, and to look upon the very precipice at Nazareth where they wanted to throw him down! We went from Beyrout to Sidon, and then to Tyre, reading the prophecies all the way, and looking on their awful fulfilment. From Tyre we crossed to Saffet. We went through Asher, and understood, from the multitude of olive-trees, how he was to dip his foot in oil. It is curious how distinctly you can mark the difference between the tribes. We entered Naphtali, full of wild wooded and rocky hills. The evergreen oak covers the most of its mountains; the white jasmine hanging in beautiful festoons from tree to tree; and the long yellow broom—making a pleasing variety. Singular deep ravines intersect the mountains—all completely wooded—the haunt of the wolf and hyæna, whose howling at night is often very frightful, relieved all the day by the soft cooing of the turtle. These wadys open sometimes into a pleasant plain of richest soil, bearing here and there a crop of barley, falling under the Arab's sickle. The villages and ruins are mostly on the tops of the hills. We heard of a poor Jew being shot by the Bedouins, a few hours before us. His friends were going to carry home his body.

Saffet cannot be hid, being on the very top of a lofty hill. It was destroyed by an earthquake on the 1st Jan. 1837, in which multitudes of Jews perished. It is to this moment an awful monument of the swift destruction which God can bring upon a city. More than half of the houses are ruins—of beautiful white stone. Olives, and vines, and pomegranates grow in great luxuriance among them. The hill is so steep, that the roof of one row of houses is the pathway for the row above. There is a shattered castle on the summit. We climbed to the top, narrowly escaping some long serpents which darted out of the ruins. Oh what a view of the sea of Galilee is before you—at your feet! It is about three hours' descent to the water's edge, and yet it looks as if you could run down in as many minutes. The lake is much larger than I had imagined—hemmed in by the mountains on every side—sleeping as calmly and softly as if it had been the sea of glass which John saw in heaven. We tried in vain to follow the course of the Jordan running through it. True, there were clear lines such as you see in the wake of a vessel, but then these did not go straight through the lake. The hills of Bashan are very high and steep—steep where they run into the water. At one point, a man pointed out to us where the tombs in the rocks are—where the poor demoniacs used to live—and near it the hills were exactly

what the Scripture describes—a steep place where the swine ran down into the sea. On the north-east of the sea, Hermon rises very grand, intersected with many ravines full of snow. Turning the eye to the west side of the lake, the point nearest you is evidently the land of Gennesareth. It is the only part of the banks where there is a plain of any extent. It seems to run about five miles along the west side of the lake, and two miles inward to the roots of the hills of Naphtali. I knew it at once by its rich vegetation and its verdure. It has a few trees also. Here stood Capernaum, and here, I should think, Chorazin and Bethsaida.*

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## LETTER XVI.

TO HIS FAMILY.

BOUJA, 22*nd August*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have just this day received your kind letter, addressed to Constantinople. It has been a great refreshment to me, and I feel very thankful to God for bringing it safe to my hand. If you have read Eliza's letter first, you will see that I have had a long and dangerous illness, but that it has pleased God again to restore me to health. I know you will not be satisfied without a full and particular account of it from beginning to end, and therefore I send this along with Eliza's. Before beginning, let me say, that if you will only lay aside all anxiety and murmuring, you will find, as I do, only matter for thankfulness and praise. You will find fresh proofs that God is watching over your son, unworthy as he is, yea, is leading him by the hand in ways that he knew not. I may also mention that I have now been 19 days entirely free from fever, that the medical man has long ceased to visit me, that I am daily gaining my wonted strength and vigor, and that a week hence I expect to be on the Danube, if that be God's will.

You will notice, in reading an account of our tour to the lake of Tiberias, that we had intended to visit Damascus also, and to spend three weeks, instead of a fortnight, in our inquiries. This we were unable to do, from the disturbed state of the country. We had therefore a week to spend in Beyrout before the sailing of the steamboat for Smyrna. You cannot tell how grieved we were at this, both because it was spending money in doing nothing, and also because of the heat of Beyrout. We thought of going up to Mount Lebanon, but we did not know rightly where to go, and we had no distinct object in view. Accordingly, we just remained in the inn at Beyrout. The thermometer was generally

* For a continuation of this Letter see page 524.

about 85° or 90° in the day-time, but often 96° in the night. It is this which makes the heat peculiarly oppressive. There is no land breeze. Every thing is still in the night.

I felt quite well till the Thursday, but that evening (25th July) felt weary and oppressed. What the occasion of my illness was I do not exactly know. The doctor said it was something disagreeing with my stomach. Some thought it was the heat. I myself thought it was by infection, for I had that day seen and touched a young Glasgow lad ill of fever. However this may be, it was the will of our Father, who is wisest of all, and more loving even than you, that I should become severely ill that night. I soon went to bed, and remembering how useful an emetic is on such occasions, took one which Dr. Hunter had packed up for me. This did me a great deal of good. The Doctor came a little after —Dr. Gerstmann—a converted Jew, and delightful young German—the physician to the Jerusalem mission, who happened to be in Beyrout at the time. His treatment of me I do not exactly remember; however, it seemed very good, and was very successful. He insisted on my leaving town the next evening, which I did upon an ass's back, and ascended about 1000 feet to a fine airy house among mulberry gardens. Here I was stretched upon my mat, which I have sent home to you, and a mattress upon the floor.

On Saturday I had a little fever, and, complaining of a roaring like the sea in my ears, was bled with leeches behind the ears. This relieved me; and on Sabbath morning the doctor pronounced me free from any disease. By mid-day I was still better. The question now then was, shall we sail by this steamer, or shall we wait for three weeks longer at Beyrout? The Doctor feared to advise; still he thought it better I should go; and, indeed, the thought of staying three weeks more in Beyrout seemed intolerable to me. We embarked the same day, assisted by many kind friends whom we had made. I was very weak, so that I could hardly stand without support. I was very sick in the small boat, so that I lost both sight and hearing. But I had not been long in the steamer till I felt greatly better. The cool sea-breeze revived me, and I found myself by sunset talking a little with 4 Jews whom we met now for the 4th time. Andrew Bonar mentions them in his published Alexandria letter. They were very sorry to see me laid low; and I felt that it was like a testimony to them that we were seeking their salvation, and not our own things. Both Andrew and Mr. Calman were very sick the whole way to Smyrna, so that they could only help me when the vessel stopped. Nobody on board could speak English, except one young gentleman, who had a little. I had therefore to call up all my Italian, and never before learned so much the use of it. The stewards were all kindness to me—putting me to bed, and bringing me every thing I wanted. By mistake I drank some green tea, which

prevented by sleeping, so that on Monday morning, when we arrived off Cyprus, I was in high fever. We waited from 6 to 12 at anchor. The heat was intense—not a breath of wind. They helped me on deck under the awning, and an umbrella too; but I felt as I never felt before. I knew that I had a Father in heaven, who had forgiven and redeemed me, and therefore I resolved to fear no evil. My voice became very low, almost inaudible. I thought my head would burst in two. At last my faculties, one by one, began to give way. I could not remember where we were going. Still I thought of you all; and though I could not expect ever to see you again, I prayed that my death might be more blessed to you than all my life had been.

I got leeches from Cyprus, and when the ship set sail got the steward to put them on the back of my head, but only 4 of them would bite. The cool breeze revived me very much, and by sunset I was able to totter about the deck. I felt that I needed blood to be taken from my head still, and fell upon the plan of making my nose bleed, which it did plentifully, and relieved me much. That night I slept pretty well till morning, but awoke feverish again. We stayed at Rhodes from 6 to 12, and this again was a dreadful time to me. I remained below, however, and found it better than the deck. I slowly revived after the vessel moved and the breeze sprung up. That evening I could walk the deck pretty well, and felt stronger than I had yet done. I began to enjoy the view of the lovely islands of Greece, Patmos, and Samos, and the view of a splendid English frigate, in full sail, which hailed us. The very sight of something English was pleasing. I thought there were hundreds on board the frigate who had homes and kindred like me, and yet, perhaps, not one looked to them in the same way as I did. That evening the steward bathed my feet in hot water and vinegar, and put me to bed, so that I slept well, and was refreshed.

The next day, Thursday, the awning could not be put up, so I could not go on deck. I felt the heat very much, and had a little feverishness. In the evening the awning was up, and I could sit on the deck. At 7 Smyrna came in sight, to my great thankfulness and joy. The sun set as we stepped ashore and took up our rest in the inn; but when I looked around, it was dismal indeed. The walls were so thin, that I knew it would be like an oven when the sun was up. The rooms were small. The noise of sailors and passers by was dreadful; and to complete all, the English doctor lived out of town, and so, we were told, did Mr. Calhoun—a gentleman whom we met in Egypt, who was very kind to us, and asked us to come to him when we came to Smyrna. Salvo, the innkeeper, told us he had another inn an hour's ride into the country. I asked the name of the place. At Bouja, a country village. We were told that both Mr. Calhoun and the doctor lived in the same village.

I resolved immediately to set out. The coincidence appeared remarkable. The town I knew would be hotter than the country, and I wanted the doctor to see me that night, feeling that time was precious. After tea we got asses, and the innkeeper also accompanied us. The muleteer guided my donkey, occasionally giving me a helping hand at the steep parts of the road; and, doubtless, that promise too was fulfilled to me in your favorite psalm, mamma, "He shall give his angels charge over thee." The cool mountain breeze revived my wasted frame; and though the hour seemed long, still I arrived in safety, and found a delightful cool room and a divan, where I laid me down. We found that the doctor had once lived here, but not now; that Mr. Calhoun was gone to Constantinople. But a native doctor was brought to me, who told me, in Italian, to put a cloth dipped in vinegar on my head, and to take castor oil in the morning. I saw that he did not understand my illness, and therefore felt anxious for another doctor. Now mark the singular way in which God provided for me. A ship of war happened to be in the roads of Smyrna. The officers happened to ride out to this village, and were now in the same inn with us—the doctor among the rest. He saw me, and immediately ordered me to be shaved and leeches applied, and wet cloths kept on my head all night. All this was done at first without effect; but toward morning the fever abated, and I slept quietly. The native doctor came in the morning, and was surprised to find a shaved patient. We explained all to him, and he bade adieu. I forgot to mention that the same night we came out, a Mr. Hanson found me out, uncle of Miss Urmston, and told me of her being at our house, and now at R———. He offered any kindness in his power. Mr. Lewis, the English chaplain, also came, and insisted on my coming to his house the next day. The doctor of the corvette saw me in the morning, and sent me a perspiring medicine. I was better nearly all day.

*Friday, 1st August.*—In the evening I was carried on a sofa to the house of Mr. Lewis, where I have been ever since. Here I found a home indeed; and in Mrs. Lewis one who has nursed me like a mother. I cannot tell you how wonderful it has appeared to me that God should have led me by the hand to this family, the only one perhaps in Smyrna where I could find such kindness and care. They are both delightful Christians. They have 3 children and one adopted daughter, a young Syrian. They insisted on Andrew Bonar and Mr. Calman also living with them. The house is pleasantly situated, with a nice garden—from which I used to get sweet flowers brought to me every evening. On Saturday I had another attack of the fever. The best doctor of the place had called on the Friday, Dr. Wood. He could not attend me, his wife being ill, but recommended the native doctor, Dracopoli. He has treated me remarkably well. That was my last day of the fever. He says it is a fever of this country. *Febre perniciosa,*

he calls it. Every day I have been gaining strength. I cannot tell you how I have been cared for by the truly good people of this family. Every morning I get my head bathed with vinegar and water. My voice has quite returned. I have been two Sundays at church. I walked out every evening for the last fortnight —and to-day (24th Aug.) I have ridden into Smyrna with my kind friends to sail for Constantinople at 5 this evening. I am now at their house in town, and after a hearty dinner, have sat down to finish this. Eliza's letter, I fear, I must leave unfinished, as I have not much time.

Andrew and Mr. Calman went to Constantinople last Saturday, to spend the past week in inquiries there. It is only 30 hours' sail, over a delightful sea and in a splendid steamboat—the captain an Englishman. Lord Rokeby and Mr. Littleton, both of whom we met in Palestine, are also passengers. On Monday morning Andrew is to come out to the steamer; and at 12 same day we sail for the Danube. We reach Galatz in 60 hours. I cannot tell you all the kind things which the Lewises have provided to go with me. We have a quarantine of 7 or 10 days at Galatz; thence to Jassy, we go in 2 days and a half; from thence to Brody, and thence to Warsaw. Do send letters to Warsaw, where we may be in 4 or 5 weeks, if the Lord prosper us. "The way of a man is not in himself." "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." God has chastened me sore, but not given me over unto death. I have conducted family prayers 3 times. My heart troubles me very little. I suppose it will beat on all my life; but I have a good hope that if it please God to return me to my flock, it will not hinder me from my duty. I am still a little deaf in one ear. Could you find the name of the German aurist whom Dr. Duncan consulted, and write me his address? I would go and consult him as we pass through Germany. Warsaw, Posen, Berlin, Hamburgh, seem to be in our line. Do lay all this to heart. You see how easily I might have been gone—how God has spared me to you. Oh! that you may be all drawn by His mercies to take him for a Father—as He is to all who are washed in the blood of his Son. I have no greater desire on earth than that all of you may be saved. Kind love to dear Willie. I am glad he is better. May God restore him to us all. Kind remembrance to Doctor Russell and all friends.—Your affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

## LETTER XVII.

TO THE REV. ALEX. N. SOMERVILLE, IN CONTINUATION.

Bouja, near Smyrna, 22*nd August*, 1839.

My dear Friend Alex.,—You will see that nearly a whole month has passed away since the above was written. It has pleased our heavenly Father that I should spend that time in a long illness, from which I am now by his blessing recovered. I am sorry this was not finished and sent away from the Holy Land; but I was taken quite suddenly ill of a most dangerous fever, I think the day after writing you. A converted Jew, who is generally stationed at Jerusalem, Dr. Gertsmann, a fine Christian, was my doctor. He took great care of me, so that by Sabbath the 28th, he thought the fever had left me, and we all thought it best that I should leave Syria by the boat that sailed that day. I was very weak, but managed to get on board, and was stretched out on the deck. The fever soon came back upon me worse than ever. Andrew and Mr. Calman were as kind to me as they could be; but sea-sickness rendered them incapable most of the way. Nobody on board had any English, so that I was cast upon God indeed. At Cyprus I thought I should have died. I lost my voice almost entirely; my memory also began to fail. I was very ill again at Rhodes, and again near Smyrna. We sailed among the lovely islands of Greece, and saw scenes hallowed by Paul's voyages; but my eyes were looking toward the eternal hills. Indeed there was the greatest reason to believe that I never would recover. But God has raised me up from the brink of the grave.

We arrived in Smyrna on Thursday evening, 1st August. The town appeared close and hot, and the medical man lived out of town, so that we resolved on proceeding to this village. It has been a second birthplace to me. We rode on asses—the muleteer holding me on all the time. Here we found a home in the house of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the English chaplain, and I found a mother in his lady—most Christian people. I had two very severe attacks of fever here—my head was shaved and bled. I have long since been free from fever, and am daily gaining strength. I feel confident that God means all for good. My mind was very weak when I was at the worst, and therefore the things of eternity were often dim. I had no fear to die, for Christ had died. Still I prayed for recovery, if it were the Lord's will. You remember, among your last advices, you told me to be humble. You see God is teaching me the same thing. I fear I am not thoroughly humbled yet. I feel the pride of my

heart, and bewail it. Pray that, if it be the Lord's will, I may get the blessing of this illness. Pray also that I may be restored to the work of the ministry, if that be his will. Andrew has not been idle, but has gained much information. He went to Constantinople on Saturday. We parted with much regret, but I hope to join him on Monday next. Three days more will carry us to Galatz, on the Danube, where we have a short quarantine. From thence our way is plain to Poland, by Jassy.

My zeal in the mission is not diminished by my illness. Indeed the cause is now interwoven with every thought and feeling of my heart. I only now see plainly that all our views about the Jews being the chief object of missionary exertion, are the plain and sober truth according to the Scriptures.

I have not been able to advance much in Scripture reading, being driven more to meditate on divine things, and on the portions hidden in my heart. My eyesight is not very good, and, for the same reason, I am not good at writing. I have cause for nothing but thankfulness and praise. God has dealt with me as a son.

> "Trials make the promise sweet;
> Trials give new life to prayer;
> Trials drive me to his feet,
> Lay me low, and keep me there."

I never was so severely tried in this way before. But he hath saved my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. This has been one of the hottest summers ever known. The therm. is generally about 90° or 95° in the coolest room in the house. I get a pleasant walk every evening. Last night I was helping to gather grapes in the vineyard. The remains of old Smyrna I have not seen. Still I do not forget how Jesus sent messages of love to this very place. I have not room to ask how your soul and flock prosper. Do not overwork yourself. There is much of self in that, I know by experience. A breathing of believing prayer may be worth many hours' hard labor. Endure to the end, and be saved. Yours ever, in sweetest bonds,

ROBT. M. M'CHEYNE.

I heard of your mother and sister this day, by a letter from home, dated 8th June. Remember me most kindly to them, and your father and Colin. I often pray that they all may be partakers of your grace.

## LETTER XVIII.

TO HIS SISTER, IN CONTINUATION.

GALATZ, ON THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE, *Sept.* 1, 1839.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—This letter should have gone from Beyrout, but I suppose you have received, or will soon receive, my letter from Smyrna, telling you of my long and dangerous fever, from which it has pleased God to recover me entirely. I still feel weak sometimes, but am perfectly well in mind and body. The voyage has done me a great deal of good—quite reviving me—and the cool atmosphere of Europe makes me feel quite another being. We have great cause to thank God, and to serve him better in days to come, and to prepare more fully for an eternal world.

You cannot imagine a kinder home than Bouja was to me. It was with unfeigned regret that I left them. What a wonderful providence that I should be guided there. I left on the day I wrote, 24th August. Mr. Lewis came on board with me. Since then, I have rapidly gained strength. We sailed up the Dardanelles all Sunday, through the English fleet, and by sunset were in the sea of Marmora. Next morning by 5 we were anchored in the splendid bay of Stamboul. It is a wonderful place. Such a dazzling city I never saw before. Andrew and one of the missionaries were soon on board, and we were glad to meet again. I went on shore till 12. At that hour we sailed, and were soon stemming the current of the Bosphorus. Such a lovely sail! You would have enjoyed it much. The coast may be said to be lined with palaces; but alas, what are they but the dwellings of sin and wretchedness, doomed to sink with the sinking empire! The Black Sea was very rough as we entered it—a wild tossing sea; but next day (the 27th August) it was like a sea of glass. We landed at Varna, after passing the Balkan mountains;—the same evening we passed the Cape of Kalakria.

28*th.*—At 12 o'clock we were in the Danube, after passing two mouths. "The dark rolling Danube" is very like the Forth as you go up to Stirling. The number of mosquitoes is dreadful. A Prussian prince was on board—an infidel— with whom I had long discussions of great interest.

29*th.*—We landed at Galatz, and put ourselves in quarantine for 7 days. This is the fifth day, so that we have 2 more. I shall describe a quarantine some other time. On Thursday we go to Galatz, and thence to Ibraila. The Consul invites us to sleep at his house. Friday we go to Bucharest (20 hours), then back to Jassy. We are forbidden to enter Russian Poland, and therefore go to

Brody, then to Cracow, then to Berlin. Such is our present thought.

Your joint letter was a great joy to me. I thank God, without ceasing, for his goodness to you all, and to my dear flock. The deaths you mention were all expected by me, except Dr. G.'s daughter. The newspapers I have never got read till yesterday. It has been a glorious Assembly. I do hope the Aden Mission will not be proceeded in at present. Moldavia is a strange land. I sometimes think of the gladiator's "rude hut" that lay by the Danube. I see plenty of "Dacian mothers and young barbarians all at play." Tell all my friends the reason of my not writing them. I shall try and make up for it now. How I wish I had you, dear Lizzy, to enjoy with me my renovated life. I feel like one come back from the grave. Give my best love to dear Willie. I am glad he feels better. Keep the heart with all diligence. Seek to advance in grace, and this will be joy to your affectionate brother,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

3*rd Sept.*—To-night we have been freed from quarantine—all well. I am thankful to say that I still continue to improve. The Consul of Galatz invites us to breakfast to-morrow; and has provided two vehicles to carry us to Ibraila to-morrow evening. He is going with us. His name is Cunningham, from Edinburgh. The consul at Bucharest is also a Scotchman, a good, kind man, a friend of the Jews. God bless and preserve you all. This letter should have been sent from Beyrout more than a month ago. The letter I wrote from Smyrna, which should reach you long before this, will explain why it was not. I am thankful to say that I am now quite recovered from my illness; and though a little weak before breakfast, still I am quite well. We are now in the cool air of Europe—(I know mamma will be glad)—in Galatz quarantine, north of the Danube. My deafness is much better,—still I am a little deaf. If you have written to Warsaw, we will write for your letters. Write to Berlin. Do not put any thing about the deputation on our letters. The Austrians are very suspicious.

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## LETTER XIX.

TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

BUCHAREST, 10*th Sept.* 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I do hope that my letter to Eliza from Galatz would relieve you of much of your anxiety on my account. I write again so soon, not

that I have any thing very new to communicate, but merely to assure you how well I am keeping, or rather kept, by the care of my heavenly Father. We left our quarantine of 7 days on Friday the 6th inst.—a pleasant day, just like one in our own country. A quarantine is just like a prison. You are inclosed within a certain space by a wooden railing. You live in a solitary room, where there is nothing but a table, and some boards in the shape of a divan or sofa. A *guardiano* is set over you, to see that you touch nobody, and also to bring you provisions. We were all smoked the first and second day; our clothes being fumigated for 24 hours. The English Vice-consul at Galatz came twice to see us, and kindly invited us to his house when done. He is a Scotchman, by name Charles Cunningham, brother to the proprietor of Bonnington Mills—educated at the Old High School. He took great pleasure in recalling past scenes in which we shared.

We felt like birds escaped from a cage when, after being examined by the doctor, we were let go. The consul's drosky soon brought us to his door. Galatz is a singular town; in many parts paved with wooden planks, like the American Corduroy. The houses mostly of wood. The Wallachians and Moldavians are singular looking men. In winter they wear a small fur cap of white or black. In summer, a broad black hat, which looks very odd. The hair is left, like Apollo's, unshorn, and hangs, black and matted, on the shoulders, or sometimes in graceful ringlets. They seem very gentle and submissive—take off their hats whenever you approach. Altogether, the character of the peasant approaches that of servility. Galatz is a thriving town,—the port of Moldavia. The Jews are very numerous, and we paid an interesting visit to them. The same evening we rode down to Ibraila in the Consul's drosky, himself accompanying us on horseback. He has a pleasant house there also. Nothing could exceed his kindness, and we tried to return it as best we might, by leading him to think of the unsearchable riches.

We had ordered the post for the next morning; and accordingly, at an early hour 3 carriages, having 4 horses each, were at the door. I am afraid you will think the deputation have gone out of their mind when you read of such style; but this is the only way of posting in this country, and had you seen the equipage, I think you would have been amused. The vehicle is a low cart, made of wood and wicker-work, set without springs upon 4 low wheels of wood. Four small horses are attached by ropes to the pole. The cart is filled with straw, among which you lie as you best can. Such wretched vehicles I never saw. To add to our dismay the day was rainy, the first we have seen since leaving England. The Consul insisted on our staying all day with him, and sent back to Galatz for his covered carriage, called Brashovanka, that we might proceed more comfortably. This gave us opportunity to visit the Jews of Ibraila, whom we found deeply

interesting. It is a clean town, nicely built, with broad streets. The Jewish, Russian, and Greek, are the chief costumes.

The same evening, at 9 o'clock, we set off for the capital of Wallachia. We were all three snugly lodged in the Brashovanka—a vehicle which it is not easy to describe. Twelve horses were yoked in, and we soon left Ibraila far behind. I had my feet up, and my coverlet about me, so that I was quite comfortable all night. The Wallachian drives with enormous speed—dashes over their vast plains often at full gallop. We stopped and breakfasted next morning in a small cottage, just like a Highland one, the gentle Wallachians standing by wondering. They gave us plenty of milk, and we had brought other necessaries with us. Their language contains a great deal of Latin. They are supposed to be descendants of the Roman colony planted in Dacia. "*Domine, da buckshish*," was the postilion's demand—"Sir, give a present." "*Cuin Latra*," the peasant cried—"The dog barks." "*Canis latrat.*" "*Domine, nosti Romanisti?*"—"Sir, do you know the Roman language?" one man asked. This is a source of great amusement. Again we flew over the uncultivated plain—away, and away, like the wind. The 12 horses we exchanged for 8, being more handy. There are no inns upon the road, and scarcely any houses. We came through only two villages in the 120 miles. The day was very fine, and we enjoyed it much. At the post the horses were often to seek, and as we could not speak the language we could not hurry them, so that we were delayed long beyond the usual time, and it was two o'clock on Sunday morning before we rattled into the streets of this city. We found a khan with great difficulty; and, wrapping ourselves in our mats, were soon asleep.

A khan is a curious place. This one was of large dimensions, having an area of nearly an acre. The ground-floor is the resting-place of the horses and carriages; the second floor for passing travellers; the third floor for those who stay six months. Such curious groups were gathered on the Sabbath morning when I looked out! The Russian, with his light hair and light-blue eye—fierce and blunt. The Greek, with his showy red coat and picturesque trowsers; and the dark-moustachioed Wallachian. We could not spend a very profitable Sabbath here, and, accordingly, removed to Khan Simeon, a quieter and smaller one. The Greek is the only faith of Wallachia, and the Sabbath is not at all observed. We had a visit from Mr. Colquhoun, Consul-general, the same evening. He is the proprietor of Fincastle, on the Tummel, a relation of Principal Macfarlan, and a real Scotchman—a very pleasant gentleman. We have dined with him every day since. We have learned, since our arrival, that Dr. Keith and Dr. Black visited this place. This is a pity, as it is a waste of money and of our time; but we had fully agreed that they were to write us if they visited it. Either they did not write, or their letter has

miscarried. However, God may have some end in thus making us doubly search this place.

We have had most interesting interviews with the Jews. It is their feast of the new year, and of blowing the trumpet, and casting their sins into the river. There are about 3000 Jews here. The city has 120,000 inhabitants, and 366 churches. It is built on a plain. To-day we were present at a religious ceremony on the Prince's birth-day. It was in the metropolitan church—a gaudily painted church—very handsome. The Prince Meloch, at present here an exile from Servia, attended by several nobles, was present; also the Consuls of the different nations, in their uniforms. The Prince of Wallachia, being unwell at the time, was not present. There was a vast number of lighted candles. The priests went round and round. Many prayers were said and sung. The dresses were very splendid, with silver and gold. The crowd was very great—all standing. We, being British, were brought forward among the officers. The chief people afterwards came forward and kissed the cross, the Bible, and the priest's hand, taking the bread of the Supper. When all the gay people were gone, we stayed behind, and saw the poor going through their superstitions. An open silver coffin was displayed, and in it a dead body appeared to be wrapped up in cloth of gold. One skinny hand was displayed, and a cross beside it. A little plate was placed at the feet to receive donations. The worshippers first kissed the ground, some 3, some 30 times. Then approaching, they kissed the hand of the dead saint, and the cross, and the priest touched their forehead. Our hearts sickened as we looked on. Officers, ladies, and peasants, all pressed forward. The saint is Saint Demetrius. When will the time come that light will break in here? The Consul offered to present us to the Prince at the levee, which we declined. In the afternoon we had a most interesting interview with a Rabbi from Corfu, and a full opportunity of laying before him the Gospel of the grace of God.

I must hastily conclude this letter, as I have to take it to the Consul's, and we leave for Jassy to-night in our Brashovanka. I fear, mamma, you will hardly learn the name. I am now quite well; I do not know that I have felt better since leaving England. How long it may be so, our heavenly Father only can decide; and into whose hands could I submit my soul and body more joyfully? Oh, may it be that you all know Him, each for his own! Andrew is quite well, and pressing me to have done. We are grieved to hear that Dr. Black was seriously unwell when here. He is now on the Danube. They have had three times longer quarantine than we. We reach Foxani by to-morrow evening, where we shall rest, and see the Jews. Sixteen hours more will land us in Jassy, if all goes well. May the Lord watch over you both, and over dear Eliza, and Willie, and my flock;

and may Israel soon be saved, and so my desires are ended. Your affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER XX.

TO THE REV. R. S. CANDLISH.

BOSSANZE, ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER, *26th September*, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel thankful to God that I am enabled to write you once more. You have heard of my severe illness, and how wonderfully I was brought through it. "For a small moment He hid his face from us, but with great mercies hath He gathered us." I am now completely restored to my usual health and strength, and able to take part in our interesting mission. We are now far from Immanuel's Land, with all its objects of interest. Lebanon and Carmel have faded from our view; but we have now come into contact with the Jews more than ever. We feel the cause engrossing our souls more and more every synagogue we visit; and every night our hearts' desire and prayer is more deeply felt, that Israel may be saved.

Since our last letter, we have gone through the two principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. We have visited the ports of each upon the Danube, their two capital cities, and several smaller towns upon the road. We have made every inquiry in our power regarding Israel; have visited their synagogues, conversed with their Rabbis and teachers, and have often laid before whole companies of Jews "the unsearchable riches of Christ." It will be more interesting to you if I go over the way by which we have been led. You must take your map in your hand and follow; it will cost you less fatigue than it cost us.

We first directed our steps to the thriving town of Galetz, the port of Moldavia. The first view of it, lying among acacia trees, was pleasant to our eyes, after the dismal walls of our quarantine. The houses are mostly of wood and clay, white-washed. Many of the streets are paved with wood. In walking through the town, it was pleasant to meet so many Jews, and to see them all busy in their shops. They all wear the long beard and ringlets; the broad German hat, or the high beaver cap; a long black gown and belt,—so that they are easily known. We visited the Rabbi and synagogue. They were very suspicious of us at first, supposing us to be Greeks; but at the sound of the Hebrew they became more friendly. There are about 1500 Jews in this place; according to the Vice-consul, 2000. They are all mechanics and money-changers; and have no lack of

employment. They are evidently very ignorant; and many, it is said, depraved. The Vice-Consul here, a fellow-countryman,* entertained us with the greatest kindness, and went with us the same evening to Ibraila, a ride of 20 miles. Near Galatz he showed us a mound where 600 Greeks were cut to pieces, in the Greek Revolution, begun here by Ipsilanti. We crossed the river Sereth, on a floating bridge, and entered Wallachia. The drive was through vast uncultivated plains; the cottages were few, rudely built of wood, basket-work, and reeds. Many a Dacian mother sat at the door with the distaff in her hand, while her "young barbarians" played beside her; they looked simple and happy as far as this world is concerned.

Next morning (6th September) was rainy,—the first we have seen since leaving the moist shores of England! This delayed us till evening, but gave us an opportunity of visiting the Jews. Ibraila is the port of Wallachia—a fine clean town, with broad streets, and 6000 inhabitants. We went into the shop of a Jewish watchmaker, a very gentle young man. He said there were 30 Jewish families here; that they had no Rabbi; and every one did what was right in his own eyes! He had heard of what was done by missionaries in the Holy Land. He spoke of tracts to Jews which had been distributed in Russia, and had one in his possession. It is impossible to estimate the good that might be done by good Jewish tracts. Such, I fear, are not at present in existence; but it ought to be one of our very first endeavors to have them prepared. At the door many Jews gathered round us, and guided us to their new synagogue, which is building. Here they spoke very freely. Our excellent fellow-laborer, Mr. Calman, opened to them most fully their need of an atonement. They seemed really interested, and not at all angry. Want of room only prevents me from giving you the conversation. One young Jew went with us, who seemed deeply affected by the wretched state of his nation. He would hardly part from us.

At 9 the same evening we set off for Bucharest—120 miles, which we reached in 30 hours. The Vice-Consul had most kindly sent for his Brashovanka, a kind of covered carriage, in which we were comfortably seated, in defiance of rain and cold. The next day was beautiful, and we were revived by the novelty of the scene. The plains of Wallachia were flying past us; rich in soil, yet uncultivated—almost uninhabited. Not a hill, not a tree, not a stone, broke upon our eye, but here and there an immense herd of dun-colored oxen, or a large cross, or a lonely post-house. After the manner of Wallachian travelling, there were eight small horses in our carriage, and 2 postilions, who dashed on often at full gallop. The fur cap, Tartar vest, unshorn locks, cracking whip, and loud cry like that of the wolf, render the postilion a most romantic character. Their language amused us, having so

* Charles Cunningham, Esq.

many remains of Latin in it. The manners of the peasant are most respectful; almost every one taking off his hat long before you come near. It was nearly 3 in the morning when we arrived at Bucharest. The first sound we heard was the loud chanting of a synagogue. The festival of the New Year is at hand. With difficulty we found an empty room in a khan, where we spread our mats and slept.

We spent 4 days in this capital. We learned with surprise from the British Consul-General here, another fellow-countryman,* who showed us the most marked kindness, that our friends, Dr. Black and Dr. Keith, had preceded us only 10 days before, having been detained 21 days in quarantine. By agreement, we were to hear from them if they went to Bucharest. As we did not hear, we went straight forward. Probably their letter may have miscarried. However, this city is of so great importance that our double inquiries are not to be regretted. It contains 120,000 inhabitants and 366 churches,—10 Roman Catholic, 2 Protestant, and all the rest Greek. The Prince has his palace here; and all the Boyars live here, seldom or never visiting their estates. The city is built on a plain, originally marshy. A few years ago it was all paved with wood. It is widely spread—the houses being surrounded with gardens of apricots, vines, and splendid walnuts. The churches are all painted over with the figures of saints, within and without. The spires are covered with tin, a recent invention, and glance beautifully in the sun. According to the Consul, there are 2800 Jews here. The Jews themselves say 5000. They have 7 synagogues—1 Spanish, all the rest Polish. They seem to be in a very degraded condition.

Our first visit was to a Polish synagogue, to see the ceremony of the New Year. One Rabbi commenced, and then all joined in repeating the 47th Psalm 7 times over. Then followed the blowing of a ram's horn. One Rabbi gave the word, the other blew the horn 9 times—the last a long blast—then all shouted. A prayer followed; a singular one, which prays that this may be accepted "for the sake of Jesus, the Prince of thy presence!" Then they sang, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." You will search the Bible in vain for this poor ceremony. It is an invention of the Talmud. On this day they believe that God is giving out their destinies for the coming year. Satan they believe to be busy in giving in accusations against them. The trumpet is blown to confound Satan. How different from the beautiful and significant ceremony of the Law, of blowing the silver trumpets over the sacrifice; and in the New Moon, fore-showing the preaching of the Gospel to every creature! But "Israel doth not know, my people do not consider."

In the Spanish synagogue we found the same ceremony going on. It was filled with a very different class of men,—well-dressed,

* R. Colquhoun, Esq., of Fincastle.

respectable, wealthy-looking Jews. All the Polish Jews are mechanics,—tailors, shoemakers, and carpenters. On entering the province, every Jew is required to bring a certificate that he is able to earn a livelihood by some trade. If found unable, the authorities send him out of the province.

In the evening we returned to see them shake their garments over the river, that the sins of the past year may be cast into the depths of the sea—so they interpret the precious promise of Micah vii. 19. In this we were disappointed. We had two long and interesting interviews with a Rabbi from Corfu, who speaks English—a man of some education, who bewails the ignorant and wretched condition of Israel. Mr. Calman made a very forcible statement of the evils of the Talmud; and we pressed him upon the foretold deadness and unbelief of Israel. We parted good friends. Mr. Calman called on a young Jew, converted to the Greek faith. There are 200 converts in Bucharest; but only 3 seem to be in earnest. He confessed his ignorance, and listened with tears of joy to the explanation of Isaiah liii. He never joins in the idolatry of the Greek Church.

The most interesting feature in Bucharest is, that the grand difficulty of supporting inquirers and converts is here entirely removed. Provisions are remarkably cheap. Beef is about twopence the pound; and you may buy a lamb for a piastre, or threepence of our money. Wine and bread are cheap in proportion. Labor is abundant, and the Jew does not depend on his brethren for support. Nearly all the carpenters are Jews, and all are employed irrespective of their creed. Moreover, the Greek Bishop has permitted the circulation of the Wallachian New Testament; and there is some hope that the Prince might even countenance a mission to the Jews. The only things to be dreaded are, that the Greek Church might fear the approach of the true light so near to its own darkness; or that Russia, that mysterious power, might use her secret influence to put it down.

On 12th September we left for Foxani, which we reached in 24 hours. The country we found more interesting, being more wooded and better inhabited. The peculiarities of a Wallachian village are, that the cottages are widely spread, each being surrounded with a fence of basket-work; the handsome village church, with its bells and ornamented crosses; the wooden grave marks; the wells, marked by the tall pole and cross-beam; the number of hay-stacks, provided against their long winter; the deep reed thatch; the swine, with immense bristles on the back; and the large handsome dogs which rush out upon you. We met some of the accidents of travellers, but nothing serious. There are 300 Jews in Foxani, the frontier town. I visited their two synagogues, and found them as extravagant in their devotions as in the Holy Land itself. I had an interesting conversation with them when the service was over. The next day we drove to Bir-

lat, where we rested the Christian Sabbath in the khan. We heard the poor service of the Greek Church, and visited the Jews also in their synagogues. There are 500 in this place, very much in the same condition. The young men, we everywhere find, listen seriously to what we say. They are quite surprised to hear that any Christians love the Jews. The next night we reached Waslui, and slept on the floor of a wretched khan.

We rose a little after midnight. to see the killing of the chipora,—the only sacrifice which the Jews now offer. To-morrow is the day of atonement. Every Jew this morning sacrifices a cock, and every Jewess a hen. Looking in at a window, we saw the son reading the prayers,—the mother standing with a white hen in her hands. At a certain point in the prayer she waved the struggling fowl round her head three times, saying in Hebrew, "This is my atonement,—this is my ransom,—this is my expiation,—this hen shall go to death, and I to happy life." This was repeated thrice; the door then opened, and the boy was sent off with the fowl to the *shochet*, to get it killed. Wonderful people! even in their blind wanderings they keep up a memorial of the atoning blood of the Son of God. At 2 we set off,—passed through a delightful country, the hills finely wooded with elm and oak trees, and wild fruit-trees growing by the way. In the evening we came in sight of Jassy,* the capital of Moldavia, stretching its white arms over the undulating plain beneath us. The tin-covered spires were glancing in the evening sun. A small river runs through the city, and pleasant hills are in view. As we entered, we could almost believe that we were entering a town of Israel in their better days. In every street we passed crowds of well-dressed Jews; some with their wives and children—sometimes a Jewess, richly attired with all her jewels—all hastening to the synagogue. This evening the day of atonement begins. We were too late to hear the Absolution Chant, which begins the service. We visited two synagogues—filled to overflowing—crowds worshipping outside—the place of the women quite full. The loudness and extravagance of their devotion reminded us of the Jews of Saffet and Tiberias. They clapped and wrung their hands, lifted them to heaven, clasped them, and beat upon the breast. The women sobbed aloud.

The English Consul paid us the kindest attentions. In every place we find it a real privilege to be subjects of the British Crown. We were comfortably lodged in the hotel of a converted Jew,—the waiter also a convert. There are upwards of 40,000 inhabitants; and of these about 20,000 are Jews. The lowest reckoning we met with makes them 3.500 families. There are 30 large synagogues, and about 150 smaller ones. In one street there are 20! Almost every hour of our 3 days' stay in Jassy was occupied. On the day after our arrival we went through about 12 of their synagogues. Many had continued all night in prayer.

* Pronounced Yassy.

The eyes of some were red and swollen with weeping. The great candles were all burning, and the shoes off most of their feet on this holy day. All the synagogues were quite full all day, —often hundreds outside, standing praying with their faces towards Jerusalem. In one, about 100 of the women were outside, with their children and infants in cradles. We thought upon Joel ii. 16, and Zech. xii. 12–14. We were strikingly reminded of the solemn feast-days in Jerusalem of old. But alas! how changed from the beautiful service prescribed for this day, Lev. xvi.; and how deep the veil upon their hearts, which hinders them from seeing that the Son of God is the true scape-goat, to carry away our sins into a land of forgetfulness. Will you believe it, that, with all the externals of intensest devotion, they have all this day been reciting a poem, of which not one in a hundred understands the meaning? It is most difficult Hebrew. This is the state of Israel. We came to see the conclusion at sunset; their cries were then most intense, for if they do not obtain forgiveness to-day, it will be too late after the stars appear. A horn sounded, then all came out of the synagogue, with their candles burning. They stood facing the moon. The spots in the face of the moon they believe to be the Shekinah; and this concluding prayer is addressed to the Shekinah, with their eyes turned towards the moon. It was a painful sight, and made us think of the worship of Ashtaroth in the days of their idolatrous fathers. This done, they wished one another peace, and retired,—some singing merrily as they went.

Next day we visited a Jewish school, where were 30 children. One little girl was reading the prayer-book. We soon found out that they only teach them to read the Hebrew, but not to translate or understand it. We tried the teachers on their own prayers, and on the Psalms, but even they did not know the meaning,— they could make no sense of it. We tried to convince them of their shameful ignorance; they seemed to feel it, and said, there are only 2 Jews in Jassy who understand the Hebrew grammatically. We visited these 2, called by the Jews Epicureans, and found them interesting men. They felt deeply the ignorance of the Jews, and had tried to teach the children the Hebrew grammatically; "But," said one of them, "the parents would not send their children; they want no change, for the old bullock will not learn. If you do any thing for them, you must hide the good. The children are so fond of us, that they run after us in the street to be taught. We are doing all we can to cast in fire-brands among the stubble of the Talmud." In the evening they came to our lodging, and opened their minds more freely. They belong to a secret society in Galicia. They work somewhat after the manner of the Jesuits; they live like Jews, but make every effort to undermine Judaism. The young men are teachers of languages; and thus the rising generation are completely under their influence. "In a century," said he, "there will not be a single

Jew in Galicia." In youth he was taught that the Law and the Talmud were both divine, and now, when he is enlightened to see the fables of the one, he can hardly distinguish it from the other. What an awful scene does this lay open! Israel tottering on the brink of infidelity! Those who have sense enough to see the folly of the Talmud have none to lead them to cleave to the Word of God. What a door is here opened for us to show them "the way, the truth, and the life!" Shall we be guiltless, if, in this hour of their need, we do not come to the help of Israel,—if we do not take up the prophet's affectionate entreaty, "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord?"

The same day we visited the Hebrew bookseller, and the chief Rabbi; and were present at a Hebrew marriage. Our last day in Jassy was fully occupied in speaking with Jews, who came of their own accord to our lodging. First one young man, an advocate about the court, came, asking for a Hebrew New Testament; then another; then a third, who said he had been long convinced of the truth of Christianity, and wanted our advice. The first brought two more, older men; and a young Rabbi joined us also. The whole party continued with us for about 5 hours. During this time we went over Isa. liii., Isa. ix., Jer. xxiii., Zech. xii., Dan. ix., and many more. It was singular to observe the effect of merely translating the passages literally and grammatically. One said, "All is quite plain in this Bible, but not in ours, which is full of Chaldee." Many passages of the New Testament were also read, and listened to with deepest attention. There was no anger nor quarrelling. Surely this people are in a most interesting condition,—"the fields are already white unto harvest." Oh! that God's children in Scotland would pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest! We gave the New Testament and tracts. More were begged, which we had not to give. You will at once see that what is needed here is a Hebrew education to the children,—and a faithful, prayerful man of God, to show them "that Jesus is the Christ." I have only room to add, that the climate of Jassy is very pleasant and healthy. Provisions cheap, as at Bucharest. The New Testament is not circulated in Moldavia. The Prince was favorable, but the Bishop discountenanced it. Whether a mission here would be in greater danger than one in Wallachia must be matter for future consideration. The Prince asked our Consul, and was told the object of our travelling through his dominions.

We left Jassy on the evening of the 20th, and next morning were in Botoshani, containing about 4,000 Jews, of most respectable appearance. The same evening we slept on the Austrian frontier, in the cottage of a Jew. I am sure you would have been interested to see how the father, and mother, and children, all gathered round, to hear us describe Jerusalem, till a late hour. "Scattered and peeled," they yet turn their longing eyes towards

Zion. Soon they will go, and weep as they go, asking the way to Zion, "with their faces thitherward." We have been 5 days in Austrian quarantine; to-morrow we proceed north to Czernowitz, and then to Brody; looking upward, as we go, for guidance and for grace. Do not cease to pray for us,—and for our flocks, that are dear to us as our own souls. Soon we hope to return to them, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. We feel that every step is bringing us nearer home. We never cease to pray for you, and our dear brethren in the ministry, that you may see the vine of our beloved Church flourishing, and the pomegranates budding, and peace upon Israel. Mr. Bonar sends his kindest remembrances to you, and all.—Farewell, and believe me, &c., Robt. Murray M'Cheyne.

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## LETTER XXI.

TO HIS SISTER.

Tarnapol, 1*st October*, 1839.

My dear Eliza,—I wrote to you all from Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, the ancient Dacia. I have hardly had breathing time in which to write you since. But as we are now settled for a day in one of the Jewish towns of Poland, I write to let you know our welfare. Indeed we have need, Eliza, of continual thankfulness, for we are kept as well, and as quiet and comfortable, in the midst of our wanderings, as if we were at home. Those that leave any thing in this world for Christ get it all made up, even in this life, an hundred-fold. We have now almost learned to be wanderers, looking upon no place as a resting-place. We have not yet got into the world of civilized men. For some days we have been in Poland—poor, unhappy Poland, bearing still the traces of its sufferings. We are in Tarnapol, a very nice, clean town, prettily situated on a winding stream, with wooded hills around. I suppose you never heard its name before, and neither did I till we came among Jews. I know not whether it has been the birth-place of warriors, or poets, or orators. Its flowers have hitherto been born to blush unseen—at least by us barbarians of the north. But, if God revive the dry bones of Israel that are scattered over the world, there will rise, from this place, an exceeding great army. I wrote Mr. Candlish from our quarantine at Bossanze, on the Austrian frontier. I hope he may receive the letter in safety. We put it in the Post-office at Chernowitz. I there gave a full account of our journey; but if I were to refer you to that, I know mamma would not be satisfied without the more personal and domestic details; so I will

fight our battles o'er again, and again think I hear the cry of the Moldavian postilion, as he outstrips the wind on these vast plains.

12*th Sept.*—We left Bucharest for Foxani, or Fotoschani, a drive of 24 hours. The reason why it is better to drive on night and day is, that if you stop, your only place of repose is the floor of a lonely post-house, where they have neither meat nor drink; and then, if you sleep long, the horses may be taken away by some other traveller, and you left forlorn in the wild. Our Brashovanka, which the Vice-consul at Galatz lent us so kindly, was a very comfortable place, and we covered ourselves with furs and mats, so as to keep out the cold night-air. I got at Bucharest a cloak of foxes' skins, which keeps me quite warm, night and day. Our fore-axle broke the first stage, which cost us no broken bones, but 3 hours' delay while a gipsy mended it. There are thousands of gipsies in these two provinces—80,000, I believe. The greater part are bought and sold as slaves. Some buy their freedom, and wander. I intended to have written about them to Mr. Candlish, but forgot. There is a society for the benefit of the gipsies in our own country. Might not that society extend its care to the wanderers of Egypt over the whole world? Their likeness to the inhabitants of Egypt in skin, features, clothing, manners, is very remarkable. At Foxani, a nice open town, we put up at a very tolerable khan, kept by a little Spanish officer, who was very obliging. We paid an interesting visit also to the Jews.

14*th.*—We rode to Birlat. We could not get the post, so a Wallachian peasant drove us with his own 4 horses. If you look at the map, you will see that the road crosses the Sereth—a gentle river—and goes often within sight of it all the way. You can easily imagine the open valley and smooth hills like those of Dumfriesshire—the cottages, surrounded with their wicker-fence, and the well worked by the long pole. My father will explain to you the principle upon which the cross-beam helps up the bucket. I wrote Mr. Grierson from Birlat. We spent the Sabbath there in our khan very quietly. We went to the Greek churches, and also to the synagogue. The old churches, both there and in Poland, are entirely of wood. They are curious old-fashioned places. In the morning every-body goes about 8 o'clock. The service consists merely of prayers, and seeing the priest take the mass. The after-services are quite deserted. In one, we found only the priest and his 2 deacons, reading away as hard as they could. The pulpit is prettily ornamented, but never occupied. No voice of salvation sounds through the pictured walls. No page of holy writ is read. No prayer in the name of *Jesus only* offered. I often wonder whether the trumpet will ever be sounded in these dark lands, or whether judgment will come first for all their abominations. The new churches are of brick or stone, and really handsome, with the steeple glancing with tin.

Most of Monday and Tuesday (16th and 17th) were occupied

in travelling to Jassy. The country improves very much, being much more hilly and finely wooded. There are also marshes, however, which, you know, are not so wholesome. We got a sleep at Waslui, and saw the Jews kill their only sacrifice, a cock and hen. Next evening we got to Jassy in health and strength. It is really a pleasant town. Its 70 churches are very beautiful externally. It is spread over an immense space; and though most of the dwellings belong to the class of artisans, still there is a pleasant air about it. The Consul was all kindness, sending his carriage for us continually, and having us to dinner every day. The most of the inhabitants are Jews, so that we had full employment almost night and day. German is their universal language now. It is the only language that I have fairly stuck upon, notwithstanding Dr. Russel's kind labors upon me. Andrew gets on very well, and it is Mr. Calman's freest tongue; so I keep to the Hebrew, to the great amazement of the Jews, very few of whom understand it. I generally get one who knows it to interpret to the rest. We saw some singular ceremonies of the Jews, it being their great day of atonement. Poor creatures, if they but knew the only atonement, it might be a happy day. In the evening they go home singing, supposing that they have obtained forgiveness by that day's hard praying. One night we were at a wedding. We did not see all the ceremony, which is very curious. There was much feasting and dancing, in the first of which we were constrained to partake. The Prince, we understood, wished us to be introduced to him, and, as we thought it might be useful to our object, we consented; but he was taken unwell the very day we agreed to go.

20*th Sept.*—We left Jassy for Botoshani, which we reached in 12 hours—a fine clean town in a grassy plain, having 20,000 inhabitants. On the evening of the 21st we slept on the Austrian frontier, in the cottage of a Jew. The whole family came in to hear about Jerusalem, and every one had his questions to be answered. We spent a quiet Sabbath there, and in the evening entered into quarantine. Our 5 days were spent in writing up notes, in study, &c. It was very comfortable quarters. The plague had broken out in Silistria, else we would have had no quarantine. On the morning of the 27th we left quarantine in a britska, hired from the neighboring town of Souchava. Austria we find a more civilized country. The roads are excellent, being macadamized after our manner. Passing through Souchava—a nice clean town with many spires—we passed through open meadow-land, fragrant with autumn crocusses, which we pulled in great numbers. The Carpathians, finely wooded, bound the view on the left. About 2 we came down upon the pretty town of Sereth. Here we dined in an inn and saw the Jews. The Austrians are a very suspicious people, so we have to use every precaution. Late at night we arrived at Chernowitz.

Next morning (28th) we found it a very pleasant town. The houses are beautifully white, being either white-washed or built of a chalky stone. There are 3000 Jews. We visited them in their synagogue. The crosses and images in Austria are shocking. They are far more numerous even than in Italy. In this town there are some very fine ones. One of Mary at the foot of the cross, with the dead body of the Saviour in her arms. Another with Jesus on the cross and Mary standing below, a sword piercing her heart. It would be difficult to count the crosses and images by the wayside and near villages. One crafty thing I have observed ;—the saint is always represented as holding a cross or the infant Saviour in his arms, so that when accused of worshipping the saint, they can say that they are kneeling to the Saviour. We hired a nice carriage and 3 horses, to take us to Tarnapol, for 40 guilders, or L.2 ; the distance is about 20 German miles, or 100 English. Travelling here is amazingly cheap. We dined to-day most comfortably, having every thing we could desire for a shilling a-piece.

Leaving Chernowitz at 11, we got as far as Jaglinsky, a Polish village. We crossed the Dneister—a fine, deep, flowing river—on a bridge of boats, at a beautiful small town called Zalesky. The whole place belongs to a converted Jew. He is now a Baron—was not at home, but we went through his beautiful gardens. He is very kind to his old brethren. From Zalesky we have been in Galician Poland. Polish and German are the two languages. We meet with many also who speak Latin with great fluency. You know in Hungary it is the universal language. We spent the Sabbath at Jaglinsky—a pleasant place. We went to two Catholic churches to see their superstition. It is truly lamentable. We went to the Jews the same evening, and saw a very singular ceremony, that of "giving honor to the law." The Rabbi and 3 others, with each a copy of the law in his arms, marched round and round, and then leaped and danced in a most extraordinary manner, all the rest singing and clapping hands. It is the Feast of Tabernacles ; and you remember the Jewish proverb, that if a man has not seen the month of the Feast of Tabernacles, he does not know what joy is. The Rabbi afterwards invited us to stay and speak with him, which we did ; and Mr. Calman, our Hebrew fellow-laborer, laid before them all a simple and affectonate statement of the Gospel. They were very kind to us.

30*th*.—We left our khan and proceeded through a bleak country to Tarnapol. We passed through Zadkow, a cold, exposed town ;—through Copochinski, a pleasantly situated town ;—and through Trembowla. In each of these places, and in all the villages, the Jews form fully one-half of the population, so that we never stopped to water the horses, or to get a shoe on without being surrounded by these bearded sons of Abraham. At 6 or 7

in the evening we came in sight of this place.* We got our carriage put up and went to the synagogue. We have caused quite a commotion in the town. To-day there has been a crowd of Jews at our door the whole day. Some of their nicest young men have come to speak with us. This is the last day, the great day of the feast, when Jesus stood and cried (John vii). This made us often think of the ministry of the Lord Jesus. To-morrow we leave for Brody—8 miles German, 40 English. We have hired a Jewish vehicle. That is our farthest point in a northern direction; then you will notice, mamma, we turn west to Lemberg and Cracow, if our heavenly Father thus guide us. We are in his hands, and could not be in better.

The effects of my fever have entirely left me. The confusion in my head is quite gone, and I am fully stronger than I was before. My locks are not yet grown. The weather is fully colder than your September weather, but fine and clear. To-day October begins; and by the beginning of November we may be in England. My dear people! I have never written to them since I left Italy. In Syria it was almost impossible to write, and after my fever I could not for long. I will try and write this week or next. I do hope that I may be fully restored to them. My heart I can hardly say ever troubles me. Still I feel as if every small exertion would bring it back. However, it is entirely in our God's hand, and I trust we shall find our chief joy in submission to him. I do trust you are all well. I hope you wrote to Warsaw, as we have sent word that our letters may meet us at Berlin. I can only commit you all, morning and evening, to His care, who alone preserves me, and has been so near to us all along. I feel persuaded that he will not suffer us to lose any thing by our seeking the good of his Israel. I hope John Bonar has consented to dispense my next communion, and that the chief Shepherd will himself feed my flock. Dear people! my heart yearns over them at a distance. How happy I am they have such a fine young man as Burns to care for them! I am afraid you will be attempting a journey across the Tay again to see that all be right—perhaps my father also. How are Miss Collier, Miss Carnegy, and Miss Duncan, and all my deaconesses? and how art thou thyself, my own deaconess and helpmate of thy poor brother? Dost thou grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? It is the only way to be kept from falling. Remember the resolution of dear Jonathan Edwards, which I used to make thee read so often—that he would learn something new out of the Bible every day. Do thou likewise, my dear sister. "Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way." Now, dear Lizzy, this is the first letter you ever got from Poland, and mayhap it may be the last. Keep me on the lips of thy heart, night and day, when thou drawest near to Him

* Tarnapol.

who is invisible, through Him who was manifest in flesh for us, and be sure that you are always remembered by me. Give kind love to Willie for me. What I write to thee I write to him and all. Farewell till we meet, and believe me your affectionate brother,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

I have still a good deal of deafness, and hope you have sent the address of the German aurist. You see I need to be humbled.

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## LETTER XXII.

TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

BRESLAU, 17*th Oct.*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I hasten to take a little time off our day's residence here to write you. I wrote you last from Tarnapol in Galician Poland; you will easily observe, by the map, how many hundred miles we have travelled since, and all in perfect safety, so that we are all well and happy. How much reason have we to thank our heavenly Guide! My only care is to hear from you that you are well, and that my people are still prospering. It is long, indeed, since we heard from Scotland. The last letter from you, which I received, was dated 8th June; and Andrew Bonar's nearly the same. However, it does no good to be anxious, and I shall therefore not be afraid of evil tidings, but have my heart fixed, trusting in the Lord. I am sure you will be glad, mamma, to know that we have bid adieu to Catholic countries, and that we now breathe the fresh air of Protestant Prussia. It has been quite a relief to us. Travelling in Austria is very dangerous; and especially in those barbarous parts where we have been. The people scarcely look upon lying, theft, murder, adultery, as crimes at all; and therefore, you are far from safe in the hands of the Poles. But we were travelling on a good errand, and we were abundantly cared for. And as we almost always staid at Jewish khans, we slept securely.

We left Tarnapol on the 2nd day after I wrote, and, about 10 the same evening, arrived at Brody. A Jew drove us in his briska. It was a fine warm day, like our summer. The country is bare and uninteresting, except woods of oak and birch now and then, or a village. Zalosk and Potcamin were the names of two we passed through—both mostly Jewish. The latter means "beside the rock;" being built under a rocky eminence—on which stands a beautiful church and convent. We spent 2 days in Brody, a very singular town, being nearly all Jewish. It lies in a vast sandy plain, rather lower than the rest, so that the trees of the environs hide the city entirely. It is well built and clean.

There are only 3 churches and 150 synagogues—a great contrast to most of these towns. We visited the synagogues, and hospital, and markets—all Jewish. We were quite amused. standing in their busiest square, to watch the different groups, all in the Jewish dress—the long black gown, very much the same as that which I used to wear, and the high fur cap—the women with their costly head-dress. The head-dress is made of black velvet, and covered with pearls. Almost every Jewess wears this constantly.

We had some interesting conversations with Jews on the great object of our mission; and our great desire, as we passed along, was,—Oh! that Brody were in the hands of a better government! Austria will not allow any one in her dominions to change his religion. We soon found out that our movements were all closely watched. On inquiring for our passports at the police office, we were accused of being Jews in disguise. The commissary took out a long letter, and read that on such a night we had joined the Jews in their prayers at Yaglinsky. We told them that all ministers in our country know Hebrew. "Oh! but," said he, "why did you buy Phylacteries last night?" This is but one example of the constant system of spying which Austria maintains. At the custom-house, on leaving Brody, we were most rigorously dealt with. All our packages were ransacked one by one, papers and books. My desk afforded them matter of deep inquiry—there being sketches and plans, and a handwriting not a little mysterious. The map of my parish arrested their attention, and I thought we should all have been imprisoned for it—for one maintained that it was something Russian—and they are very jealous of that. All our books were taken from us—Hebrew and English Bibles, and all. "The Bible is a book forbidden in Austria," they told us. Our sealed letters of introduction were seized, and a long protocol drawn out about them. The end was, that though our carriage was at the door, we were detained till next day at 12—fined for our letters, and our books sealed up and sent to the censor, by him to be sent to us at Cracow. Poor blind Popery! she tries to keep the light entirely away from her; but her plagues shall come in one day. Read the 18th chapter of the Revelation, and you will see her end. I do not know why, but Brody is the only place where they took us for great rich people, and where they attempted to impose upon us at all hands.

We set off on Saturday 5th, at 12 o'clock, and therefore did not reach Lemberg, as we had hoped, the same evening. Sassow and Zloozow were the only villages we passed. The country and weather were both pleasant. The Poles have a kind of corn they call *retsky*, very good indeed as food. The stubble is of a fine red, which gives the autumn fields a very beautiful appearance. There are some fine forests, but altogether little variety—few rising grounds—few gentlemen's seats; one or two only the whole

way. Crosses and ridiculous images line the road in all directions. They are the mark of the Beast upon this land.

We slept at a lonely Jewish khan called Zopka. The next day, being the Sabbath, we rested there; glad to devote a whole day to quiet meditation far from the world. It was here I met with one of those adventures so common in Poland, and the real danger of which I did not know till afterwards. We had all separated, agreeing to meet at 12, each taking a passage to expound. I had taken Eph. vi., and, leaving the khan, crossed over the fields till I came to a pleasant hill-side, about a mile and a half off, but still in sight; a fine wood covered the hill further up, but I lay down near the foot under a tree. Two Polish shepherds passed me with their herds; they then came and sat down by me, and we tried to speak to one another, but in vain. The Polish is a fine language, but difficult and unconnected with any other. I took out my watch and saw it was 12, and rose to leave. I had not gone far when they called. I stopped till they came up. They made signs that I should go with them. I refused. They showed that I must go. I persisted, when they threw themselves in my way. I pushed them aside and ran. I could easily have outstripped them, but did not like to make my heart beat, as a hard race would have done. I therefore stopped, and, with my trusty staff, stood on the defensive. I could not find in my heart to strike them, and so they soon closed upon me, and we had a wrestle together, in which my coat was torn from top to bottom. I sat down tired on the ground when they, for what reason I know not, left me, and I proceeded quietly home. I was afterwards told that they wanted to rob me, and that they would not have scrupled in the least to use the knife. It is quite common in Galicia, and we heard many instances of it afterwards. It is only another instance in which God has wonderfully preserved me. Surely I shall live to praise Him!

On Monday morning we set off by 3, and entered the handsome city of Lemberg about 9 the same morning. Here, for the first time, we met with every thing civilized. Pleasant walks under trees. Handsome buildings—and, altogether, a pleasant look about the town. The Jews are very numerous and very degraded. We had a very comfortable inn—fine warm weather, like our summer, and enjoyed all that was to be seen. We saw a Jewish burial. One curious ceremony they have is speaking to the dead. The face is uncovered, and all his friends round the grave begin to beg the dead man to forgive them if they have done any thing amiss to him in his last sickness. They tell him to pray for them when he goes to heaven. They just speak to him as if the dead were listening. There is something very dreadful in it. The mourning women make a singular mockery of grief. We met the Archdukes of Austria the same evening, and gave and received the polite salutation of this country.

The next morning we left for Cracow, about 200 miles, in a Jewish carriage, driven by a Jew with a long beard. He engaged to take us in 4 days. We accomplished this journey in perfect safety—being protected and carried forward by a divine hand. We slept every night for a few hours, and always in a Jewish khan, so that we were saved from many of those unpleasant adventures which sometimes take place in Polish inns. The country is fertile, but far from being interesting. Our first day's journey was as far as Laskovola, a small village. A simple Jewish family entertained us, and were very kind. Next day we crossed the river Saan, a tributary of the Vistula—passed through Jaroslaw and some other small towns, and slept in the town of Rezow. Next day we passed on through Zenzow, as far as Tarnow. At mid-day we always dine, that being the Polish hour. That night we slept in a hay-loft.

Next day, Friday, by 4, we arrived in Cracow. We felt great joy in passing the frontier, and bidding farewell to Austria. It is a kingdom of darkness and idolatry, and soon will receive the reward of all that give honor to the Beast. We crossed the broad Vistula on a bridge of boats, and were soon established in Knotz's immense inn. The ancient capital of Poland, and burial-place of the kings, is an interesting town. A fine old castle and cathedral rise over it, as guarding the city. There is a fine poplar walk round and round the town. The whole place bears the stamp of antiquity. One portion, separated from the city by a brook, is inhabited by all the Jews, reckoned about 22,000. No unbaptized person is allowed to sleep in Cracow. The wickedness of the people is very great. Their idolatry is awful. Lying, stealing, murder, adultery, are little thought of. A student was murdered this time last year, in a quiet place of the town, and 35 stabs were found on his body. The government is, in name, independent—but really under Austria. We called on the Protestant minister—a Lutheran. He was exceedingly kind—his wife was a Jewess. We afterwards found that he is a very worldly clergyman.

On Saturday we found out Mr. Hiscock, the English missionary to the Jews. He and his wife are truly delightful persons, and we were constantly with them during our stay. We were truly happy together. And they were quite overjoyed to meet with English Christians in their lonely situation. They seem hardly to know one Christian in the whole place. The Catholics are bitter enemies, and the Protestants hardly less so. He is a man of a very gentle, pleasing spirit, and seems eminently useful to the Jews. We enjoyed the Lord's Supper together on Sabbath, which I dispensed after our own form. It was sweet to cling together in that holy ordinance in so dark and dead a spot.

On Monday evening we walked out together to Esther's pool. King Kazimer loved a Jewess named Esther, and married her. For her sake he built the Jewish quarter, calling it by his name.

He built a country palace for her, and pleasant gardens beside this pool. Unfortunately, however, she was infected with the disease called *Plica polonica*, an awful malady in the head. She came in before the king with her head uncovered. His love was turned to hatred, and he ordered her to be drowned in this pool—which was done. Tuesday morning, we bade good-bye to Cracow in the *Schnell post;* and the same evening crossed the Prussian frontier. It became dark at Gleiwitz. We slept comfortably in the carriage; and next evening by 5 were in Breslau. There I began this letter to you, which I will now attempt to finish.

Breslau is a fine old Prussian town—capital of the province of Silesia—standing on the Oder. There is a fine old college, which we visited. We saw also some of the schools for which Prussia is so justly famous. We now begin all the comforts of civilized life. At Cracow we parted with our beds which we brought from Constantinople. Now we sleep in the German fashion, beneath a feather bed. Thursday 18th we spent in inquiries about Israel in Silesia. The Jews are quite different now. The long beard is gone, and Polish dress. They are half-ashamed to be called Jews. We spent the evening with a convert, Dr. Newman, and his kind family. Tell Dr. Russell that I have forgot many of his good lessons in German. I wish he was here to interpret sometimes.

Friday 19th, we left for Posen, which we reached next day at 12 o'clock. Nothing can be surer than Prussian travelling. The post is all under government. As many as wish to go are sent in large comfortable coaches at an exact rate—very cheap and very quick. Posen we found a very pleasant town, clean and airy, surrounded with a most singular fortification. When finished, it is said it will be the strongest in the world. We could not help wishing that it may never be needed, but may crumble into nothing under the reign of the Prince of Peace. The Jews are about 7000 or 8000. Mr. Belson, the English missionary, has been most kind and friendly. He introduced us to many delightful Germans—some very clever and learned, and what is better, believing men. By English, and Latin, and scraps of German, we make our way. On Sabbath we heard a German sermon. The singing is the finest I ever heard. I discoursed in the evening to a few who understood English. Monday we spent in examining the Jewish school, and in meeting those here who love Israel. All were most kind and attentive to us. At parting, I was kissed on both cheeks by a major with huge moustachios. Tuesday 22nd, we left Posen at midnight, in order to be this morning at Storchnest, a small town, where there is a school for Jewish children. Mr. Belson came with us. We have spent a happy, and I trust, useful day.

We are now at Fraustadt, visiting two missionaries, Mr. Hertmann and Mr. Graff. It is delightful to meet with these men. They have the cause really at heart. To-morrow we visit a school in Leichtensheim, then to Glogau. There we will get the

post to Berlin, where we hope to be, if God prosper us, on Thursday evening or Friday morning. We propose staying over Sabbath there. Then 30 hours bring us to Hamburgh and two days to England. The missionaries are anxious we should wait for the Franckfort fair, on Monday the 28th, when thousands of Jews assemble from all parts of the world. We have not determined what to do. We are anxious to be home, as the season advances. The weather is still very fine, though it begins to be cold. We have lighted the stove for the first time to-night. Oh for a Scottish fire! We are all in good health. I have not been so well for many a long day. My heart beats very gently. However, all is in God's hand, and he will do with me what is best. Andrew feels the cold a little, but is looking stout and well. He and the Germans agree well. He is such an adept at books—they are often confounded. How we long to hear of you all! We have inquired at every post-office, but in vain. It is very late, and all my comrades are sleeping round me in a queer German inn in Fraustadt. Every place we come to witnesses my prayers for your salvation and happiness. I trust soon to be with you, and meet you all in peace. Kind love to you, Eliza, and Willie, and remembrance to all friends. Your ever affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

SAILING UP THE THAMES, *6th Nov.* 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—YOU will be glad to see by the date that we are once more in sight of the shores of happy England. I only wish I knew how you all are. I have not heard from you since I was in Smyrna. In vain did I inquire for letters at Cracow, Berlin, Hamburgh. You must have written to Warsaw, and the Resident there had not returned them to Berlin as we desired. However, I trust all is well with you, and Eliza, and Willie. I wish you to write to me by return of post, telling me how you are. Andrew and I and Mr. Calman are all quite well, and thankful to God, who has brought us through every danger in so many countries. I trust our course has been not altogether fruitless, and that we may now resign our commission with some hope of good issuing from it to the Church and to Israel. I preached last Sabbath in Hamburgh, for the first time since leaving England, and felt nothing the worse of it; so that I do hope it is my heavenly Father's will to restore me to usefulness again among my beloved flock. We have heard something of reviving

work at Kilsyth. We saw it noticed in one of the newspapers. I also saw the name of Dundee associated with it; so that I earnestly hope good has been doing in our church, and the dew from on high watering our parishes, and that the flocks whose pastors have been wandering may also have shared in the blessing. We are quite ignorant of the facts, and, you may believe, are very anxious to hear. We staid in Berlin for 5 or 6 days, and were very kindly treated by many excellent people there. We got intimately acquainted with one of the best ministers in Berlin, Küntze—a most animated preacher and devoted man. We saw the Jews, and got much most interesting information. There are about 1000 converts in Berlin. Küntze has baptized 112 with his own hand. We came to Hamburgh in 36 hours, and there had much interesting converse with Mr. Moritz, the Jewish missionary, Mr. Cachen of the Bible Society, and others. Mr. Bonar and I both preached on the Sabbath, and set off at 12 at night for the boat, which was lying 12 miles down the river. We could not find the Hull vessel, and therefore came by the Lady Lonsdale to London. The first day was calm; yesterday we had a hard gale. All were laid up except the Captain, two other gentlemen, and myself. To-day, all are lively again. We are now passing Woolwich, and in an hour more will be in London. We are anxious to be home; but I suppose will not get away till next week. If your letter cannot reach London by Monday, then do not write it, as I think we shall leave by Tuesday. We shall probably come by the railway to Liverpool, and from that to Glasgow, and home—all, if our Father will. Address your letter to the care of Mr. Hamilton, 127 Cheapside, and I will get it sooner. Farewell now, my dear father, mother, sister and brother. I never thought to have seen you again in this world; but I now hope to meet you once more in peace. Yours affectionately,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER XXIV.

TO THE REV. R. S. CANDLISH.

LONDON, 11*th Nov.* 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will be happy to know that we are now safely arrived in England. In a few days I hope we shall see you face to face, and thank God together for all his kindness to us since we parted. My object in writing you from London is, that I may finish the sketch of our proceedings which we have given you, by a short account of our inquiries in Prussian Poland, in Berlin, and in Hamburgh. We have met with the greatest kind-

ness, and with information of deepest interest, in all these places. We arrived in Posen on 19th October, after a long ride from Breslau of 27 hours. The country is far from being interesting. The roads are invariably lined with fine poplar trees; the fields are well cultivated, but flat and unvarying—a wooden village or a group of windmills being the only objects to arrest the eye. It was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, when we arrived. In walking through the pleasant Boulevard, we met great numbers of well-dressed people promenading for pleasure. We recognized them by their features to be Jews. Alas! like many nominal Christians, they make their Sabbath a day of show and parade. Posen is a fine Prussian town, clean, well built, and airy. The weather we began to feel rather keen. There are 34,000 inhabitants. Of these three-fifths are Roman Catholics, 7000 or 8000 Jews, and the rest Protestants. There is a splendid fortification in the course of erection all round Posen, intended to frown defiance upon Russia. It is said that it will be one of the strongest fortresses in the world. We could not but pray, in walking round its bomb-proof battlements, that the Prince of Peace might keep it from being ever used.

We found out Mr. Bellson, himself a Jewish convert, and the worthy missionary of the London Society in Posen. By him we were introduced to most of the Christians there who take an interest in the Jews—persons of good station in society, of learning, and of a most affectionate spirit. The committee who take charge of the Jewish schools in this district met with us, and gave us every information. There are 7 schools for Jewish children maintained in the Duchy of Posen. The average number of children in all during the last year was 267. Each teacher sends in a report every month. These mark the days of attendance and absence of all the children, and contain many interesting notices of their feelings. The teachers appear to be really godly men, seeking the salvation of Israel. An evening school is kept in Posen and two other places for any grown-up Jews that will come. They have often had 40 and 50.

In company with Mr. Bellson we visited the Posen school. A few weeks ago there were 80 children; now we found only 12. This falling off, which I believe will only be for a short time, was produced by a happy cause—the real conversion and baptism of two of the girls. We listened with delight to their simple history. The master seemed a fine young man. He first played the violin, while the children sang sweetly several Christian hymns. They afterwards went over the history of the birth of Jesus. The contribution from the Glasgow society was, I believe, given to this school, but has been withdrawn—a loss which they deeply lament.

We next visited the school in Storchnest, about 12 hours distant from Posen—a large Prussian village; 38 children attend.

We found them reading the history of Joseph in the German Bible. We heard them examined on the Bible history, on grammar, and natural history, and lastly, they sung three Christian hymns. It quite reminded us of a well-conducted parish school in our own happy land. It is very wonderful, and almost unaccountable, how Jews suffer their children to be taught the truth as it is in Jesus. Surely these children never will be Jews. The Lord make them Christians indeed !

The same evening we were in Fraustadt, the cleanest town in Prussian Poland, and met two more of the London Society's missionaries—Mr. Hertmann and Mr. Graff—both Germans, full of faith and love to Israel. They all accompanied us next day to the school at Slichtensheim—a neat Polish village, with its large square in the centre. There are only 20 Jewish families here, and all their children attend the missionary school for 8 or 9 years. We heard them examined on the prophecies regarding Messiah, which they readily applied to our blessed Saviour. The Burgomaster, himself a convert, turned to us and said, "These children have more knowledge of Christianity in their hearts than the children of the Christians;" and so it really appeared. In the school at Kempen we are told several of the children seem to have their hearts touched by the Spirit of God. The same has been the case in Posen. Does not God thus put his seal and testimony and blessing upon these schools for the poor lost lambs of the house of Israel ? Is it not a wonderful providence of God, that the Jews here are willing to send their children, that the Government are so favorable, the King himself and Royal Family being yearly subscribers, and that godly Gentile teachers are to be found ? Our spirits were quite refreshed by the animating sight, and we cannot but pray that more missionary schools may be set up here. L.35 or L.40 a-year is enough to maintain one. I am sure there are many Christians in Scotland who, if they saw what we have seen, would gladly devote that sum to so blessed a purpose.

But a still more important door is open here. The Gospel may be preached openly to the Jews. Twelve years ago, the Jews of Poland would not have come near a Christian church, nor were they willing to converse in private on Christianity. But now they seem to be convinced in their head that their Judaism is false, and that Christianity is true. They have no heart-conviction of sin—no cry, "Men and brethren, what must we do ?" Still they are in a transition state, and are most willing to hear the Gospel. Let them alone for a few years, and they will rush onward into the deep infidelity of German Jews:—Send them the glad tidings of a Saviour, affectionately preached, and we may warrantably hope that, God working with us, a large remnant shall be saved.

When the missionaries arrive in a town, they distribute a few notices of their arrival, and that Mr. Hertmann will preach on the Saturday. From 200 to 500 Jews and Jewesses often attend in

the church, and remain silent auditors, while he preaches Jesus and the resurrection. I believe that ordained ministers of the Church of England or Scotland, if they obtained leave from the Prussian Government to become missionaries, would also be allowed to preach freely to the Jews in almost all the churches. Is not this an open door? Those who think the truth may be best conveyed by instilling it into the youthful mind, have here free scope for that mode of teaching. Those who prefer the direct address of the pulpit, have here an open door for that mode of teaching. The London Society have not fully occupied this field. The laborers are excellent men, but they are not ordained ministers, and one only is licensed to preach by the Prussian Church. If a complement of ordained missionaries could be maintained in the Grand Duchy of Posen and in Silesia, there is every reason to hope that, by the convincing power of God's Spirit, a great many lost sheep of the house of Israel might be gathered into Christ's fold. As it is, the great majority of Jewish converts in Germany are from this district.

We next proceeded to Berlin, the handsome capital of Prussia. Here we had a delightful opportunity of examining one of their best normal schools. We saw 60 teachers under training. The system is truly admirable. We visited the University also, and heard a lecture from Neander. Strange to say, he is no friend to laboring amongst his brethren the Jews. We had pleasant intercourse with some of the most faithful ministers of Berlin. The excellent Gossner, once a Romish priest, but converted under Martin Booz, is remarkable for awakening careless souls. Küntze is a bold and animated preacher, full of love to his Lord. He told us that he has baptized 112 Jews with his own hand. He is, indeed, an intelligent and warm friend of Israel. There are weekly meetings of the faithful ministers for searching the Scriptures, conference on ministerial experiences, and prayer. Rationalism is scarcely known in Berlin. The number of lively preachers of the truth is on the increase, and marks of revival in their congregations are not awanting. Still they labor under many difficulties. Meetings for prayer and Sabbath schools are both contrary to the law of the land. The Sabbath is much desecrated; and the great mass of the people are strangers to the house of God. How thankful we should be to God that our lot is cast in our beloved Scotland! and what need there is that we should pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured upon the Protestant Churches abroad.

Our chief matter of inquiry was after Israel. There are 8000 Jews in Berlin, and nearly 1000 converts. Of these, it is to be feared the great mass are converts only in name. Still, we met with many who seemed to be Christians in deed and in truth. We visited both synagogues, the old and the new. In the latter we heard a sermon from the Rabbi on Abraham offering up Isaac.

Alas! he did not see the Lamb of God shadowed forth in the father offering his son. The service is a close imitation of that of the Lutheran Church. We visited also the Jewish school, and orphan institution. The children receive a common German education. The great majority of the Jews here are, I fear, sunk into infidelity. One said, "Christ was a good man, and Moses was a good man, but I believe neither." Mr. Becker is the faithful missionary of the London Society here. He once labored in Magdeburgh in the service of the Edinburgh Society. We heard him preach to the Jews on Sunday morning in the Cloyster Church. Within the past year 54 Jews have come to him inquiring after the Saviour. Of these many have drawn back, and five have been baptized. We met with many dear affectionate friends of Israel. The Berlin Society has no missionaries at present in the field. Two are now in the course of preparation. We attended a meeting of committee of a society for supporting proselytes and inquirers. They are clearly of opinion that, if you attempt the conversion of Jews in this country, you must do something also for their temporal support. I feel that it is impossible to resist the same conviction. We met two proselytes, doctors of medicine, who would willingly devote themselves as medical missionaries among their brethren. But I must hasten away from this important field. The movement of our Church has excited the deepest interest among the Christians of Germany who love God's ancient people; and they earnestly look forward to what our Church will do. Many pray that we may be guided rightly.

A journey of two nights and a day brought us to Hamburgh, famous for the beauty of its suburbs. It is a kind of republic governed by a senate. The established religion is Lutheran; but most of the ministers, I fear, have wandered far from the truth. Still a few are raising a bold and intelligent protest. Mr. Oncken, the agent for the Edinburgh Bible Society, showed us every attention. We visited the old synagogue, and also the new, or temple as it is called,—a temple without a Shechinah. The Rabbi preached in German, spoke of patience being a *Christian* virtue, and quoted a Christian author. The chapel is neat, and the organ fine. They sing the fine national hymn tunes. Much of the prayer was in German. The peculiarity of their liturgy is, that they have erased all mention of the name of Messiah. Alas! poor dry bones,—they think their hope is lost; but the time shall come when "the Spirit of life shall enter into them, and they shall stand up upon their feet an exceeding great army."

We met with several Christian Israelites who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Mr. Moritz, the missionary of the London Society, has been 32 years a convert. From 1817 to 1825 he was employed by the Emperor of Russia to preach the Gospel to the Jews. He went through all parts of that vast empire, preaching with great acceptance, and often with cheering success. He

still regards Russia, containing as it does two millions and a half of Jews, as the most noble field for a missionary enterprise. It is true, the present Russian Government are doing every thing they can to put down Protestantism; and they are grasping the Jews with a firmer hand. Still we know that God has the hearts of kings in his hand, and that he will one day say to the north, "Give up." And perhaps it may be our duty, at least, to attempt to obtain leave to send the Gospel to Russian Israel. One delightful fact I cannot but give you, although I am approaching the end of my paper. In 1819 Mr. Moritz was in Borissov preaching the Gospel to the Jews, of whom there are great multitudes there The Rabbi of Kletsk, a place 6 Russian miles off, called upon him with some of his young men. "Why do you not come to us to preach the Gospel to us?" said the Rabbi. Mr. Moritz answered, "I am coming to you very soon, but have not yet finished my work here." "We will treat you very kindly," rejoined the Rabbi; "and I will tell all my people to hear you, and to treat you kindly." Mr. Moritz went, and the Jews kept their word; he was kindly treated by all. He preached the Gospel freely to them, and gave away all his tracts and New Testaments. He saw no fruit of his labor. But last year, when Mr. Cerf was in Warsaw, letters came to the missionaries there from 40 Jews in Kletsk, asking "if one Moritz was still alive—if he was among the missionaries—or, if he was gone, whether they could obtain Christian baptism at Warsaw?" Is not this a commentary on the psalm, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, bringing his sheaves with him?"

Hamburgh itself is not an open field for a Jewish missionary. Preaching in a church to the Jews is not permitted. A school for Jewish children was put down by the influence of the Rabbis. The Jews have almost the whole trade in their hands, and have great influence over Government. Still Hamburgh should not be given up; and we must bless God that there is such a simple-hearted laborer here. Many foreign Jews come to Hamburgh for trade and other purposes. They often come to him for a tract or a Bible, and he tells them the Gospel that may save their soul. This week he had ten such inquirers. He is clearly of opinion that we will never make a deep impression on the Jewish mind till we establish a congregation of believing Jews—on some such plan as that of the Moravians—so that they might both support themselves, and be edified in Christian truth by a stated pastor. This proposal we have frequently heard expressed, and it has been the subject of meditation and converse to us for many months. If it could be wisely accomplished, there cannot be a doubt that it would take many serious difficulties out of the way. But more of this when we meet.

Mr. Bonar and I had an opportunity of preaching on the Sabbath, and next morning bade adieu to the shores of Germany. It

was in Hamburgh we first heard the report that God had visited our Beloved Church in a remarkable manner. For more than five months we had heard nothing from Scotland, and now we feel "like men that dream." It will be a sweet reward to us—most agreeable to the gracious nature of our God,—if, after all our wanderings and dangers, He shall bring us to see the vine flourish and the pomegranate bud in our dear parishes. Is it not delightful to think that, at the very moment when we begin to obey God, in seeking the salvation of Israel and of the world, He should pour out a blessing till there be no room to receive it? I pray that the whole land may become like Gideon's fleece when it was filled with dew. And may we come to share in the good gifts which God is dispensing among you! Farewell till we meet. Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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## LETTER XXV.

TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

DUNDEE, 26*th Nov.*, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I had a very pleasant journey to Dundee after I left you. Dr. F., and Mr. C. of D., crossed in the boat with me, and were very kind. In the coach I had Mrs. Colonel P. of St A., and her daughter, who seem kind and gracious people. The first sight of Dundee was animating and refreshing to me; and I felt wonder and thankfulness at the way by which God had led me since I last bade it farewell.

James* was the first to jump on board the boat. Mr. Nelson, Mr. Thomas, Alexander Thain, and Robert Macdonald of Blairgowrie, were waiting to receive me. Many also of my dear people. I preached the same evening. I never saw such an assembly in a church before. Mr. Roxburgh, Mr. Arnott, Mr. Hamilton, and other ministers, came to support me. There was not a spot in the church left unoccupied. Every passage and stair were filled. I was almost overpowered by the sight; but felt great liberty in preaching from 1 Cor. ii. 1, 4. I never before preached to such an audience—so many weeping—so many waiting, as for the words of eternal life. I never heard such sweet singing anywhere—so tender and affecting, as if the people felt that they were praising a present God.

When I came out of the church, the whole road was filled with the people, old and young, and I had to shake hands twenty at a time. A great multitude followed to my door, so that I had to

* His beadle.

speak to them again, and pray before sending them away. There is evidently a great change upon the people here—and though it is to be expected that many are merely naturally awakened and excited—yet I see a great many who, I feel confident, are savingly changed. On Sabbath, I got Mr. Burns to preach in the morning and evening, and I preached in the afternoon. It was a very solemn day. 2 Chron. v. 13, 14, was my text, and Mr. B. preached on "The Throne of Grace," Heb. iv. He is certainly a very remarkable preacher. The plainness and force of his statements, and his urgency, I certainly never saw equalled. He has a very clear view of divine things, and an amazing power of voice and body. But, above all, God seems really to accompany his preaching with demonstrations of the Spirit. Believe me, your affectionate son,

ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

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